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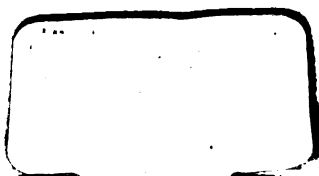
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THE BANNATYNE MANUSCRIPT

THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE
1568

VOL III

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCXCVI

CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

	PAGE
CXL. The Iusting and Debait vp at the Drum betuix William Adamfone and Johine Sym. Quod Scott - - - - -	365
CXLI. Thus I propone in my Carping. [Anon.] -	371
CXLII. This Nycht in my Sleip I wes agast. Quod Dumbar - - - - -	372
CXLIII. Lucina schynning in Silence of the Nicht. Quod Dumbar - - - - -	375
CXLIV. All to Lufe and nocht to Fenyie. [Anon.] -	377
CXLV. Mony Man makis Ryme, and lukis to no Reffoun. [Anon.] - - - - -	379
CXLVI. My Guddame wes ane gay Wyfe. [Dunbar] -	382
CXLVII. Man, fen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir. Quod Dumbar	383
CXLVIII. In Tiberus Tyme, the trew Emperieur. [Anon.]	385
CXLIX. Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinfday. Quod Dumbar	386
CL. The Wowing of Jok and Jynny. [Quod Clerk]	387
CLI. O Gallandis all, I cry and call. Quoth Balnevis	390
THE FLYTTING BETUIX THE SOWTAR AND THE TAILYOUR.	
CLII. Thow leifs, Loun, thow leifs. [Stewart] - -	394
CLIII. Falfs clatterand Kensy, Kuckald Knaif. [Stewart] - - - - -	395
CLIV. To the Sowtar. Quod Stewart - - -	396
CLV. In Somer quhen Flouris will smell. [Anon.] -	399
CLVI. Sum Practyfis of Medecyne. Quod Robert Henryfone - - - - -	401
CLVII. Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn. [Anon.]	404
CLVIII. I met my Lady weil arrayit. [Anon.] - -	406
CLIX. I saw me thocht, this hindir Nycht. [Anon.] -	408
CLX. Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak. [Anon.]	409
CLXI. The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour. [Stewart] - - - - -	411
CLXII. He that hefs na Will to wirk. [Anon.] - -	412
CLXIII. And thow be drunken thow fuld nocht think. [Anon.] - - - - -	412

	PAGE
CLXIV. There wes ane Channone in this Toun. [Anon.] - - - - -	413
CLXV. Quha hes gud Malt, and makis ill Drynk. Quod Allanis subdert - - - - -	413
CLXVI. Sym and his Brudir. [Anon.] - - - - -	414
CLXVII. It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif. [Anon.] - - - - -	419
CLXVIII. The Flyting of Dumbar and Kennedie. [Dunbar] - - - - -	480
CLXIX. I, Maifter Andro Kennedy. Be Dumbar - - - - -	438
CLXX. I yeid the Gate wes nevir gane. [Anon.] - - - - -	442
CLXXI. Of May. [Quod Scott] - - - - -	443
CLXXII. The nyne Ordour of Knavis. [Anon.] - - - - -	446
CLXXIII. Epigrammis of Maiftir Haywod. Quod Haywod - - - - -	450
CLXXIV. Be mirry, Bretherene, ane and all. Quod Flemyng - - - - -	452
CLXXV. [Epigrammis of Maiftir Haywod.] Quod Haywod - - - - -	456
CLXXVI. Ane Discriptioun of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird till Honeftie in thair Vocation. Quod Linfdfay - - - - -	458
CLXXVII. How the first Helandman, of God was maid. [Anon.] - - - - -	460
CLXXVIII. Ane Anfuer to ane Helandmanis Invectiue. Quod Montgummary - - - - -	461
CLXXIX. Ane Anfuer to ane Inglis Railar praying his awin Genalogy. [Montgomery] - - - - -	462
CLXXX. The Proclamatioun of the Play made be Dauid Lynfayis, of the Month. [Lyndfay] - - - - -	463
Schir Dauid Lyndfay[is] Play. [Lyndfay] - - - - -	475
To the Reidar. [Bannatyne] - - - - -	597
BALLATTIS OF LUVE.	
CLXXXI. O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantefye. [Anon.] - - - - -	600
CLXXXII. Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld. Quod Dumbar - - - - -	602
CLXXXIII. Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy. Quod Merfar - - - - -	603
CLXXXIV. Luve preysis, but Comparefone. Quod Scott - - - - -	605

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
CLXXXV. Sen that I am a Prefoneir. [Dunbar.] -	607
CLXXXVI. Wald my gud Lady lufe me best. Quod Robert Henryfoun - - - - -	611
CLXXXVII. Was nocht gud King Salamon. Quod ane Inglistman. [Anon.] - - - - -	612
CLXXXVIII. For to declair the he Magnificens. Quod Stewart - - - - -	614
CLXXXIX. My Hairt is lost onlie for Lufe of one. [Anon.] - - - - -	617
CXC. Quhen I think on my Lady deir. [Anon.] -	618
CXCI. The Bewty of hir amorus Ene. [Anon.] -	620
CXCII. Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth. [Anon.] -	621
CXCIII. The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid. [Anon.] - - - - -	622
CXCIV. To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt. [Anon.] - - - - -	623
CXCV. Maist ameyn Rosier, gracious and replendent. Quod Stewart - - - - -	625
CXCVI. Fresche fragrant Flour of Bewty souerane. [Anon.] - - - - -	626
CXCVII. O, Maistres myn, till yow I me commend. [Anon.] - - - - -	628
CXCVIII. In to my Hairt emprentit is so foir. [Anon.] -	629
CXCIX. Off Lufe and Trewth with lang Continwans. [Anon.] - - - - -	630
CC. Of every Joy most joyfull Joy it is. [Anon.] -	632
CCI. Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines. [Anon.] - - - - -	634
CCII. Baith gud and fair and womanlie. [Anon.] -	635
CCIII. Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May. [Anon.] - - - - -	636
CCIV. My Hairt is Thrall, begone me fro. [Anon.] -	637
CCV. Ma Commendationiswith Humilitie. [Anon.] -	639
CCVI. My forufull Pane and Wo for to complene. [Anon.] - - - - -	641
CCVII. O, Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene? [Anon.] - - - - -	643
CCVIII. Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo. [Anon.] - - - - -	645

	PAGE
CCIX. Allace, depairting Grund of Wo. [Anon.] -	646
CCX. In May in a Morning, I movit me one. [Anon.] - - - - -	647
CCXI. My woful Werd complene I may rycht foir. [Anon.] - - - - -	649
CCXII. Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo. [Anon.] - - - - -	651
CCXIII. O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element. [Anon.] - - - - -	651
CCXIV. Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra. [Anon.] - - - - -	653
CCXV. O, Maistres Myld, haif Mynd on me. [Anon.]	654
CCXVI. Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis haill. [Scott] - - - - -	655
CCXVII. Wald my gud Ladye that I luif. [Anon.] -	656
CCXVIII. Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour. [Anon.] - - - - -	659
CCXIX. Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht. [Anon.]	660
CCXX. O lusty May, with Flora Quene. [Scott] -	664
CCXXI. All for ane is my Mane. [Anon.] - -	665
CCXXII. Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene. [Anon.] -	665
CCXXIII. Gif ye wald lufe, and luvit be. [Dunbar] -	667
CCXXIV. The Song of Troyelus. Quod Chauffeir -	668
CCXXV. As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane. Quod Bannatyne - - - - -	669
CCXXVI. My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blifs. [Scott] - - - - -	671
CCXXVII. Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid. [Anon.] -	672
<i>(This piece is imperfect, the end being missing.)</i>	
CCXXVIII. No Woundir is althocht my Hairt be Thrall. [Bannatyne] - - - - -	674
CCXXIX. My Trewth is plicht vnto my Lufe benyng. Quod Fethy - - - - -	676
CCXXX. Lanterne of Lufe, and Lady fair of Hew. Quod Steill - - - - -	677
CCXXXI. Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depairte. Quod Scott - - - - -	678
CCXXXII. The Ans chir to Hairtis. Quod Scott - -	680
CCXXXIII. Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt. Quod Scott	681

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
CCXXXIV. It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill. Quod Scott - - - - -	683
CCXXXV. Absent I am rycht foir aganis my Will. [Quod] Steill - - - - -	685
CCXXXVI. I wilbe plane and Lufe affane. Quod Scott	686
CCXXXVII. Only to yow, in Erd that I lufe best. Quod Scott - - - - -	686
CCXXXVIII. My dullit Corfs dois hairtly recommend [Anon.] - - - - -	688
CCXXXIX. O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht. [Dunbar] - - - - -	689
CCXL. Sueit Hairt, fen I your Freind only wes ay. [Anon.] - - - - -	691
CCXLI. My Hairt, repoifs the and the rest. [Scott]	691
CCXLII. Rycht as the Glafs bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis. Quod Scott - - - - -	693
CCXLIII. The Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen. Quod Weddirburne - - - - -	694
CCXLIV. Vp, helfum Hairt, thy Rutis raifs and lowp. Quod Scott - - - - -	702
CCXLV. Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles. [Anon.]	703
CCXLVI. Gif Langour makis Men licht. Quod King Hary Stewart - - - - -	706
CCXLVII. How fould my febill Body fure? Quod Scott	707
CCXLVIII. Ane Laid may luve ane Leddy of Estait. [Scott] - - - - -	709
CCXLIX. Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me. Quod Scott - - - - -	710
CCL. Panfing in Hairt with Spreit opprest. Quod Fethe - - - - -	711
CCLI. Depairte, depairte, depairte. Quod Scott -	713
CCLII. That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir. Quod Scott - - - - -	715
CCLIII. So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd. [Anon.] - - - - -	716
CCLIV. Oppressit Hairt indure. Quod Scott - -	718
CCLV. Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone. Quod Scott	720
CCLVI. Thocht I in grit Distrefs. Quod Scott -	722
CCLVII. Quhat art thow, Luve, for till allow. [Anon.]	723

	PAGE
CCLVIII. Lamenting foir my Weird and biffy Cure.	
[Anon.] - - - - -	725
CCLIX. In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht, Natur	
derekis Rest. [Anon.] - - - - -	726
CCLX. The moir I luv and ferf at all my Mycht.	
[Anon.] - - - - -	727
CCLXI. Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht.	
[Anon.] - - - - -	728
BALLATIS OF REMEDY OF LUVE, AND TO THE REPROCHE	
OF EVILL WEMEN.	
CCLXII. Remeidis of Luve. [Anon.] - - - - -	730
CCLXIII. I am as I am and fo will I be. [Anon.]	731

THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE

1568

PART IV

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB

MDCCCLXXVIII



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THE BANNATYNE MS.

CONTENTS.

PART IV.

	PAGE
CXLVIII.—In Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour, .	385
CXLIX.—Rycht airle on Ask Weddinsday. Quod Dumbar, .	386
CL.—The Wowing of Jok and Jynny. [Quod Clerk], .	387
CLI.—O Gallandis all, I cry and call. Quoth Balnevis, .	390
The Flytting betuix the Sowtar and the Tailyour, .	394
CLII.—Thow leifs, Loun, thow leifs,	394
CLIII.—Falfs clatterand Kensy, kuckald Knaif,	395
CLIV.—To the Sowtar. Quod Stewart,	396
CLV.—In Somer quhen Flouris will smell,	399
CLVI.—Sum Practyfis of Medecyne. Quod Robert Henry- fone,	401
CLVII.—Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn,	404
CLVIII.—I met my Lady weil arrayit,	406
CLIX.—I saw, me thocht, this hindir Nycht,	408
CLX.—Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak,	409
CLXI.—The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour,	411
CLXII.—He that hefs na Will to wirk,	412
CLXIII.—And thow be drunken thow fuld nocht think,	412
CLXIV.—Thair wes ane Channone in this Toun,	413
CLXV.—Quha hes gud Malt and makis ill Drynk. Quod Allanis subdert,	413
Sym and his Brudir,	414
CLXVI.—Thair is no Story that I of heir,	414
CLXVII.—It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif. Quod quhay to quhome,	419
CLXVIII.—The Flyting of Dumbar and Kennedie,	420
CLXIX.—I, Maister Andro Kennedy. Maid be Dumbar,	438

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CLXX.—I yeid the Gait wes nevir gane,	442
CLXXI.—Of May. Quod Scott,	443
CLXXII.—The nyne Ordour of Knavis,	446
CLXXIII.—Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod,	450
CLXXIV.—Be mirry Bretherene ane and all. Quod Flemyng,	452
CLXXV.—[Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod],	456
CLXXVI.—Ane Discriptioun of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird till Honeftie in thair Vocation. [Quod Linsday],	458
CLXXVII.—How the first Helandman of God was maid,	460
CLXXVIII.—Ane Anfuer to ane Helandmanis Invectiue. Quod Montgummary,	461
CLXXIX.—Ane Anfuer to ane Inglis Railar prayfing his awin Genalogy,	462
CLXXX.—Schir David Lyndfayis Play,	463
Proclamatoun maid in Cowpar of Fyffe,	463
Heir begynnys Schir David Lyndfayis Play,	475
Certane mirry and sportfum Interludis,	502
To the Reidar,	599
Ballattis of Lufe,	600
CLXXXI.—O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantefye,	600
CLXXXII.—Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld. Quod Dumbar,	602
CLXXXIII.—Off Lufe quhay lyikis to haif Joy. Quod Merfar,	603
CLXXXIV.—Lufe preyfis, but Comparefone. Quod Scott,	605
CLXXXV.—Sen that I am a Presoneir,	607
CLXXXVI.—Wald my gud Lady lufe me best. Quod Robert Henryfoun,	611
CLXXXVII.—Was nocht gud King Salamon. [Quod Ane Inglifman],	612
CLXXXVIII.—For to declair the he Magnificens. Quod Stewart,	614

CXL.

*Followis the Iusting and Debail vp at the Drum betuix
William Adamfone and Fohine Sym.*

Fol. 130. a.

THE grit debail and turnament,
Off trewth no tounge can tell,
Wes for a lusty lady gent,
Betuix twa freikis fell.
For Mars the god armipotent
Wes nocht sa ferfs him fell,
Nor Hercules, that aikkis vprent,
And dang the devill of hell, with hornis;
Vp at the Drum, that day.

5

Doutles wes nocht so duchtly deidis
Amangis the dowfy peiris,
Nor yit no clerk in stori reidis
Off sa tryvmphand weiris;
To se so stowtly on thair steidis
Tha stalwart knychtis steiris,
Quhill bellyis bair for brodding bleidis,
With spurris als scherp as breiris, and kene;
Vp at the Drum that day.

10

15

Vp at the Drum the day wes sett,
And fixt wes the feild,
Quhair baith thir noble chiftanis mett,
Enarmit vndir scheild.
Thay wer sa haifty and sa hett,
That nane of thame wald yeild,
Bot to debail or be doun bett,
And in the quarrell keild, or flane;
Vp at the Drum that day.

20

25

Thair wes ane bettir and ane worfs,
 I wald that it wer wittin,
 For William wichttar wes of corfs 30
 Nor Sym, and bettir knittin.
 Sym said he sett nocht by his forfs,
 Bot hecht he fowld be hittin,
 And he micht counter Will on horfs,
 For Sym wes bettir sittin, nor Will; 35
 Vp at the Drum that day.

To fe the stryfe come yunkeirs stowt,
 And mony galyart man;
 All denteis deir wes thair but dowl,
 The wyne on broich it ran. 40
 Trumpettis and schalmis with a schowt
 Playid or the rink began;
 And eikwall juges fatt abowt
 To fe quha tynt or wan the feild;
 Vp at the Drum that day. 45

With twa blunt trincer speiris squair, Fol. 130. b.
 It wes thair interpryis,
 To fecht with baith thair facis bair
 For lufe, as is the gyis.
 Ane freynd of thairis throw hap come thair, 50
 And hard the rumor ryis,
 Quha stall away thair styngis bath clair,
 And hid in secreit wayis, for skaith;
 Vp at the Drum that day.

Strangmen of armes and of micht 55
 Wer fett thame for to fiddir;
 The harraldis cryd, God schaw the rycht;
 Syne bad thame go togidder.
 Quhair is my speir? sayis Sym the knycht,
 Sum man go bring it hidder; 60

Bot wald thay tary thair all nycht,
Thair lancis come to lidder, and slaw;
Vp at the Drum that day.

Syme flew als fery as a fowne,
Doun fra the hors he slaid; 65
Sayis, He fall rew my stalf hes stowin,
For I falbe his deid.
William his vow plicht to the powin,
For favour or for feid;
Als gude the tre had nevir growin, 70
Quhairof my speir wes maid, to just;
Vp at the Drum that day.

Thir vowis maid to fyn and mone,
Thay raikit baith to rest,
Thame to refreys with thair disione, 75
And of thair armour kest.
Nocht knawing of the deid wes done,
Quhen thay suld haif fairin best,
The fyre wes pischt out lang or none,
Thair dennaris suld haif drest, and dicht; 80
Vp at the Drum that day.

Than wer thay movit owt of mynd,
Far mair than of beforne;
Thay wist nocht how to get him pynd, 85
That thame had drevin to skorne.
Thair wes no deth mycht be devynd,
Bot ethis haif thay sworne,
He suld deir by be thay had dynd,
And ban that he wes borne, or bred;
Vp at the Drum that day, 90

Than to Dalkeith thair maid thame boun, Fol. 131.a.
Reidwod of this reproche;

Thair wes baith wyne and vennifoun,
 And barrellis ran on broche.
 Thay band vp kyndnes in that toun 95
 Nane fra his feir to foche;
 For thair wes nowdir lad nor loun
 Mycht eit ane baikin loche, for fownefs;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Syne eftir denner raifs the din, 100
 And all the toun on steir;
 William wes wyifs and held him in,
 For he wes in a feir.
 Sym to haif bargan cowl'd nocht blin,
 Bot bukkit Will on weir; 105
 Sayis, Gife thow wald this lady win,
 Cum furth and brek a speir, with me;
 Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

This ftill for bargan Sym abyddis,
 And fchowttit Will to schame; 110
 Will faw his fais on bath the fyddis,
 Full fair he dred for blame.
 Will fchortly to his horfs he flydis,
 And fayis to Sym be name,
 Bettir we bath wer byand hyddis, 115
 And weddir skynnys at hame, nor heir;
 Vp at Dalkeyth that day.

Now is the growme, that wes so grym,
 Rycht glaid to leif in lie;
 Fy, theif, for schame! fayis littill Sym, 120
 Will thow nocht fecht with me?
 Thow art moir lerge of lyth and lym,
 Nor I am be sic thre;

And all the feild cryd fy on him,
Sa cowardly tuk the fle, for feir;
Vp at Dalkeyth that day. 125

Than every man gaif Will a mok,
And faid he wes our meik;
Sayis Sym, Send for thy broder Jok,
I fall nocht be to feik; 130
For wer ye fourfum in a flok,
I compt yow nocht a leik;
Thocht I had rycht nocht bot a rok,
To gar your rumpill reik, behynd; Fol. 131 b.
Vp at Dalkeith that day. 135

Thair wes rycht nocht bot haif and ga,
With lawchter lowd thay lewche,
Quhen thay saw Sym sic curage ta,
And Will mak it fa twche.
Sym lap on horsbak lyk a ra, 140
And ran him till a huche;
Sayis William, Cum ryd down this bra,
Thocht ye fuld brek ane bwche, fo lufe;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Sone down the bra Sym braid lyk thunder, 145
And bad Will fallow fast;
To grund for ferfnels he did funder,
Be he midhill had past.
William saw Sym in sic a blunder,
To ga he wes agast, 150
For he affeird it wes na winder
His curfour fuld him cast, and hurt him;
Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than all the yungkerris bad Will yeild,
Or down the glen to gang; 155

Sum cryd the koward fuld be keild,
 Sum doun the hewche he thrang.
 Sum rufcht, fum rummyld, fum reild,
 Sum be the bewche he hang;
 Thair avairis fyld vp all the feild, 160
 Thay wer so fow and pang, with drafe;
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Than gelly Johine come in a jak,
 To feild quhair he wes feidit;
 Abone his brand ane bucklar blak, 165
 Baill fell the bern thad bedit.
 He flippit swiftly to the flak,
 And rudly doun he raid it;
 Befoir his curpall wes a crak,
 Culd na man tell quha maid it, for lawchter; 170
 Vp at Dalkeith that day.

Be than the bowgill gan to blaw,
 For nycht had thame ourtane;
 Allais! said Sym, For falt of law,
 That bargan get I nane. 175
 Thus hame with mony crak and flaw,
 Thay passid every ane;
 Syne pairtit at the Potter raw,
 And findry gaitis ar gane, to rest thame;
 Within the toun that nycht. 180

L'envoy.

Fol. 132. a.

This Will was he begyld the may,
 And did hir marriage spill;
 He promeist hir to lat him play,
 Hir purpofs to fulfill.

Fra scho fell fow he fled away,
And come na mair hir till;
Quhairfoir he tynt the feild that day,
And tuk him to ane mill, to hyd him;
As coward fals of fey.

185

Finis quod Scott.

CXLI.

[*Thus I propone in my Carping.*]

THUS I propone in my carping,
All myne allone thus I propone;
Makand my mone to hevnis king,
This I propone in my carping.

Welcum be werd as evir God will,
Quhill I be berd welcum be werd;
In to this erd ay to fulfill,
Welcum be werd as evir God will.

5

I fall wey bath in ane ballance,
Wynnyng and skaith I fall wey beth;
As God will graith his purveance,
I fall wey bayth in ane ballance.

10

Eifs or difeifs, quhilk God fall fend,
Allyk fall pleifs, eifs or difeifs;
Ay till obeyifs, till lyfe mak end,
Eifs or difeifs, quhilk God will fend.

15

Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn,
In fyte to fitt, quhat mendis it?

For or men witt this warld will turn,
 Quhat mendis it ane man to mvrn? 20

I falbe blyth and meik with all,
 Kyndnes to kyth I falbe blyth;
 For windir futh pryd hes ane fall,
 I falbe blyth and meik with all.

My freindis deir, luk ye do so, 25
 I yow requeir, my freyndis deir;
 Ye mak gud cheir quhair evir ye go,
 My frendis deir, luk ye do so.

Finis.

CXLII.

[*This Nycht in my Sleip I wes agast.*]

THIS nycht in my sleip I wes agast, Fol. 132. b.
 Me thocht the Devill wes tempand fast
 The peple with aithis of crewaltie;
 Sayand as throw the mercat he past,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 5

Me thocht as he went throw the way,
 Ane preift fweirit be God verey,
 Quhilk at the alter reffaut he;
 Thow art my clerk, the Devill can fay,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 10

Than fwoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,
 Be Chryftis windis bludy and wyd,

And be his harmes wes rent on tre;
Than spak the Devill hard him besyd,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 15

Ane merchand, his geir as he did fell,
Renuncit his pairt of Hevin and Hell;
The Devill said, Welcum mot thow be,
Thow falbe merchand for my fell,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 20

Ane goldsmyth said The goldis sa fyne,
That all the workmanschip I tyne,
The Feind reffaif me gif I le;
Think on, quod the Devill, That thow art myne,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 25

Ane tailyour said In all this toun
Be thair ane bettir weilmaid gown,
I gif me to the Feynd all fre;
Gramercy, telyour, said Mahoun,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 30

Ane fowttar said In gud effek,
Nor I be hangit be the nek,
Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be;
Fy, quod the Feynd, Thow fairis of blek,
Ga clenge the clene and cum to me. 35

Ane baxstar sayd I forsaik God,
And all his werkis evin and od,
Gif fairar stuff neidis to be;
The Dyvill luche and on him qwoth nod,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 40

Ane fleschour swoir be the sacrament,
And be Chrystis blud maist innocent,

Nevir fatter fleſch ſaw man with e;
 The Devill ſaid, Hald on thy intent,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 45

The maltman ſais I God forſaik, Fol. 133.a.
 And that the Devill of Hell me taik,
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 50

Ane browſtar ſwoir the malt wes ill,
 Bath reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me,
 Ane boll will nocht ſex gallonis fill;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 55

The ſmyth ſwoir be rude and raip,
 In till a gallowis mot I gaip,
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thre,
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 60

Ane menſtrall ſaid The Feind me ryfe,
 Gif I do ocht bot drynk and ſwyfe;
 The Devill ſaid, Hardly mot it be,
 Exerſs that craft in all thy lyfe;
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 65

Ane dyſfour ſaid with wirdis of ſtryfe,
 The Devill mot ſtik him with a knyfe,
 Bot he keſt vp fair ſyſis thre;
 The Devill ſaid, Endit is thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God and cum to me. 70

Ane theif ſaid, God, that evir I chaip,
 Nor ane ſtark widdy gar me gaip,

Bot I in Hell for geir wald be;
The Devill said, Welcum in a raip,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 75

The fische wyffis flett and fwoir with granis,
And to the Feind, faule, fesch and banis,
Thay gaif thame, with ane schowt on hie;
The Devill said, Welcum all att anis,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 80

Me thocht the Devillis, als blak as pik,
Soliftand wer as beis thik,
Ay tempand folk with wayis fle;
Rownand to Robene and to Dik,
Renunce thy God and cum to me. 85

Quod Dumbar.

CXLIII.

[*Lucina schynnyng in Silence of the Nicht.*]

Ane vthir
ballat follow-
ing vpoun this
same abbat in
the 117 leif.

LUCINA schynnyng in filence of the nicht,
The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,
To bed I went bot thair I tuke no rest;
With havy thocht I wes so soir opprest,
That fair I langit eftir dayis licht. 5

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,
That scho to me stude so contrariowfly;
And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft,
For weirines on me ane slummer soft
Come with ane dremyng and a fantesfy. 10

Fol. 133. b.

Me thocht Deme Fortoun with ane fremmit cheir
 Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir,
 Thow suffer me to wirk gif thow do weill,
 And preifs the nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
 Quhilk every warldly thing dois turne and steir. 15

Full mony ane man I turne vnto the hicht,
 And makis als mony full law to doun licht;
 Vp on my staigis or that thow ascend,
 Treft weill thy trouble neir is at ane end,
 Seing thir taikinis, quhairfoir thow mark thame rycht. 20

Thy trublit gaist fall neir moir be degest,
 Nor thow in to no benifice beis possfest,
 Quhill that ane Abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And fle vp in the air amangis the crennis,
 And as ane falcone fair fro eist to west. 25

He fall ascend as ane horrebbble grephoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun;
 Thir terrible monsteris fall togidder thrift,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,
 Quhill all the air infeck of thair pvfoun. 30

Vndir Saturnus fyrie regioun
 Symone Magus fall meit him and Mahoun,
 And Merlyne at the mone fall him be bydand,
 And Jonet the weido on ane buffome rydand,
 Off wichifs with ane windir garefoun. 35

And fyne thay fall discend with reik and fyre,
 And preiche in erth the Antechryfts impyre,
 Be than it falbe neir this warldis end.
 With that this lady sone fra me did wend;
 [Sleipand and walkand wes frustrat my desyr.¹] 40

¹ This line, omitted in Ban. MS., is taken from Maitland folio MS.

Quhen I awoik my dreame it wes fo nyce,
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce;
 Quhill I hard tell be mony futhfast wy,
 Fle wald ane abbot vp in to the sky,
 And all his fethreme maid wes at devyce.

45

Within my hairt confort I tuke full fone;
 Adew, quod I, My drery dayis ar done;
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,

Fol. 134. a.

Quhill that twa monis wer fene vp in the list,
 Or quhill ane abbot flew aboif the mone.

50

Quod Dumbar.

CXLIV.

[*All to Lufe and nocht to Fenyie.*]

ALL to lufe and nocht to fenyie,
 All to pure and nocht to plenyie;
 Sic freitis I hald nocht wirth a fafs,
 Harkin and I fall tell yow fow it wafs.
 Befoir the evin, with licht of day,
 I hard ane sweit full softly fay,
 Ga way, my ioy, and latt me be,
 Put nocht your hand abone my kne.
 Ye hurt me now, schirro your fais,
 Quhy lift ye vp sa heiche my clais?
 My moder heiris ye gar me cry;
 Do away man for your courtesy.
 My heid gois to and all is bair;
 Be God, me think, na thing ye spair.

5

10

Is nocht this ane joly werk? 15
 Schirro your thowmis, ye ryfe my fark.
 Be God ye ar our leth to leif,
 Quhat devill is that in to your neif?
 Ye hurt me with your quhinyear heft,
 Will nocht yit this rippet be left? 20
 I wald nocht trewly for twenty pound,
 In to this place we twa wer found.
 He sayis, My luvé, my joy, my blifs,
 Now all the warld will wit of this;
 Quhat garris yow cry me for to skar? 25
 Be God ye fall nocht be the war;
 Quha saw evir the maikis of yow,
 God latt nevir your hairt be fow.
 Quha saw evir a man fa thra?
 Hald vp your handis and latt me ga. 30
 And he said nevir a word agane,
 Bot ay he said, Latt me allane.
 I schro your hairt, ye hurt my theifs;
 Now all this toun this rippet seifs.
 Haill or haill quhat do ye now? 35
 Allace! allace! ye thrift me throw.
 Now, walloway, is thair no help?
 Yit fall I gif your cheik a skelp,
 I fall yow skart quhill that ye bleid.
 He said than, Ya, ya, God forbeid, 40 Fol. 134. b.
 Your bonat I fall kaff away,
 Bot gif ye ceifs your fowle deray,
 Wes nevir nane drest on this wyifs.
 I cry yow mercy a thowfand fyifs,
 A gentill man gif that ye be, 45
 Ye will me schaw sum courtasie;
 Your labour is nocht wirth a leik,
 Ye ar the war fen we wer meik.
 Do away, scho said, Or yie be band,

The toder wird is evin at hand. 50
 Be God I put yow out of weir,
 Ye did nocht of foris this sevin yeir;
 Nor yit nocht ane of your breder,
 I schiro the feit that brocht yow hedder.
 Now, mon, I latt yow all allane, 55
 Sa help me God my end is gane;
 Yit I will nocht ga fla my sell;
 Bot, be yone kirk, I fall sure tell,
 Als fast as I fall cum hame,
 Sa help me God, Ifs tell my deme; 60
 And ony body fynd ws heir,
 We ar bath schamit all this yeir,
 That we haif dwelt heir so lang.
 Hame, in faith, I dar nocht gang;
 Go with me to yone yairdis end, 65
 Quhair we may pafs away vnkend.
 Than he and scho went on togidder;
 With that his hairt begowd to swidder;
 He tuke his leif and kist the bricht,
 And syne he went out of hir sicht. 70
 How it wes eftir I can nocht tell,
 For speiking spair I nocht to spell.

Explicit.

CXLV.

[*Mony Man makis Ryme and lukis to no Reffoun.*]

MONY man makis ryme and lukis to no reffoun.
 Ane king sekand trefoun
 He may fynd land. Trest nocht in the band

That is oft brokin. A fule quhen he hes fpokkin
 He is all done. He fuld weir yrn fchone 5
 Suld byd a manis deid. Quhen the falt is in the heid
 The menbaris ar feik. A woman thocht fcho be meik
 Scho is ill to knaw. Men glosifs the law
 Oft aganis the pure. Quha spendis his gud on a hure
 He hes bayth fskayth and fchame. He that can nocht gang hame 10
 Is a pure man. Menis or thay began
 Suld think on the end. Prefs nocht to spend Fol. 135. a.
 Bot gife thow think to win. Commounly auld fyn
 Makis new fchame. Bettir is gud name
 Nor evill win geir. He that vñs maift to sweir 15
 Is nocht beft trowd. A tre is beft bowd
 Quhen that it is young. Quha rewlis weill his tounge
 He may be comptit wyifs. Gud win at the dyifs
 Riches nocht the air. And a woman that is fair
 Is nocht happin gude. Ane colt of a gud ftude 20
 Happynnis to be beft. Gud ma nocht lang left
 That is evill win. A work weill begon
 Hes the bettir end. Preifs nocht to spend
 Our mekle on a fule. It is dith to cry yule
 On ane vder manis coift. He fall hounger in froft 25
 In heit that will nocht wirk. Obey weill to the kirk
 And thow fall fair the better. A woman keipit in fetter
 Is ane ill treffour. Eit and drynk with mefour
 And defy the leich. A man mekle of fpeiche
 Quhylomis mon lie. Think ay that thow mon de 30
 And thow fall nocht glaidly fyn. A man may be of grit kin
 And rycht littill worth. A fule bidis job furth
 And hes baith fpur and wand. Bettir is a man but land
 Nor land but man. He that cumis of evill clan
 Wyifs men fufpeckis. A fskabbit fcheip infeckis 35
 All the haillok. Quhairof ferwis the lok
 And the theif in the houfs. It makis a perte mowfs
 Ane vnhardy catt. A fwyne that is richt fatt

Cauffis hir awin deid. Pairte nevir at feid
 Fra hame with thy wyfe. Fle ay fra ftryfe, 40
 A fweithing is peifs. All may nocht be leifs
 That every man fayifs. Thow ma mend twa nayifs
 With anis faid ye. He is nocht fa waik a fae
 Bot he may quhylome noy. It is efiar to diftroy
 Befor, nor till big. He that is vfd to thig 45
 Is laith to leif the craft. Ane awld man is fow daft
 That weddis a young woman. Thow mon trow in fum man
 Or thow hes ill lyfe. Be thow joloufs of thy wyfe
 Scho will do the war. Quha handillis pik or tar
 He is nocht haifty clene. A wound quhen it is grene 50
 Is the foner heilit. A byle that is lang beilit
 Brekis at the laft. Auld kyndnes paf
 Suld nocht be foryett. Be blyth at thi meit,
 Devoit in diftrefs. For littill mair or lefs
 Mak thow na debait. Bettir is the hie gait 55 Fol. 135. b.
 Nor the by rod. He that dowttis nocht God
 Sall nocht fail to fall. He that cuvatis all
 Is abill to tyne. About myne and thyne
 Ryfsis mekle ftryfe. He hes a gratius lyfe
 That can be content. A bow that is lang bent 60
 It will wax dull. He that wattis quhen he is full
 He is na fule. Put mony to the fcule,
 All will nocht be clerkis. At every dowg that berkis
 Men fuld nocht be movit.¹ A man weill luvit
 He is nocht pure. Grit lawbor and cure 65
 Makis a man auld. A gud taill evill tald
 Is fpilt in the telling. In bying and felling
 Is mony fals aith. Commounly gud cleth
 Is beft cheip. Quha cuvattis farrest to leip
 Mon quhylumis gang abak. 70
 Thus fchortnes of wit movit me to mak.

Explicit.

¹ *Crabit* firft written and deleted.

CXLVI.

[*My Guddame wes ane gay Wyfe.*]

MY guddame wes ane gay wyfe, bot scho wes rycht gend,
 Scho dwelt far furth in France on Falkland fell;
 Thay callit hir Kynd Kittok fa quha weill hir kend;
 Scho wes lyk a caldrone cruk cleir vnder kell,
 Thay threipit scho deid of thrift and maid a gud end. 5
 Eftir hir deid scho dreidit nocht in Hevin to dwell,
 And so to Hevin the hie way dreidles scho wend,
 Yit scho wanderit and yeid by to ane elrich well;
 And thair scho met, as I wene,
 Ane ask rydand on ane fnaill; 10
 Scho cryd, Ourtane fallow, haill, haill,
 And raid ane inch behind the taill,
 Quhill it wes neir ene.

Sua scho had hap to be horft to hir harbry,
 At ane ailhoufs neir Hevin it nychtit thame thair; 15
 Scho deit for thrift in this warld that gart hir be so dry,
 Scho eit nevir meit bot drank our missour and mair;
 Scho sleipit quhill the morne at none and raifs airly;
 And to the yettis of Hevin fast coud scho fair,
 And by Sanct Petir, in at the yett scho stall prevely. 20
 God lukit and faw hir lattin in and luch his hairt fair;
 And thair yeiris sevin
 Scho levit ane gud lyfe,
 And wes our Leddeis henwyfe,
 And held Sanct Petir in stryfe, 25
 Ay quhill scho wes in Hevin.

Scho lukit owt on a day and thocht verry lang,
 To se the ailhoufs befyd in till ane evill hour;

Fol. 136. a.

And out of Hevin the hie gait cowth the wyfe gang
 For to gett ane fresche drink, the haill of Hevin wes sour. 30
 Scho come agane to Hevinis yet, quhen that the bell rang,
 Sanct Petir hit hir with a club, quhill a grit clour
 Raifs on hir heid behind, becaufs the wyfe yeid wrang;
 And than to the ailhoufs agane scho ran the piftcheris to pour,
 Thair to brew and to baik. 35
 Freyndis, I pray yow hairtfully,
 Gife ye be thrifty or dry,
 Drynk with my guddame, quhen ye gang by,
 Anis for my faik.

Explicit.

CXLVII.

[*Man sen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir.*]

MAN sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
 And Deid is evir drawand neir,
 The tyme vnsicker and the place;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

Gif it be thyne thy self it vfis, 5
 Gif it be nocht the it refusis,
 Ane vthir of it the proffeit hefs;
 Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spaifs.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
 And heftely to morne fra it wend, 10
 And leif ane vthir thy baggis to braifs;
 Thy awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Quhill thow hes space fe thow dispone,
 That for thy geir quhen thow art gone,

No wicht ane vder flay nor chace; 15
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
Ay gadderand geir with forrow and pane,
And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Paifs;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space. 20

Syne cumis ane vder glaid of his forrow,
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
And fangis it all with mirrynais;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

Sum grit gud gadderis and ay it spairis, 25
And eftir him thair cumis yung airis,
That his auld thrift settis on ane efs;
Man, thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space.

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,
And nocht all that on the dependis, 30 Fol. 136. b.
Bot his to spend it that hes grace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spais.

Trest nocht ane vthir will do the to,
It that thy self wald nevir do,
For gife thow dois, strenge is thy cace; 35
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes spais.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane vdder,
That it nocht eftir be thy cace;
Thyne awin gud spend quhill thow hes space. 40

Quod Dumbar.

CXLVIII.

[*In Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour.*]

IN Tiberus tyme, the trew Imperiour,
 Quhen Tynto hillis fra skraiping of toun henis wes keipit,
 Thair dwelt ane grit gyre carling in awld Betokis bour,
 That levit vpoun christiane menis flesche and rewth heidis vnleipit.
 Thair wynnit ane hir by, on the west syd, callit Blafour, 5
 For lue of hir lawchane lippis he walit and he weipit;
 He gadderit ane menyie of modwartis to warp down the tour.
 The carling with ane yrne club, quhen that Blafour fleipit,
 Behind the heill scho hatt him sic ane blaw;
 Quhill Blafour bled ane quart 10
 Off milk pottage inwart,
 The carling luche, and lut fart

North Berwik Law.

The king of Fary than come with elffis mony ane,
 And sett ane sege and ane salt with grit pensfallis of pryd; 15
 And all the doggis fra Dumbar wes thair to Dumblane,
 With all the tykis of Tervei come to thame that tyd;
 Thay gnaw down with thair gomes mony grit stane.
 The carling schup hir in ane sow and is hir gaitis gane,
 Gruntlyng our the Greik sie, and durst na langer byd, 20
 For brukling of bargane and breking of browis.
 The carling now for dispyte
 Is mareit with Mahomyte,
 And will the doggis interdyte,
 For scho is quene of Jowis. 25

Senfyne the cokkis of Crawmound crew nevir a day,
 For dule of that devillisch deme wes with Mahoun mareit,
 And the hennis of Hadingtoun senfyne wald nocht lay,
 For this wyld wilroun wich thame widlit fa and wareit.
 And the same North Berwik Law, as I heir wyvis fay, 30

This carling with a fals cast wald away carreit,
 For to luk on quha fa lykis na langer scho tareit.
 All this langour for lufe befoirtymes fell,
 Lang or Betok wes born,
 Scho bred of ane accorne.
 The laif of the story to morne
 To yow I fall tell.

Fol. 137. a.

35

Explicit.

CXLIX.

[Rycht airlie on Ask Weddin/day.]

RYCHT airlie on Ask Weddin/day,
 Drynkand the wyne satt cumeris tway;
 The tane cowth to the tother complene,
 Graneand and supband coud scho fay,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

5

On cowch besyd the fyre scho satt,
 God wait gif scho wes grit and fatt,
 Yit to be feble scho did hir fene;
 And ay scho said, Latt preif of that,
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

10

My fair, sweit cummer, quod the tuder,
 Ye tak that nigirtnefs of your muder;
 All wyne to test scho wald disdane
 Bot mavafy, scho bad nane vder;
 This lang Lentern makis me lene.

15

Cummer, be glaid both evin and morrow,
 Thocht ye fuld bayth beg and borrow,

Fra our lang fasting ye yow refrene,
And latt your husband dre the sorrow;
This lang Lantern makis me lene. 20

Your counsale, cummer, is gud, quod scho,
All is to tene him that I do,
In bed he is nocht wirth a bene;
Fill fow the glaßs and drynk me to;
This lang Lentrone makis me lene. 25

Off wyne owt of ane choppyne stowp,
They drank twa quartis, fowp and fowp,
Of drowth sic exceßs did thame constrene;
Be than to mend thay had gud howp;
This lang Lentrone makis me lene. 30

Quod Dumbar.

CL.

The Wowing of Jok and Jynny.

ROBEYNS Jok come to wow our Jynny,
On our feist evin quhen we wer fow;
Scho brankit fast and maid hir bony,
And said, Jok, come ye for to wow?
Scho birneist her, baith breist and brow, 5
And maid hir cleir as ony klok;
Than spak hir deme, and said, I trow
Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok. Fol. 137. b.

Jok said, Forfuth I yern full fane
To luk my heid, and sit down by yow; 10
Than spak hir modir and said agane,
My bairne hes tocher gud annwch to ge yow.

Te he, quod Jynny, Keik, keik, I fe yow;
 Mudar, yone man makis yow a mok.
 I schro the, lyar, full leis me yow, 15
 I come to wow your Jynny, quod Jok.

My berne, scho fayis, hes of hir awin,
 Ane gufs, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane futebraid fawin,
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ye weill ken, 20
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair ben,
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,
 Dischis and dublaris nine or ten;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also, 25
 Ane schule, ane schein, and ane lang flail,¹
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidillis two,
 Ane milk fyth, with ane fwyne taill,
 Ane rowfty quhittill to scheir the kaill,
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok, 30
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill;
 Come ye to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,
 Ane turf, ane troch, and ane meil fek, 35
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,
 And cryd ane feist, and slew ane cok,
 And maid a brydell vp alland;
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quod Jok. 40

Now, deme, I haif your bairne mareit,
 Suppoifs ye mak it nevir sa twche,
 I latt yow wit schofs nocht miskareit,
 It is weill kend I haif annwch;²

¹ First written *four lang flailis*.

² Originally written *gud haif I annwch*.

Ane crukit gloyd fell our ane huch, 45
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane fok,
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche;
 To gang to giddir Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,
 Ane cord, ane creill, and als ane cradill, 50 Fol. 138. a.
 Fyve fiddir of raggis to stuff ane jak,
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,
 Ane pepper polk maid of a padill,
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill; 55
 To gang to gidder Jynny and Jok.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,
 Weill buklit with a brydill renye,
 Ane fark maid of the lynkome twyne,
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenyne, 60
 And yit for mifter I will nocht fenye,
 Fyive hundreth fleis now in a fok;
 Call ye that nocht ane joly menye?
 To go to giddir Jynny and Jok.

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spone, 65
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,
 All graith that ganis to hobbill schone,
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane fwyne bledder,
 Ane maskene fatt, ane fetterit lok, 70
 Ane scheip weill keipit fra ill wedder;
 To gang to giddir, Jynny and Jok.

Tak thair for my pairte of the feist,
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;
 Ye may nocht say my pairte is leift. 75
 The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill are foddin,

And als the laverok is fuft and loddin;
 Quhen ye haif done tak hame the brok.
 The roft wes twche, fa wer thay bodin;
 Syne gaid to giddir bayth Jynny and Jok.

80

*Explicit.*¹

CLI.

[O Gallandis all, I cry and call.]

O GALLANDIS all, I cry and call,
 Keip strenth quhill that ye haif it;
 Repent ye fall quhen ye ar thrall,
 Fra tyme that dub be lavit.

With wantoun yowth thocht ye be cowth,
 With curage he on loft,
 Suppoifs girt drowth cum in your mowth,
 Be war drynk nocht our oft.

5

Tak bot at lift suppoifs ye thrift,
 Your mowth at lafer cule;
 In mynd folift weill to refist,
 Langer leftis yeir nor Yule.

10

Fol. 138. b.

Thocht ye ryd soft, cast nocht ouer oft
 Your speir in to the reift;
 With stufe uncoft sett vpoun loft,
 Anwch is evin a feift.

15

In luvis grace suppoifs ye trace,
 Thinkand your fell abone,

¹ *Quod* Clerk has been written here, but afterwards erased.

Ye ma percaifs cast daweiſs eſs,
And ſwa be lothit fone. 20

Fra tyme ye ſtank in to the bank,
And drypoynt puttis in play,
Ye tyne the thank, man, hald ane hank,
Or all be paſt away.

Fra thow ryn towme, als I preſowme, 25
Thow hes bayth ſkaith and ſkorn,
The to conſowme with fir allowme,
That bourd may be forborne.

Far in that play, gif I ſuth fay,
Gud will is nocht allowit; 30
Gife thow nocht may, ga way, ga way,
Than art thow all forhowit.

Conſiderance hes no lovance,
Fra thow be bair thair ben;
At that ſemlance is no plefance, 35
Quhen pithleſs is thy pen.

Quhen thow hes done thy dett abone,
Forfochin in the feild,
Scho will fay fone, Gett the ane ſpone,
Adew baith ſpeir and ſcheild. 40

Fra thow inlaikis to lay on ſtraikis,
Fra hyne, my fone, adew;
Than thy rowme waikis ane vder taikis,
That ſolace to perfew.

Quhill branyſ ar big abone to lig, 45
Gud is in tyme to ceifs;
To tar and tig, fyne grace to thig,
That is ane petouſs preiſs.

Thairfoir be war, hald the on far,
 Sic chaif wair for to pryifs; 50
 To tig and tar, fyne get the war,
 It is evill merchandyifs.

Mak thow na vant our oft to hant Fol. 139. a.
 In places dern thair down;
 Fra tyme thow want, that stuff is skant, 55
 To borrow in the town.

Few honour wynnys in to that innys,
 For schutting at the schellis;
 Out of thair schynnys the substance rynnys,
 Thay gett no genyell ellis. 60

In tyme latt be, I counfall the,
 Ufe nocht that offerand stok;
 Quhen thay the fe thay bleir thyne e,
 And makis at the ane mok.

Thocht thow suppoifs haif at thy choifs, 65
 I reid the for the nanis,
 Keip stuff in poifs, tyne nocht thy hoifs,
 Wair nocht all in that wanis.

Fra tyme scho fe vndir thyne e,
 The brawin away doun muntis, 70
 Than game and gle ganis nocht for the,
 Thow man, latt be sic huntis.

Fra thow luk cheft, adew that faift,
 To hunt in to that schaw,
 Quhen on that beift at thy requeift, 75
 Thy kennettis will nocht kaw.

Within that stowp fra tyme thow sowp,
 And wirdis to be sweir,

And makis a stop quhen they fuld hop,
Adew the thriffill deir.

80

Thairfoir albeid thy houndis haif speid,
To ryn our oft latt be;
In thy maift neid, sum tyme but dreid,
Thay will rebutit be.

Ouer oft to hound in vnkowth ground,
Thow ma tak vp vnbaittit;
Thairfoir had bound thocht scho be found,
Or dreid thy doggis be flaittit.

85

Scho is nocht ill that fittis still,
Perfewit in the fait;
That beift scho will gif the thy fill,
Quhill thow be evin chakmait.

90

Suppoifs thow renge our all the grenge,
And feik baith fyk and fwche,
Till will scho menge and mak it strenge,
And gif the evin anwche.

95 Fol. 139. b.

Thair with awyifs suppoifs scho ryifs,
Laich vndir thy fute,
Bot thow be wyifs, scho will suppryifs
Thy houndis and thame rebute.

100

In tyme abyd, the feildis ar wyde,
I counfall the, gude bruder;
Evill is the gyd that faillis but tyde,
Syne raclefs is the ruder.

Hunttaris, adew, gif ye perfew
To hunt at every beift,
Ye will it rew, thair is anew,
Thairto haif ye no haift.

105

With ane O and ane I,
 Ye huntaris all and fum,
 Quhen best is play, pafs hame away,
 Or dreid war eftir cum.

110

Quoth Balnevis.

The Flytting betuix the Sowtar and the Tailyour.

CLII.

[*Thow leifs, Loun, thow leifs.*]

THOW leifs, loun, thow leifs,
 Yone are fowttaris that thow feifs,
 Law kneiland on thair kneifs,
 Thair godis till adorne.
 Be Sanct Garnega that grym gaift,
 To heir thair hairfnels in haift,
 Of moltin tauche thay tak a test,
 On Monondayis at morn.

5

To hald thame helfum at hairt,
 Sum of vly fpewis ane quairt,
 Sum ane pynt to his pairt,
 Off fowll fowttar blek.
 Sum fittis and sum *fewis*,
 Vthir fum vly fpewis,
 Bot he keipis weill his kewifs,
 Spowttis in his marrowis nek.

10

15

Of moltin tawch quhen they want,
 Sir Garnyga will gif ane gant,
 And fpew ane pynt at a pant,
 Off fowll vly ba.

20

Wald every man do as I,
 Quhan evir we saw thame we suld cry,
 Fy on thame, fy, fy,
 Out fowll Garniga.

Explicit.

CLIII.

[*Falss clatterand Kensy, kuckald Knaif.*]

FALSS clatterand kensy, kuckald knaif,
 Blasphemand baird in thy backbytting,
 Off me thow fall an answer haif;
 Cum furth, fowmart, and face thy slytting.
 War nor ane warlo in thy wrytting,
 Thow Sathanas seid ay sett to evill,
 Mandrag, mymmerkyn and mismaid mytting,
 I fall the counger lyk the Devill.

5 Fol. 140. a.

Fy on the telyour that never wes trew,
 Fra claith weill can thow clyth ane clowt;
 Of stowin stommokis baith reid and blew,
 Ane bagfow anis thow bur abowt.
 They fallowit the with cry and schowt,
 Ha, hald the theif that stall the claith;
 Thow wilbe hangit, haif thou no dowt,
 For mony presumptuous forsworn aith.

10

15

Amangis the wyffis it salbe wittin,
 Thow wes ane knakcatt in the way,
 For lowfy seims that thow hast bittin,
 Thy gwmis are giltin quhair evir thow gay.

20

Thy cowche is on a sonk of stray,
 Peild pricloufs of ane pudding pryce,
 Breik bowchour on ane sonny bray;
 Wa worth the, waislour, wirriar of lyce.

Thow yeid with elwand, fcheir and thymmill, 25
 Full mony a day seikand thy craft;
 For halfpennyis thy hand yeid nymmill,
 Gritt bladis and bittis thow stail full aft.
 Quha delt with the thay wer fow daft,
 For on thy bak, as all men kennis, 30
 Wer brokin full mony ane gud ax schaft,
 For wrangus geir of vthir menis.

Thy wyif wount ane man scho gatt,
 Of the quhen that thow wes weill brankit,
 And scho gat but ane cur knakcatt, 35
 Ane fowll taid cairle, all tailyour schankit.
 For clayis that thow mismaid and mankit,
 Thow dar nocht dwell quhair thow wes born;
 Yit eftirwart thow falbe thankit,
 Betuix Kirkcaldy and Kingorne. 40

Explicit.

CLIV.

To the Sowtar.

THOU leis, loun, be this licht,
 Yone ar fowttaris be ficht,
 With hiddoufs hoist vpoun hicht,
 Herkin and heir.

Tha blaisit, bla, bubly baggis,
 Tha monstrowfs mandraggis
 Wall myre ane studfull of staggis,
 And fle thame throw beir.

5 Fol. 140. b.

Thair brym beir and thair boift,
 To heir fa hairtly thay hoift,
 In to the cranra and froft,
 Tha freikis ar fa fant.
 The sowttaris of this toun,
 Off vly blek and talloun,
 Ilk ane ane round galloun,
 Thay gif at ane gant.

10

15

Quhen thair ganting is gane,
 Thay gaip, thay glour, thay grane,
 To heir the mvrnyng and the mane
 They mak quhen they meit.
 Thair teith so bawthfs and bluntis,
 For cumring off cow cuntis,
 And freting of yawd fruntis,
 Thay yowyll and thay greit.

20

Thay greit ay glewand in glitt,
 Thay host, thay spew, thay spitt,
 As thay war woid out of witt,
 Thay vary thair weird.
 The laich ledder thay litt,
 Oft in tene thay it titt,
 And in sorrow ay thay fitt,
 Bowdin and bleird.

25

30

Thay boldin blerit bawch blobbis,
 Vncunnand catyvis, curft crobbis,
 Faft vnfrely fowll flobbis,
 And bubillis full lyk.

35

I dreid thir folkis do it fynd,
 Thay haif the hurle ay behind,
 The stynk that thay mak in the wind
 Will Flanderis infeck.

40

Infeck Flanderis and fyle,
 And abowt mony a myle,
 Kulrofs, Karrik and Kyle,
 Linlythgw and Lude.

Fra sons and seill we thame fyle,
 And givis thame ane hie fyle,
 Off all the warld the moft vyle,
 Schortly to conclude.

45

Your girnand god, grit Garnega,
 For butis and schone that ye deir fell,
 In to this warld mot wirk yow wa,
 Syne haif yow harlottis vnto Hell,
 To fitt in to that futty fell,
 With Sathan in that deip dungeoun.
 We fall pray for yow be the¹ bell,
 Sa that this derth ye will put down;
 Do ye nocht thifs,

50

Fol. 141. a.

55

Hairtly to pray,
 Be God verrey,
 That ye nevir gay
 To Hevins blifs.

60

Quod Stewart.

Answer to this foirsaid in folio 144.

¹ MS. has *the* repeated.

CLV.

[*In Somer quhen Flouris will smell.*]

IN former quhen flouris will smell,
 As I fure our fair feildis and fell,
 Allone I wanderit by ane well,
 On Weddinfday;
 I met a cleir vndir kell, 5
 A weilfaird may.

Scho had ane hatt vpoun hir heid,
 Off claver cleir bayth quhyt and reid,
 With catclukis strynklit in that steid,
 And fynkill grene; 10
 Wit ye weill to weir that weid
 Wald weill hir seme.

Ane pair of beidis abowt hir thrott,
 Ane Agnus Day with nobill nott,
 Jyngland weill with mony joitt, 15
 War fingand down;
 It wes full ill to fynd ane moit
 Vpoun hir gown.

Alfs fone as I that schene cowth se,
 I halfit hir with hairt maift fre; 20
 I lue yow leill, and nocht to le,
 Wald ye me lane?
 Out hay, quod scho, My joy, latt be,
 Ye speik in vane.

Quhat is the thing that ye wald haif? 25
 Na thing bot a kifs I craif,
 As I that luvis yow our the laif,
 Wald ye me trow.

Gif that yow may of forrow faif,
 Cum tak it now. 30

Than kiffit I hir ainis or twyifs,
 And scho to gruntill as a gryifs;
 Allace! quod scho, I am vnwyifs,
 That is fo meik;
 It is¹ lyk that ye had eitin pyifs, 35
 Ye are fo fweit.

My hatt is youris of proper dett.
 And on my heid scho cowth it fett,
 Than in my armes I cowth hir plett,
 And scho to thraw. 40
 Allace! quod scho, ye gar me swett,
 Ye wirk fo flaw.

Than doun we fell bayth in feir.
 Allace! quod scho, that I come heir,
 I trow this labour I may yow leir, 45 Fol. 141. b.
 Thocht I be ying;
 Yit I feir I fall by full deir,
 Your sweet kiffing.

Quhen I was grathit in hir geir,
 Scho said scho comptit me nocht a peir. 50
 Sen ye haif wonnyn me on weir,
 Do furth at anis.
 Thairwith I schot be neth hir fcheir,
 Deip to the stanis.

Than to ly still scho wald nocht blin. 55
 Allace! said scho, my awin fweit thing,
 Your courtly fukking garis me fling,
 Ye wirk fo weill;

¹ MS. has *It is*.

I fall yow caver quhen that ye clyng,
So haif I feill. 60

Sen ye stummer nocht for my skippis,
Bot hald your taikill by my hippis,
I byd a quafill of your quhippis,
Thocht it be mirk;
Bot and ye will, I schrew the lippis, 65
That first fall irk.

Als fone as we our deid had done,
Scho reifs fone vp and askit hir schone,
Als tyrd as scho had weschin a spone.
To yow I say, 70
This aventur anis to me come,
On Weddinfsday.

Explicit.

CLVI.

Sum Practysis of Medecyne.

G UK, guk, gud day, schir, gaip quhill ye get it,
Sic greting may gane weill gud laik in your hude;
Ye wald deir me, I trow, becaufs I am dottit,
To ruffill me with a ryme, na, schir, be the rude,
Your saying I haif sene, and on fyd fet it, 5
As geir of all gaddering, glaikit nocht gude;
Als your medecyne by mesour I haif meit met it,
The quhilk I stand ford ye nocht vnderstude,
Bot wrett on as ye culd to gar folk wene;

For feir my loughis wes flast, 10
 Or I wes dottit or daft,
 Gife I can ocht of the craft,
 Heir be it sene.

Becaus I ken your cunnyng in to cure
 Is clowtit and clampit and nocht weil cleird, 15
 My prettik in pottingary ye trow be als pure,
 And lyk to your lawitnes, I schrew thame that leid;
 Is nowdir fevir, nor fell, that our the feild fure,
 Seiknes nor fairnes in tyme gif I feid,
 Bot I can libthame and leichethamefra lame and lefure, 20
 With sawis thame found mak: on your faule beid
 That ye be sicker of this sedull I send yow,
 With the futhfast seggis,
 That glean all egeis, Fol. 142. a.
 With Dia and dreggis, 25
 Of malis to mend yow.

Dia Culcakit.

Cape cuk maid and crop the collerige,
 Ane medecyne for the maw and ye cowth mak it,
 With fueit fatlingis and fowrokis the fop of the fege,
 The crud of my culome, with your teith crakit; 30
 Lawrean and linget feid, and the luffage,
 The hair of the hurcheoun nocht half deill hakkit,
 With the snowt of ane felch, ane swelling to fwage;
 This cure is callit in our craft Dia Culcakit.
 Put all thir in ane pan with pepper and pik, 35
 Syne fottin to this,
 The count of ane fow kifs,
 Is nocht bettir I wifs,
 For the collik.

Dia Longum.

Recipe: thre ruggis of the reid ruke, 40
 The gant of ane gray meir, the claik of ane gus,
 The dram of ane drekterfs, the douk of ane duke,
 The gaw of ane grene dow, the leg of ane lowfs,
 Fyve vnce of ane fle wing, the fyn of ane fluke,
 With ane fleisfull of flak that growis in the flufs: 45
 Myng all thir in ane mafs with the mone cruke;
 This vntment is rycht ganand for your awin vfs,
 With reid nettill feid in strang wescche to steip,
 For to bath your ba cod,
 Quhen ye wald nop and nod, 50
 Is nocht bettir, be God,
 To latt yow to fleip.

Dia Glaconicon.

This Dia is rycht deir and denteit in daill,
 Caus it is trest and trew, thairfoir that ye tak
 Sevin fobbis of ane felche, the quhidder of ane quhaill, 55
 The lug of ane lempet is nocht to forsaik,
 The harnis of ane haddok, hakkit or haill,
 With ane buistfull of blude of the scho bak,
 With ane brewing caldrun full of hait caill,
 For it wilbe the softar and sweittar of the smak; 60
 Thair is nocht sic ane lechecraft fra Lawdian to Lundin;
 It is clippit in our cannon
 Dia Glecolicon,
 For till fle awaye son,
 Quhair fulis ar fundin. 65

Dia Custrum.

The ferd feifk is fyne, and of ane felloun pryce,
 Gud for haling, and hosting, or heit at the hait. Fol. 142. b.

Recipe: thre sponfull of the blak spyce,
 With ane grit gowpene of the gowk fart;
 The lug of ane lyoun, the guse of ane gryce; 70
 Ane vnce of ane ofter poik at the nether parte,
 Annoyntit with nurice dounge, for it is rycht nyce,
 Myngit with myfedirt and with mustart:
 Ye may clamp to this cure, and ye will mak cost,
 Bayth the bellox of ane brok, 75
 With three crawis of the cok,
 The schadow of ane yule stok,
 Is gud for the host.

Gud nycht, guk, guk, for fa I began,
 I haif no come at this tyme langer to tary, 80
 Bot luk on this lettir, and leird gif ye can,
 The prectik and poyntis of this pottingary;
 Sir, minifter this medecyne at evin to sum man,
 And, or pryme be past, my powder I pary,
 They fall blifs yow or ellis bittirly yow ban; 85
 For it fall fle thame, in faith, out of the fary:
 Bot luk quhen ye gadder thir gressis and gerfs,
 Outhir sawrand or four,
 That it be in ane gud our;
 It is ane mirk mirrour, 90
 Ane vthir manis erfs.

Quod Mr. Ro' Henryfone.

CLVII.

[*Sym of Lyntoun, be the Ramis Horn.*]

SYM of Lyntoun, be the ramis horn,
 SQuhen Phebus rang in sing of Capricorn,

And the mone wes past the guffis cro,
 Thair fell in France ane jeperdie forlo,
 Be the grit kin of Babilon, Berdok, 5
 That dwelt in fymmer in till ane bowkaill stok;
 And in to winter, quhen the froftis are fell,
 He dwelt for cauld in till a cokkil schell;
 Kingis vfit nocht to weir clayis in tha dayis,
 Bot yeid naikit as myne auctor sayis. 10
 Weill coud he play in clarschocht and on lute,
 And bend ane aiprim bow, and nipfchot schute,
 He wes ane stalwart man of hairt and hand;
 He wowit the golk sevin yeir of maryland,
 Mayiola, and scho wes bot yeiris thre, 15
 Ane bony bird and had bot ane e;
 Neuirtheles king Berdok luvit hir weill,
 For hir foirfute wes langar than hir heill.
 The King Berdok he fure our se and land, Fol. 143. a.
 To reveifs Mayok the golk of maryland, 20
 And nane with him bot ane bow and ane bowtt;
 Syne hapnit him to cum amang the nowtt,
 And as this Berdok about him coud espy,
 He saw Mayok milkand his mvderis ky,
 And in ane creill vpoun hir bak hir kest; 25
 Quhen he come hame it wes ane howlat nest,
 Full of skait birdis, and than this Berdok grett,
 And ran agane Meyok for to gett.
 The King of Fary hir fader than blew out,
 And socht Berdok all the land abowt, 30
 And Berdok fled in till a killogy;
 Thair wes no grace bot gett him or ellis die.
 Thair wes the kingis of Pechtis and Portingaill,
 The king of Naippillis and Navern alhaill,
 With bowis and brandis with segis they vmbefet him, 35
 Sum bad tak, fum flay, fum bad byd quhill thayget him;
 Thay stellit gunis to the killogy laich,

And proppit gunis with bulettis of raw daich.
 Than Jupiter prayit to god Saturn,
 In liknes of anc tod he wald him turn; 40
 Bot fone the gratioufs god Mercurius
 Turnit Berdok in till ane braikane bufs;
 And quhen thay faw the bufs waig to and fra,
 Thay trowd it wes ane gaift, and thay to ga;
 Thir fell kingis thus Berdok wald haif flane, 45
 All this for lufe, lueris sufferis pane;
 Boece faid, of poyettis that wes flour,
 Thocht lufe be sweit, aft fyifs it is full four.

Explicit.

CLVIII.

[I met my lady weil arrayit.]

I MET my lady weil arrayit,
 I halfit hir all vnaffreyit;
 Scho wald nocht speik to me, as than
 Scho blenkit on fyd and fone scho sayit,
 Quhois aw yone man? 5

I faid to hir, my lady deir,
 I am and wes your prefoneir,
 With all the seruice that I can.
 At ane befyd fyn cowth scho speir,
 Ken ye yon man? 10

Haif ye fo fone foryet¹ my name,
 And all my seruice tynt bygane?

¹ MS. has *foyet*.

Allace! the tyme I may fair ban.
Be still, quod scho, greit nocht for schame;
Quhat wald ye, man?

Fol. 143. b.

15

Your strangenes fair dois truble me,
Quhill that I am in poynt to de;
Sen first to lufe yow I began,
I ken your wirdis ar fals and fle;
Ga glaik yow, man.

20

Quha is this in my ledder so lait,
A strange man gane by the gait?
I schrew yow, for na gud ye cam;
Ye handill me, quhill I am hait;
Quhair ar ye, man?

25

Quhat neids yow girtly for to speir,
Feill ye nocht me and I fo neir?
I am nocht fra your hairt a span,
I knaw your labour is soft and fweir;
Put fra yow, man.

30

He sayis, maiftres, I haif gon mis,
And I durst tell yow how it is.
Quoth scho, Me thocht ye dwelt to lang;
Now tak yow all that evir thair is;
Be blyth, yung man.

35

Trow ye thus gait me to trane?
I fe your labour is all in vane.
I man hald to als a woman,
Or ye haif endit ye wilbe gane;
Haif at yow, man.

40

Quhen he had done he lichtit down,
To ryd his way he maid him boun.

Scho sayis to him, Be fweit Sanct An,
 Me think ye ar in poynt to foun;
 Ye dow nocht, man.

45

Explicit.

CLIX.

[I saw, me thocht, this hindir Nycht.]

I SAW, me thocht, this hindir nycht,
 A squyar and ane madin bricht,
 Vn till a chalmer fast thame sped,
 Bot ony vthir erdly wicht,
 Allone to mak the lairdis bed.

5

Quhen that the bed wes reddy maid,
 He braift hir in his armes, and said,
 Wald ye your schankis lat me sched,
 Ye suld be myne, and thairin laid,
 And we durft spill the lairdis bed.

10

He put his hand in at hir spair,
 And graipit dounwart, ye wait quhair.
 Quoth he, This mowth wald fane be fed;
 He sicht and his hairt was fair,
 And durft not spill the lairdis bed.

15

To spill the bed it war a pane,
 Quoth he, the laird will nocht be fane,
 To fynd it towtit and ourtred.
 Quod scho, I fall mak it agane,
 And ye wald spill the lairdis bed.

Fol. 144. a.

20

And I had yow in sum vthir place,
That I nicht speik, and no thing spair.
Quod scho, Ye ma haif me vnled,
Suppois it war ane myill and mair,
With yow to spill the lairdis bed. 25

Yit I wald draw yow down, he fayis,
Wer nocht for fyling of your clayis.
Quhat rek? quod scho, I am weill cled;
Ye ar our red for windil strayis,
That dar nocht spill the lairdis bed. 30

Thair wes na bowk in till his breik;
His doingis wes nocht wirth a leik.
Fy on him, fowmart, now is he fled,
And left the madin fwownyng feik,
And durst nocht spill the lairdis bed. 35

Explicit.

CLX.

[*Rycht fane wald I my Quentans mak.*]

RYCHT fane wald I my quentans mak
With Schir Penny; and wat ye quhy?
He is a man will vndertak
Landis for to fell and by;
Thairfoir, me think, rycht fane wald I, 5
With him in fellofchip to repair,
Becaus he is in cumpany
Ane noble gyd bayth laid and air.

Sir Penny for till hald in hand,
 His cumpany thay think so sweit, 10
 Sum givis na cair to sell his land,
 With gud Schir Penny for to meit;
 Becaufs he is a noble spreit,
 Ane firthy man, and ane foirseand;
 Thair is no mater to end compleit, 15
 Quhill he fett to his feill and hand.

Sir Penny is a vailyeant man,
 Off mekle stronth and dignitie,
 And evir sen the warld began,
 In to this land autoreift is he; 20
 With King and Quene may ye nocht fe,
 Thay treit him ay so tendirly, Fol. 144 b.
 That thair can na thing endit be,
 Without him in thair cumpany.

Sir Penny is a man of law, 25
 Witt ye weill, bayth wyifs and war,
 And mony reffonis can furth schaw,
 Quhen he is standand at the bar;
 Is nane so wyifs can him defar,
 Quhen he proponis furth ane ple, 30
 Nor yit sa hardy man that dar
 Sir Penny tyne or dissobey.

Sir Penny is baith scherp and wyifs,
 The kirkis to steir he takkis on hand;
 Disponar he is of benefyifs, 35
 In to this realme, our all the land;
 Is non so wicht dar him ganestand,
 So wyifly can Schir Penny wirk,
 And als Schir Symony his ferwand,
 That now is gydar of the kirk. 40

Gif to the courte thow makis repair,
 And thow haif materis to proclame,
 Thow art vnable weill to fair,
 Sir Penny and thow leif at hame;
 To bring him furth thynk thow na schame, 45
 I do the weill to vndirstand;
 In to thy bag beir thow his name,
 Thy mater cumis the bettir till hand.

Sir Penny now is maid ane owlle,
 Thay wirk him mekle tray and tene, 50
 Thay hald him in quhill he hair mowle,
 And makis him blind of baith his ene;
 Thairowt he is bot feyndill fene,
 Sa fast thairin thay can him steik,
 That pure commownis can nocht obtene 55
 Ane dey to byd with him to speik.

CLXI.

The Sowtar inveyand aganis the Telyeour sayis.

QUHEN I come by yone telyeouris stall,
 I saw ane lowifs creipand vp his wall;
 Snop, quod the telyeour, snap, quod the scheiris,
 Cokkis bownis, quod the lowifs, I haif loft mine eiris.

Ane vder.

Betuix twa foxis a crawing cok, 5
 Betuix two freiris a maid in hir fmok,
 Betuix twa cattis a mowifs,
 Betuix twa telyeouris a lowifs;

Schaw me, gud fchir, nocht as a stranger,
 Quhilk of thais four is grittest in denger?

10

Ansuer.

Fol. 145. a.

Foxis ar fell at crawing cökkis,
 Freiris ar ferfs at maidis in thair smökkis,
 Cattis ar cawtelus in taking of myifs,
 Telyeouris ar tyrranis in kelling of lyifs.

Explicit.

CLXII.

[*He that hess na Will to wirk.*]

HE that hess na will to wirk;
 Nor luvis nocht God nor haly kirk;
 And hes no gudis for to spend;
 Nor yit no freyndis, that will him mend;
 And als no rentis, quhairon to leif;
 And will nocht beg, thocht men wald geif;
 And syne is fund bayth fatt and fair;
 How fall he byde the iustice air?

5

Explicit.

CLXIII.

[*And thow be drunken thow suld nocht think.*]

AND thow be drunken thow suld nocht think,
 To sett the wytt vpoun the drynk;

Nor fett nocht the blame vpoun the wyne,
Gif thow it drinkis the wytt is thyne.

Explicit.

CLXIV.

[*Thair wes ane Channone in this Toun.*]

THAIR wes ane channone in this toun,
He had ane kaip and that wes broun;
He gaif it ane ja hir for to jaip,
And scho wes yaip, and tuk the kaip,
And of the same scho maid ane gown.

5

Explicit.

CLXV.

[*Quha hes gud Malt and makis ill Drynk.*]

QUHA hes gud malt and makis ill drynk,
Wa mot be hir werd;
I pray to God scho rott and stynk,
Sevin yeir abone the erd;
Abowt hir beir na bell to clynk,
Nor clerk sing, lawid nor lerd;
Bot quytt to hell that scho may sink,
The taptre quhyll scho steird.

5

 This beis my prayer

 For that man sleyar,

10

Quhill Chrift in Hevin fall heird.

Quha brewis and gevis me of the best,
 Sa it be stark and stail,
 Quhyt and cleir, weill to degest,
 In Hevin meit hir that aill.
 Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho left,
 In lyking ane gude fail;
 In Hevin or erd that wyfe be best,
 Without barcett or bail.

15

Fol. 145. b.

Quhen scho is deid,
 Withowttin pleid,
 Scho pafs to Hevin all haill.

20

Quod Allanis subdert.

Followis Sym and his Brudir.

CLXVI.

[*Thair is no Story that I of heir.*]

THAIR is no story that I of heir
 Of Johine nor Robene Hude,
 Nor yit of Wallace wicht but weir,
 That me thinkis half so gude,
 As of thir palmaris twa but peir,
 To heir how thay conclude;
 In to begging, I trow, fyve yeir
 In Sanct Androis thay stude
 Togidder,
 Bayth Sym and his bruder.

5

10

Thocht thay war wicht, I warrand yow
 Thay had no will to wirk;

Thay maid thame burdownis nocht to bow,
 Twa bewis of the birk,
 Weill stobbit with steill, I trow, 15
 To ftik in to the mirk;
 Bot sen thair bairdis grew on thair mow,
 They faw nevir the Kirk
 Within,
 Nowthir Sym nor his bruder. 20

Syne schupe thame vp to lowp our leifs,
 Twa tabartis of the tartane;
 Thay comptit nocht quhat thair clowtis weis,
 Wes fewit thair on incertane;
 Syne clampit vp Sanct Peteris keifs, 25
 Bot of ane auld reid gartane;
 Sanct James schellis on the tothir syd fleuis,
 As pretty as ony pertane
 Ta,
 On Sym and his bruder. 30

Thus quhen thai had reddit thair ragis,
 To Rome thay war inspyrit;
 Tuk vp thair jaipis and all thair jaggis,
 Fure furth as thay war hyrit;
 And ay the eldest bure the baggis, 35
 Quhen that the yungest tyrit;
 Tuk counfall at Kinkellis craggis,
 Come hame as thay war hyrit
 Agane,
 Bath Sim and his bruther. 40

Than held thay hous, as men me tellis, 45
 And spendit of thair feis;
 Quhen meit wes weit thay flew our fellis,
 Als biffy as ony beis;

Syne clengit Sanct Jameis schellis, 45
 And pecis of palme treis;
 To se quha best the pardone spellis.
 I schrew thame that ay leifs
 But lauchter,
 Quod Syme to his bruder. 50

Quhen thay wer welthfull in thair wyning,
 Thay puft thame vp in pryd,
 Bot quhair that Symy levit in fynnyng,
 His bruder wald haif ane bryd. 55
 Hir wedoheid fra the begynning
 Wes neir ane moneth tyd;
 Gif scho wes spedy ay in spynning,
 Tak witnefs of thame befyd
 Ilk ane,
 Baith Sym and his bruder. 60

The carlis thay thikkit fast in cludis,
 Agane the man was mareit,
 With breid and beif and vthir budis,
 Sym to the kirk thay kareit;
 Bot or thay twynd him and his dudis, 65
 The tyme of none wes tareit;
 Wa worth this wedding, for be thir widis,
 The meit is all miskareit
 To day,
 Quod Sym and his bruder. 70

Our all the houfs, be lyne and levall,
 The ladis come to luk him,
 To tak a justing of that javell,
 The bryd wount nocht to bruk him;
 Thay maneist him with mony nevell, 75
 Than Symme raifs and schuk him;

I cleme to clergy, quod the cavell,
How dar thow cum to luk him

Yondir,

Quod Sum and his bruder.

80

With that the carle begowth to crak,
Glowrit vp and gaf a glufe;
His beird it wes als lang and blak,
That it hang our his moif;
He wes als lang vpoun the bak,
As evir wes Angus Dufe;
He sayis, This iusting I vndirtak,
My coit is of gud stufte,

85

Call to,

Quod Sym and his bruder.

90

He hoppit fa mycht na man hald him,
Said, Blame me bot I bind him;
I fall ourtak him, and that I tald him,
In yone feild, gife I fynd him.

Fol. 146. b.

On his gray meir fast furth thay cald him,
The flokis flew furth behind him,
Thay daschit him down, the dirt ourhaild him,
Than start thay to and tird him

95

Tycht,

Baith Sym and his bruder.

100

Than brak he lowfs, the horfs that bair him
Ran startling to Stratyrum,
And he gat vp, and Symme swair him,
Ye meit nocht bot ye myr him;
Off that fowll courfs for to declair him,
The cairlis come to requyr him,
Than all the laddis tryd with a lairrum,
To flud him and to flyr him

105

Bayth,

Quod Syme and his bruder.

110

This was no bourdene to brown Hill,
 That gatt betwene the browis,
 And had no thing ado thairtill,
 As mony vder trowis;
 Bot come furth on his awin gud will, 115
 To squyar Johine of Mowis,
 He gatt ane sit vp in the schill,
 And that the laddis allowis

Ilk ane,
 To Syme and his bruder. 120

Yob Symmer was the stirrepman,
 Was nolthird of the toun,
 He said, I will just as I can,
 Sen he is strickin doun.
 He gatt twa plaitis of ane awld pan, 125
 Ane breistplait maid him boun;
 The first rynk raif his mowth a span,
 And thair he fell in fwoun

Almaift,
 Bayth Sym and his bruder. 130

Doun fra the leggis quhen he wes laift,
 He maid a peteoufs panting,
 He fwownit and he fwelt almaift,
 For gaping and for ganting.
 Abyd, quod the leich, I fe a waift, 135
 His wrangtwth is in wanting,
 God faif him, and the Haly Gaift,
 And keip the man fra manting

Mekle,
 Quod Suym and his bruder. 140

His mowth wes schent and fa forschorne,
 Held nowdir wind nor watter,
 Fair weill all blaft of blawing horne,
 He mycht nocht do bot blatter.

He endis the story with harme forlorne;	145
The nolt begowth till skatter,	
The ky ran startling to the corne;	
Wa worth the tyme thow gat hir	
Now,	
Quod Symme till his bruder.	150

*Explicit.*¹

CLXVII.

[*It that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif.*]

I T that I gife I haif, it that I len I craif,	
It that I spend is myne, it that I leif I tyne;	
Gett and faif, and thou fall haif;	
Len and grant, and thou fall want.	
Quha in welth takis no heid,	5
He fall haif falt in tyme of neid;	
Quhen I len I am a freynd,	
And quhen I craif I am vnkynd;	
Thus of my freynd I mak a fo,	
I schrew me and I moir do fo.	10
A yong man chiftane, witlefs;	
A pure man spendar, getles;	
A auld man trechour, trewthlefs;	
A woman lowpar, landlefs.	
Be Sanct Jeill, fall nevir ane of thir do weill.	15
Tak tyme in tyme, and nocht diffar;	
Quhen tyme is past ye ma do war.	
Almichty God, grant till our king,	
Sic grace that he in vertew ring,	

¹ The author's name has been effaced here.

Sa that this realme ay gydit be 20
 With iustice, peax and dignite.
 Bettir is to fuffer, and fortoun abyd,
 Than haiftely to clym, and foddonly to flyd.

Quod quhay to quhome.

CLXVIII.

*The Flyting of Dumbar and Kennedy.
 Heir efter followis jocound and mirrie.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

SCHIR Johine the Rois, ane thing thair is compild,
 In generale be Kennedy and Quinting,
 Quhilk hes thame self aboif the sternis styld;
 Bot had thay maid of mannace ony mynting,
 In speciall sic stryfe sould ryfs but stynting; 5
 Howbeit with boft thair breiftis wer als bendit,
 As Lucifer that fra the Hevin discendit, Fol. 147. b.
 Hell sould nocht hyd thair harnis fra harmis hynting.

The erd sould trymbill, the firmament sould schaik,
 And all the air in vennaum suddane stink, 10
 And all the diuillis of hell for redour quaik,
 To heir quhat I suld wryt with pen and ynk;
 For and I flyt, sum sege for schame sould sink,
 The se sould birn, the mone sould thoill ecclippis,
 Rochis sould ryfe, the world sould hald no grippis, 15
 Sa loud of cair the commoun bell sould clynk.

Bot wondir laith wer I to be ane baird,
 Flying to vse, for gritly I eschame,

For it is nowthir wynnynge nor rewaird,
 Bot tinfale baith of honour and of fame, 20
 Increfs of sorrow, sklander and evill name;
 Yit mycht thay be fa bald in thair bakbytting,
 To gar me ryme and raifs the Feynd with flytting,
 And throw all cuntreis and kinrikis thame proclame.

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[Kennedy to Dumbar.]

Dirtin Dumbar, quhome on blawis thow thy boift, 25
 Pretendand the to wryte sic skaldit skrowis?
 Ramowd rebald, thow fall down att the roift,
 My laureat lettres at the and I lowis.
 Mandrag, mymmmerkyn, maid maifter bot in mowfs,
 Thryfs scheild trumpir with ane threid bair gown; 30
 Say, Deo mercy, or I cry the doun,
 And leif thy ryming, rebald, and thy rowis.

Dreid, dirtfast dearch, that thow hes diffobeyit
 My coufing Quintene, and my commissar;
 Fantastik fule, trest weill thow falbe fleyit; 35
 Ignorant elf, aip, owl irregular,
 Skaldit skaitbird, and commoun skamelar,
 Wan fukkit funling that natour maid ane yrle,
 Baith Johine the Rofs and thow fall squeill and skirle,
 And evir I heir ocht of your making mair. 40

Heir I put fylence to the in all pairtis,
 Obey and ceifs the play that thow pretendis;
 Waik walidrag, and werlot of the cairtis,
 Se fone thow mak my commissar amendis, Fol. 148. a.
 And lat him lay fax leichis on thy lendis, 45
 Meikly in recompaning of thi fcorne;

Or thow fall ban the tyme that thow wes borne,
For Kennedy to the this cedull fendis.

*Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.
Fuge in the nixt quha gat the war.*

[*Dumbar to Kennedy.*]

Ierfche brybour baird, wyle beggar with thy brattis,
Cuntbittin crawdoun Kennedy, coward of kynd, 50
Evill farit and dryit, as densfeman on the rattis,
Lyk as the gleddis had on thy gulesnowt dynd;
Mismaid monstour, ilk mone owt of thy mynd,
Renunce, rebald, thy ryming, thow bot rois,
Thy trechour tung hes tane ane Heland strynd, 55
Ane Lawland erfs wald mak a bettir nois.

Revin, raggit ruke, and full of rebaldrie,
Scarth fra scorpione, scaldit in scurrilitie,
I fe the haltane in thy harlotrie,
And in to vthir science no thing flie; 60
Off every vertew woyd, as men may sie,
Quytclame clergie, and cleik to the ane club,
Ane baird blasphemar, in brybrie ay to be,
For wit and woifdome ane wisp fra the may rub.

Thow speiris, daftard, gif I dar with the fecht; 65
Ye dagone, dowbart, thairof haif thow no dowl,
Quhair evir we meit thairto my hand I hecht,
To red thy rebald ryming with a rowt;
Throw all Bretane it falbe blawin owt,
How that thow, poyfonit pelour, gat thy paikis; 70
With ane doig leich I schepe to gar the schowt,
And nowthir to the tak knyfe, swerd nor aix.

Thow crop and rute of traitouris tressonable,
The fathir and moder of morthour and mischeif,

Diffaitfull tyrand, with serpentis tung, vnstable, 75
 Cukcald cradoun, cowart, and commoun theif;
 Thow purpest for to vndo our Lordis cheif
 In Paislay, with ane poyfone that wes fell,
 For quhilk, brybour, yit fall thow thoill a breif;
 Pelour, on the I fall it preif my fell. 80

Thocht I wald lie, thy frawart phisnomy
 Dois manifest thy malice to all men; Fol. 148. b.
 Fy! traitour theif, fy! glengoir loun, fy! fy!
 Fy! feyndly front, far fowlar than ane fen,
 My freyindis thow reprovit with thy pen; 85
 Thow leis, tratour, quhilk I fall on the preif;
 Suppois thy heid war armit tymis ten,
 Thow fall recryat, or thy croun fall cleif.

Or thow durst move thy mynd malitius,
 Thow saw the faille abone my heid up draw; 90
 Bot Eolus full woid, and Neptunus,
 Mirk and monelefs, wes met with woundis waw;
 And mony hundreth myll hynne cowd ws blaw,
 By Holland, Seland, Zetland and Northway coist,
 In desert quhair we wer famist aw; 95
 Yit come I hame, fals baird, to lay thy boist.

Thow callis the rethory with thy goldin lippis;
 Na, glowrand, gaipand fule, thow art begyld;
 Thow art bot gluntoch with thy giltin hippis,
 That for thy lounry mony a leisch hes fyld; 100
 Wan wisaged widdefow, out of thy wit gane wyld,
 Laithly and lowfy, als lathand as ane leik,
 Sen thow with wirschep wald sa fane be styld,
 Haill, fouerane senyeour, thy bawis hingis throw thy breik.

Forworthin fule, of all the world reffuse, 105
 Quhat ferly is thocht thow reioys to flyte?

Sic eloquence as thay in Erfchry vfe,
 In sic is fett thy thraward appetyte,
 Thow hes full littill feill of fair indyte;
 I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis 110
 Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,
 Than thow can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

Bettir thow ganis to leid ane doig to skomer,
 Pynit pykpuris pelour, than with thy maister pingill.
 Thow lay full prydlefs in the peifs this somer, 115
 And fane at evin for to bring hame a single,
 Syne rubbit at ane vthir auld wyfis ingle;
 But now in winter, for purteth thow art traikit,
 Thow hes na breik to latt thy bellokis gyngill;
 Beg the ane club, for, baird, thow fall go naikit. 120

Lene larbar, loungeour, baith lowfy in lifk and lonye,
 Fy! skolderit skyn, thow art bot skyre and skrumple; Fol. 149.a.
 For he that rostit Lawarance had thy grunye,
 And he that hid Sanct Johnis ene with ane wimple,
 And he that dang Sanct Augustine with ane rumple, 125
 Thy fowll front had, and he that Bartilmo flaid;
 The gallowis gaipis eftir thy graceles gruntill,
 As thow wald for ane haggeis, hungry gled.

Commirwald crawdoun, na man comptis the ane kerfs,
 Sueir fwappit fwanky, fwynekepir ay for swaittis; 130
 Thy commissar Quintyne biddis the cum kifs his erfs,
 He luvis nocht sic ane forlane loun of laittis;
 He sayis, Thow skaffis and beggis mair beir and aitis,
 Nor ony cripill in Karrik land abowt;
 Vthir pure beggaris and thow ar at debaittis, 135
 Decrepit karlingis on Kennedy cryis owt.

Matir annwche I haif, I bid nocht fenyie,
 Thocht thow, fowll trumpour, thus vpoun me leid,

Corruptit carioun, he fall I cry thy senyie;
 Thinkis thow nocht how thow cum in grit neid, 140
 Greitand in Galloway, lyk to ane gallow breid,
 Ramand and rolpand, beggand koy and ox;
 I saw the thair, in to thy wachmanis weid,
 Quhilk wes nocht worth ane pair of auld gray fox.

Erfch Katherene, with thy polk breik and rilling, 145
 Thow and thy quene, as gredy gleddis ye gang
 With polkis to mylne, and beggis baith meill and schilling,
 Thair is bot lyfs, and lang nailis yow amang:
 Fowll heggirbald, for henis thus will ye hang,
 Thow hes ane perrellus face to play with lambis; 150
 Ane thowland kiddis, wer thay in faldis full strang,
 Thy lymmerfull luke wald fle thame and thair damis.

In till ane glen thow hes, owt of repair,
 Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir menis;
 With the ane fowtaris wyfe, off blis als bair; 155
 And lyk twa stalkaris steilis in cokis and henis,
 Thow plukkis the pultre, and scho pullis off the penis;
 All Karrik cryis, God gif this dowfy be drownd;
 And quhen thow heiris ane gufe cry in the glenis,
 Thow thinkis it fwetar than sacrand¹ bell of found. 160

Thow Lazarus, thow laithly lene tramort,
 To all the warld thow may example be,
 To luk vpoun thy gryslie peteous port, Fol. 149. b.
 For hiddowis, haw, and holkit is thyne e, 165
 Thy cheik bane bair, and blaiknit is thy ble;
 Thy choip, thy choll garris men for to leif cheft;
 Thy gane it garris ws think that we mon de:
 I coniure the, thow hungert Heland gaift.

The larbar lukis of thy lang lene craig,
 Thy pure pynit thrott, peilit and owt of ply, 170

¹This word is very indistinct.

Thy skolderit skin, hewd lyk ane saffrone bag,
 Garris men difpyt thar flesche, thow spreit of Gy:
 Fy! feyndly front, fy! tykifs face, fy! fy!
 Ay loundand lyk ane loikman on ane ledder;
 [Thy ghaiftly luke fleys folkis that pas the by,¹] 175
 Lyk to ane stark theif glowrand in ane tedder.

Nyfe nagus, nipcaik with thy schulderis narrow,
 Thow lukis lowfy, loun of lownis aw;
 Hard hurcheoun, hirpland, hippit as ane harrow,
 Thy rigbane rattillis, and thy ribbis on raw; 180
 Thy hanchis hirkilis, with hukebanis harth and haw,
 Thy laithly lymis ar lene as ony treis;
 Obey, theif baird, or I fall brek thy gaw;
 Fowll carrybald, cry mercy on thy kneis.

Thow purehippit, vgly averill, 185
 With hurkland banis, holkand throw thy hyd,
 Reifit and crynit as hangitman on hill,
 And oft beswakkit with ane ourhie tyd,
 Quhilk brewis mekle barret to thy bryd;
 Hir cair is all to clenge thy cabroch howis, 190
 Quhair thow lyis fawfy in saphron, bak and fyd,
 Powderit with prymrofs, sawrand all with clowifs.

Forworthin wirling, I warne the it is wittin,
 How, skyttand skarth, thow hes the hurle behind;
 Wan wraiglane wasp, ma wormifs hes thow beschittin, 195
 Nor thair is gerfs on grund, or leif on lind;
 Thocht thow did first sic foly to my fynd,
 Thow fall agane with ma witnefs than I;
 Thy gulfoch gane dois on thy back it bind,
 Thy hostand hippis lattis nevir thy hofs go dry. 200

Thow held the burcht lang with ane borrowit gown,
 And ane caprowfy barkit all with sweit,

¹ This line, wanting in Bannatyne MS., is taken from Maitland MS.

And quhen the laidis saw the fa lyk a loun,
Thay bickerit the with mony bae and bleit: Fol. 150.a.
Now vpaland thow leivis on rubbit quheit, 205
Oft for ane caufs thy burdclaith neidis no spredding,
For thow hes nowthir for to drink nor eit,
Bot lyk ane berdles baird, that had no bedding.

Strait Gibbonis air, that nevir ourftred ane horfs,
Bla berfute berne, in bair tyme wes thow borne; 210
Thow bringis the Carrik clay to Edinburgh corfs
Vpoun thy botingis, hobland hard as horne;
Stra wispis hingis owt, quhair that the wattis ar worne.
Cum thow agane to skar ws with thy strais,
We fall gar scale our sculis all the to scorne, 215
And stane the vp the calfay quhair thow gais.

Off Edinburcht the boyis as beis owt thrawis,
And cryis owt, Ay, heir cumis our awin queir clerk;
Than fleis thow, lyk ane howlat cheft with crawis,
Quhill all the bichis at thy botingis dois bark; 220
Than carlingis cryis, Keip curches in the merk,
Our gallowis gaipis, lo, quhair ane greceles gais;
Ane vthir fayis, I see him want ane fark,
I reid yow, cummer, tak in your lynning clais.

Than rynis thow down the gait, with gild of boyis, 225
And all the toun tykis hingand in thy heilis;
Of laidis and lownis thair ryffis sic ane noyis,
Quhill runfyis rynnis away with cairt and quheilis,
And cager aviris castis bayth coillis and creilis;
For rerd of the, and rattling of thy butis, 230
Fische wyvis cryis, Fy! and castis down skillis and skeilis;
Sum clafchis the, fum cloddis the on the cutis.

Loun, lyk Mahoun, be boun me till obey,
Theif, or in greif, mischeif fall the betyd;

Cry grace, tykis face, or I the chece and fley; 235
 Oule, rare and yowle, I fall defowll thy pryd;
 Peilit gled, baith fed, and bred of bichis fyd,
 And lyk ane tyk, purspyk, quhat man fettis by the.
 Forflittin, countbittin, beschittin, barkit hyd,
 Clym ledder, fyle tedder, foule edder, I defy the. 240

Mauch muttoun, byle buttoun, peilit gluttoun, air to Hilhou[fs];
 Rank beggar, oftir dregar, foule fleggar, in the flet; Fol. 150. b.
 Chittir lilling, ruch rilling, lik schilling in the milhoufs;
 Baird rehator, theif of nator, fals tratour, feyindis gett;
 Filling of tauch, rak fauch, cry crauch, thow art our sett; 245
 Muttoun dryver, girnall ryver, yadswyvar, fowll fell the;
 Herretyk, lunatyk, purspyk, carlingis pet,
 Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok, or I fall quell the.

Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.

[Kennedy to Dumbar.]

Dathane diuillis fone, and dragone dispitous,
 Abironis birth, and bred with Beliall; 250
 Wod werwoif, worme, and scorpion vennemous,
 Lucifers laid, fowll feyindis face infernall;
 Sodomyt, syphareit fra sanctis celestiall,
 Put I nocht sylence to the, schiphird knaif,
 And thow of new begynis to ryme and raif, 255
 Thow falbe maid blait, bleir eit bestiall.

How thy forbearis come, I haif a feill,
 At Cokburnis peth, the writ makis me war,
 Generit betuix ane scho beir and a deill,
 Sa wes he callit Dewlbeir, and nocht Dumbar: 260
 This Dewlbeir, generit of a meir of Mar,
 Wes Corspatrik, Erle of Merche; and be illusioun,
 The first that evir put Scotland to confusioun
 Wes that fals tratour, hardely fay I dar.

Quhen Bruce and Balioll differit for the croun, 265
 Scottis lordis could nocht obey Inglis lawis;
 This Corfpatrik betrafit Berwik toun,
 And slew vij thowfand Scottismen within thay wawis;
 The battall syne of Spottismuir he gart caufs,
 And come with Edwart Langschankis to the feild, 270
 Quhair xij thowfand trew Scottismen wer keild,
 And Wallace cheft, as the carnicle schawis.

Scottis lordis chiftanis he gart hald and cheffone
 In firmance fast, quhill all the feild wes done,
 Within Dumbar, that awld spelunk of treffoun; 275 Fol. 151. a.
 Sa Inglis tykis in Scotland wes abone:
 Than spulyeit thay the haly stane of Scone,
 The croce of Halyrudhoufs, and vthir jowellis.
 He birnis in hell, body, banis and bowellis,
 This Corfpatrik that Scotland hes vndone. 280

Wallace gart cry ane counsale in to Perth,
 And callit Corfpatrik tratour be his stile;
 That dampnit dragone drew him in diserth,
 And sayd he kend bot Wallace king in Kyle.
 Out of Dumbar that theif he maid exyle 285
 Vnto Edward, and Inglis grund agane:
 Tigris, serpentis and taidis will remane
 In Dumbar wallis, todis, wolffis and beiftis wyle.

Na fowlis of effectis amangis thay binkis
 Biggis, nor abydis for no thing that may be; 290
 Thay stanis of treffone as the bruntstane stinkis.
 Dewlbeiris moder, cassin in by the se,
 The wariet apill of the forbiddin tre,
 That Adame eit quhen he tint paradyce,
 Scho eit invennomit lyk a cokkatryce, 295
 Syne marreit with the Diuill for dignite.

Yit of new tressone I can tell the tailis,
 That cumis on nycht in visoun in my sleip;
 Archbard Dumbar betrafd the houfs of Hailis,
 Becaus the yung lord had Dumbar to keip; 300
 Pretendand throw that to thair rowmis to creip,
 Rycht crewaly his castell he perfewit,
 Brocht him furth boundin, and the place reskewit,
 Sett him in fetteris in ane dungeoun deip.

It war aganis bayth natur and gud reffoun 305
 That Dewlbeiris bairnis wer trew to God or man;
 Quhilkis wer baith gottin, borne and bred with tressoun,
 Belgebubbis oyis, and curft Corfpatrikis clan:
 Thow wes prestyt, and ordanit be Sathan,
 For to be borne to do thy kin defame, 310
 And gar me schaw thy antecessouris schame;
 Thy kin that leivis may wary the and ban.

Sen thow on me thus, lymmer, leis and trattillis,
 And fyndis sentence foundit of invy, Fol. 151. b.
 Thy elderis banis ilk nycht ryffis and rattillis, 315
 And on thy corfs, Vengance, vengeance, thay cry.
 Thow art the caufs thay may noth rest nor ly;
 Thow sayis for thame few falptaris, salmis or creidis,
 Bot garis me tell thair rentellis and misdeidis,
 And thair auld fyn with new schame certefy. 320

Infenswat fow, ceifs fals Ewftace air,
 And knaw, kene skald, I hald of Alathia,
 And caufs me nocht the caufs lang to declair
 Of thy curft kin, Dewlbeir and his Allia:
 Cum to the corfs on kneis and mak a cria; 325
 Confess thy cryme, hald Kennedy thy king,
 And with ane authorne skurge thy self and ding;
 Thus dre thy pennance, Delequisti quia.

Past to my commissar, and be confest,
 Cour befor him on kneis, and cum in will; 330
 And syne gar Stobo for thy life protest;
 Renunce thy rymis, baith ban and birn thy bill,
 Heive to the hevin thy handis, and hald the still.
 Do thow nocht thus, brigane, thow falbe brint,
 With pik, fyre, ter, gun powlder and lint, 335
 On Arthowr Sait or on ane hear hill.

I perambulat of Pernafo the montane,
 Enspyrit with Mercury fra his goldin spheir;
 And dulely drank of eloquence the fontane,
 Quhen it wes purefeit with frost, and flowit cleir: 340
 And thow come, fule, in Merche or Februeir,
 Thair till ane pule, and drank the paddok rude,
 That garris the ryme in to thy termis gude,
 And blabbaris that noyis menis heiris to heir.

Thow luvis nane Ersche, elf, I vndirstand, 345
 Bot it fowld be all trew Scottismennis leid;
 It wes the gud langage of this land,
 And Scota it causit to multeply and spreid;
 Quhill Corspatrik, that we of tressoun reid,
 Thy forfader, maid Ersche and Erschmen thin, 350
 Throw his tressoun brocht Inglis rumpillis in,
 Sa wald thy self, mycht thow to him succeid.

Ignorant fule, in to thy mowis and mokkis,
 It may be verifeit that thy wit is thin;
 Quhair thow wryttis Denfmen dryit on the rattis, 355
 Denfmen of Denmark ar of the kingis kin.
 The wit thow fowld haif had, wes cassin in
 Evin at thy ers, bakwart, with ane stalf flung.
 Heirfoir, fals harlott, hurfone, hald thy tung:
 Dewlbeir, thow deivis the Devill, thy eme, with din. 360

Fol. 152. a.

Quhair, as thou said, I staw henis and lammis,
 I lat the wit, I haif landis, stoir and stakkis.
 Thou wald be fane to know, laird with thy gamis,
 Vndir my burde, fnoch banis behind doggis bakkis:
 Thou hes ane tome purfs, I haif steidis and takkis, 365
 Thou tynt coulter, I haif culter and pluch;
 For substance and geir thou hes a widdy twch,
 On Mont Falcone, abowt thy craig to rax.

And yit Mont Falcone gallowis is our fair,
 For to be fylit with sic ane frutlefs face, 370
 Cum hame, and hing vndir our gallowis of Air;
 To erd the vndir it I fall purchefs grace;
 To eit thy flesch the doggis fall haif na space,
 The revynis fall ryfe na thing bot thy tung ruttis,
 For thou sick malice of thy maister mutis, 375
 It is weill sett that thou sic barret brace.

Small fynance amangis thy freyndis thou beggit,
 To stanche thy sorne, with haly muldis thou lost;
 Thou salit to get a dowkar for to dregg it,
 It lyis clofit in ane clowt on Northway cost: 380
 Sic rewill garris the be seruit with cauld roft,
 And sitt onfwpit oft beyond the se,
 Cryand at durris, Carritas amore Dei,
 Bairfute, breiklefs, and all in duddis vpdost.

Dewllbeir hes nocht ado with ane Dumbar, 385
 The Erle of Murray bure that furname rycht,
 That evir trew and constant to the King grace war,
 And of that kin come Dumbar of Westfeild knyght:
 That succeffioun is hardy, wyfe and wicht,
 And hes na thing ado now with the, diuill; 390
 Bot Dewllbeir is thy kin, and kennis the weill,
 And hes in Hell for the ane chalmer dycht.

Curft cropand craw, I fall gar crop thy tounge,
 And thow fall cry, Cor mundum, on thy kneis;
 Derch, I fall ding the, quhill thow bayth dryt and dounge, 395
 And thow fall lik thy lippis, and fueir thow leifs:
 I fall degraid the, gracelefs, of thy greis;
 Scale the for ſcorne, and ſcar the of thy fwle,
 Gar round thy heid, transforme the as a fule,
 And with treffone gar trone the on the treis. 400

Rawmowd rebald, rannegald rehatour, Fol. 152. b.
 My lynnage and forbearis wer ay leill;
 It cumis oft to the to be ane tratour,
 To ryd on nycht, to rin, to reif, to ſteill.
 Quhen thow putis poyſone to me, I appeill 405
 The in that pairte, and preif it on thy perfoun;
 Cleme nocht to clergy, for I defy the, garfoun,
 Thow falby it deir annuch, derch, of the deill.

In Ingland, owle, fowld be thy habitatioun,
 Homage to Edwart Langſchankis maid thy kin, 410
 In Dumbar reffaut him thy fals natioun,
 Thay fowld be exylit Scotland mair and myn.
 Ane ſtark gallowis, ane widdy and ane pin,
 The heid poynt of thy elderis armis ar;
 Writtin in poyſie abone, Hang Dumbar; 415
 Quartar and draw, and mak that furname thin.

I am the kingis blude, his trew ſpeciall clerk,
 That nevir yit imagenit his offence,
 Conſtand in mynd, in thocht, wurd and werk,
 Only dependand vpoun his excellence: 420
 Treſtand to haif of his magnificence,
 Gwairdoun, rewaird and benefyce bedene;
 Quhair that the revynis fall ryfe out bayth thy ene,
 And on the rattis falbe thy reſidence.

Fra Atrik Forrest furthward to Drumfreifs, 425
 Thow beggit, with ane perdoun in all kirkis,
 Collapps, crudis, meill, grottis, gryce, and geifs;
 And vndir nycht quhyllis thow stall staigis and stirkis.
 Becaus Scotland of thy begging irkis,
 Thow schaipis in France to be knyght of the feild; 430
 Thow hes thy clam schellis and thy burdoun keild,
 Vnhonest wayis all, wolrun, that thow wirkis.

Thow may nocht pafs Mont Bernard for wyld beiftis,
 Nor win throw Mont Scarpry for the snaw;
 Mont Nicholace, Mont Godard the arreiftis, 435
 Sic beis of briggand blindis thame with ane blaw.
 In Paris with thy maister burreaw
 Abyd, and be his prenteifs neir the bank,
 And help to hang the pece for half ane frank,
 And at the last thy self man thoill the law. 440

Haltand harlott, the diuill a gude thow heis,
 For falt of puffance, pelour, thow ma pak the;
 Thow drank thy thrift, and als wedsett thy clais,
 Thair is na lord in seruice that will tak the. Fol. 153. a.
 Ane pak of flaskynis, fynance for to mak the, 445
 Thow fall ressaif, in Danskyn, of my tailye;
 With De profundis sett the, and that felye,
 And I fall fend the blak Deill for to bak the.

In to the Katherene thow maid ane fowll kahute,
 For thow bedrait hir, doun fra stern to steir; 450
 Vpoun hir fyddis wes fene that thow coud schute,
 The dirt cleivis till hir towis this twenty yeir:
 The firmament nor firth wes nevir cleir,
 Quhill thow, deuillis birth, Dewlbeir, wes on the fee,
 The sawlis had suckin throw the sin of thee, 455
 War nocht the pepill maid sic grit prayer.

Quhen that the schip was fanit and vndir fail,
 Soule brow in hoill thow purpoft for to pafs,
 Thow schott and wes nocht ficker of thy taill,
 Befchait the steir, the cumpafs and the glaſs; 460
 The ſkippar bad gar land the at the Baſs;
 Thow ſpewit and keſt owt mony laithly lump,
 Faſter nor all the marineirs coud pump;
 And yit thy wame is war nor evir it wafs.

Had thay bene fa prowtydit of ſchott of gvn, 465
 Be men of weir but perrell thay had paſt;
 As thow wes lowfs, and reddy of thy bun,
 Thay nicht haif tane na tollum at the laſt;
 For thow wald cuke ane cairtfull at the caſt:
 Thair is no ſchip that the will now reſſaif; 470
 Thow fylit faſter nor fyftenefum mycht laif,
 And myr thame with thy mvk to the midmaſt.

Throw England, theif, and tak the to thy fute,
 And boun to haif with the ane fals botwand;
 Ane horſmerchell thow call the at the mute, 475
 And with that craft convoy the throw the land;
 Be na thing airch, tak ferely on hand:
 Happin thow to be hangit in Northumber,
 Than all thy kyn ar weill quyt of thy cummer,
 For that mon be thy dome, I vndirſtand. 480

Hie fouerane lord, lat nevir this ſinfull fote
 Do ſchame fra hame vnto your natioun;
 Lat nevir nane, ſic ane, be callit a Scott,
 Ane rottin crok, lowfs of the dok, thairdoun.
 Fra honeſt folk devoyd this laithly loun; 485
 On ſum deſert, quhair thair is no repair,
 For fying and infecking of the air,
 Cauſ¹ cary this cankerit corruptit carioun.

Fol. 153. b.

¹ *Cauſs* has been afterwards inſerted.

Thow wes confaut in the grit ecclippis,
 Ane monstour maid be grit Mercurius; 490
 Na hald agane, nor ho is at thy hippis,
 Infortunat, false and furius.
 Evill schrevin, wan threvin, nocht clene nor curius;
 Ane myting, fule of flyting, the flurdome maift lyk,
 Ane crabbit, skabbit, evil faicit messane tyk; 500
 Ane schitt, but witt, schrewit and injurius.

Grit in the glaikis gud Maiftir Gwilliane gukkis,
 Our imperfyte in poetrie and in profs,
 All cloffis vndir clud of nycht thow cukkis.
 Rymis thow of me, of rethory the rofs, 505
 Lunatyk, lymmar, luschbald, loufs thy hoifs,
 That I may twich thy toung with tribulatioun,
 In recompaning of thy conspiratioun,
 Or turfs the owt of Scotland: tak thy choifs.

Ane benefice quha wald gif sic ane beift, 510
 Bot gif it war to jyngill Judafs bellis;
 Tak the ane fiddill or floyit to jeift,
 Vndocht, thow art ordanit to nocht ellis.
 Thy clowtit cloik, thy crip, and thy clamfchellis,
 Cleik on thy croce, and fair on in to France, 515
 And cum thow nevir agane but ane mischance,
 The Feyind fair with the fordwart our the fellis.

Cankerit cayne, tryd trowane, tutevilloufs,
 Marmadin, mymmerkin, monstour of all men,
 I fall gar bak the to the laird of Hilhoufs, 520
 To swelly the in steid of ane pullit hen.
 Fowmart, fazart, fosterit in filth and fen,
 Fowle fownd, fleird fule, vpoun thy phifnomy;
 Thy dok ay drepis of dirt, and will nocht dry,
 To twme thy tvn it wald tyre earlingis ten. 525

Conspiratour, curst kokatrice, hellis ka,
 Turk, trumpour, tratour, tirrane intemperat;
 Thow yrfull attircop, Pylat appostata,
 Judafs, jow, juglour, Lollard lawreat;
 Sayarene, symonyte, prowde pagane pronunceat, 530
 Mahomeit, manefworne, bugrist abhominable;
 Devill, dampnit doig, fodomyt vnfaciable,
 With Gog and Magog greit glorificat.

Nero thy nevoy, Golias thy grantfchir,
 Pharo thy fadeir, Egippa thy dame, 535
 Deulbeir, thir ar the cauffis that I conspyre,
 Termegantis temptis and Vespasius thy eme;
 Belzebub thy full broder will clame
 To be thy air, and Cayphafs thy fectour;
 Pluto the heid of thy kin, and protectour, 540
 To leid the to hell, of licht day and leme.

Herod thy vthir eme, and grit Egeafs,
 Martiane, Mahomeit, and Maxentius,
 Thy trew kynismen, Antenor and Eneafs,
 Throip thy neir neice, and awfterne Olibrius, 545
 Pettedew, Baall and Eubulufs;
 Thir freyndis ar the flour of thy foir braynchis,
 Steirand the pottis of hell, and nevir stenchis;
 Dout nocht, Deulbeir, tu es Diabolus.

Deulbeir, thy speir of weir, but feir, thow yeild, 550
 Hangit, mangit, eddirftangit, ftryndie stultorum,
 To me, maift he Kennedie, and flie the feild,
 Pickit, wickit, stickit, convickit, lamp Lullardorum,
 Diffamit, fchamit, blamit, primas Pagaorium.
 Out, out, I fchowt, vpoun that fnovt that fnevillis; 555
 Taill tellar, rebellar, indwellar with the diuillis,
 Spink, fink with ftink, ad Tertara termagorum.

Quod Kennedy to Dumbar.

Juge ye now heir quha gat the war. Finis.

CLXIX.

[*I, Maister Andro Kennedy.*]

I MAISTER Andro Kennedy,
 I, Curro quando sum vocatus,
 Gottin with sum incuby,
 Or with sum freir infatuatus;
 In faith I can nocht tell redly,
 Vnde aut vbi fui natus,
 Bot in trewth I trow trewly,
 Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

5

Cum nichill fit certius morte,
 We mone all de quhen we haif done,
 Nescimus quando vel qua forte,
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
 Ego patior in pectore,
 This nyght I micht nocht sleip a wink;
 Licet eger in corpore,
 Yit wald my mowth be watt with drink.

10

15 Fol. 154. b.

Nunc condo testamentum meum;
 I leif my faule for evirmair,
 Per omnipotentem Deum,
 In to my lordis wyne fellair;
 Semper ibi ad remanendum,
 Quhill domisday without diffiuer,
 Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
 With fueit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.
 Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,
 He wald oft ban me in his breth;
 Det michi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.

20

25

Quia in cellario cum ceruicia,
 I had lever ly baith air and lait, 30
 Nudus solus in camisia,
 Nor in my lordis bed of stait.
 Ane barrell bung ay at my bosum,
 Off warldis gud I bad na [mair¹;]²
 Et corpus meum ebriosum, 35
 I leif in to the toun of Air.
 In ane draff mydding for evir and ay,
 Vt ibi sepeliri queam,
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
 Be cassin super faciem meam. 40

I leif my hairt that nevir wes sicker,
 Sed semper variable,
 That nevir mair wald flow and flicker,
 Conforti meo Jacobe.
 Thocht I wald bind it with a wicker, 45
 Verum Deum renui;
 Bot and I hecht to teme a bicker,
 Hoc pactum semper tenui.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
 Quod est Latinum propter cape, 50
 To the hede of my kin, bot wait I nocht
 Quis est ille, than schro my skape.
 I tald my lord my heid but hiddill, Fol. 155.a.
 Sed nulli alii hoc sciuerunt;
 We wer als sib as feif and riddill, 55
 In vna filua que creuerunt.

Omnia mea folatia,
 Thay wer bot lesingis all and ane;
 Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
 I leif the Maistir of Sanct Anthane, 6

¹ Cut away when the MS. was inlaid.

² This line has been first written *In steid of ane braid bowstair*, and afterwards erased.

William Gray, fine gratia,
 My awin deir coufing, as I wene,
 Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 Bot quhen the holene growis grene.

My fenyeing and my fals wyning, 65
 Relinquo falsis fratribus;
 For that is Goddis awin bidding,
 Disparffis dedit pauperibus.
 For menis faulis thay fay and fing,
 Mentientes pro mvneribus; 70
 Now God gif thame ane evill ending,
 Pro suis prauis operibus.

To Jok Fule, my foly fre,
 Lego post corpus sepultum;
 In fayth I am mair fule than he, 75
 Licet ostendo bonum vultum.
 Off corne and cattell, geir¹ and fie,
 Ipse habet valde multum,
 And yit he bleiris me lordis e,
 Fingendo eum fore stultum. 80

To Maister Johine Clerk fyne,
 Do et lego intime
 Godis braid malesone and myne,
 Nam ipse est causa mortis mee.
 Wer I a doig and he a fwyne, 85
 Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhryne,
 Scribendo dentes sine de.

Refiduum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my lord sal haif, 90
 Cum tutela puerorum,
 Baith Ade, Kittie and all the laif.
 Fol. 155.b.

¹ Changed by another pen to *gold*.

I faith I will no langar raif,
Pro sepultura ordino,
On the new gyfs, fa God me faif, 95
Non sicut more solito.

In die mee sepulture
I will haif nane bot our awin ging,
Et duos rusticos de rure
Berand ane barrell on a sting; 100
Drinkand, and playand cop out evin,
Sicut egomet solebam;
Singand and greitand with he stevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

I will no preiftis for me sing, 105
Dies illa, dies ire;
Nor yit na bellis for me ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri;
Bot a bagpyp to play a spring,
Et vnum ailwisp ante me, 110
In steid of torchis for to bring
Quatuor laginas ceruicie;
Within the graif to sett sic thing,
In modum crucis juxta me;
To fle the feyndis than hardly sing, 115
De terra plasmafti me.

Heir endis the Tefment of Maiftir Andro Kennedy,
Maid be Dumbar, quhen he wes lyk to dy.

CLXX.

[*I yeid the Gait wes nevir gane.*]

I YEID the gait wes nevir gane;
 I fand the thing wes nevir fund;
 I faw vnder ane tre bowane,
 A lowfs man lyand bund;
 Ane dum man hard I full lowd speik; 5
 Ane deid man hard I sing;
 Ye may knaw be my talking eik,
 That this is no lefing.
 And als ane blindman hard I reid,
 Vpoun a buke allane; 10 Fol. 156. a.
 Ane handles man I faw but dreid,
 In caichepule fast playane.
 As I come by yone forrest flat,
 I hard thame baik and brew;
 Ane rattoun in a window satt, 15
 Sa fair a feme coud schew.
 And cumand by Loch Lomont huth,
 Ane malwart tred a maw;
 Gife ye trow nocht this fang be futh,
 Speir ye at thame that faw; 20
 I faw ane gufs virry a fox,
 Rycht far doun in yone flak;
 I faw ane lavrock slay ane ox,
 Richt he vp in yone flak.
 I faw a weddir wirry [ane]¹ wouf, 25
 Heich vp in a law;
 The killing with hir mekle mowth,
 Ane stoir horne coud scho blaw;
 The partane with hir mony feit,
 Scho spred the mvk on feild; 30

¹ In MS. *wirry* is repeated instead of *ane*.

In frost and snaw, wind and weit,
 The lapstar deip furris teild.
 I saw baith buck¹ da and ra,
 In mercat skarlet fell;
 Twa leisch of grew hundis I saw alswa, 35
 The pennyis doun coud tell;
 I saw ane wran ane watter waid,
 Hir clais wer kiltit hie;
 Vpoun hir bak ane milstane braid
 Scho bure, this⁷[is] no lie. 40
 The air come hirpland to that toun,
 The preiftis to leir to spell;
 The hurchoun to the kirk maid boun,
 To ring the commoun bell;
 The mowfs grat that the cat wes deid, 45
 That all hir kin mycht rew;
 Quhen all thir tailis are trew in deid,
 All wemen will be trew.

Finis.

CLXXI.

Of May.

Fol. 156. b.

MAY is the moneth maist amene,
 For thame in Venus seruice bene,
 To recreat thair havy hartis;
 May caussis curage frome the splene,
 And every thing in May revartis. 5

In May the plesant spray vpspringis;
 In May the mirthfull maveis singis;

¹ This word is very indistinct.

And now in May to madynnis fawis,
 With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis,
 And to play vpcoil with the bawis. 10

In May gois gallandis bring in fymmer,
 And trymly occupyis thair tymmer,
 With Hunts vp, every morning plaid;
 In May gois gentill wemen gymmer,
 In gardynnis grene thair grumis to glaid. 15

In May quhen men yeid everich one,
 With Robene Hoid and Littill Johne,
 To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis;
 Now all sic game is fastlingis gone,
 Bot gif it be amangis clovin robbynis. 20

Abbotis by rewill, and lordis but resfone,
 Sic fenyeouris tymis ourweill this seffone,
 Vpoun thair vyce war lang to waik,
 Quhais falsfatt, fibilnes and tressfone,
 Hes rung thryis oure this zodiak. 25

In May begynnis the golk to gail;
 In May drawis deir to doun and daill;
 In May men mellis with famyny,
 And ladeis meitis thair luvaris laill,
 Quhen Phebus is in Gemyny. 30

Butter, new cheis, and beir in May,
 Comamis,¹ cokkillis, curdis and quhay, Fol. 157. a.
 Lapstaris, lempettis, muffillis in schellis,
 Grene leikis and all sic men may fay,
 Suppois fum of thame fourly fmellis. 35

In May grit men within thair boundis,
 Sum halkis the walteris, fum with houndis

¹ Indistinct in MS., possibly *Condamis*.

The hairis owtthrowch the forrestis cachis,
 Syne efter thame thair ladeis foundis,
 To sent the rynnynge of the rachis. 40

In May frank archeris will affix
 In place to meit, fyne marrowis mix,
 To schute at buttis, at bankis and brais;
 Sum at the reveris, fum at the prikkis;
 Sum laich and to beneth the clais. 45

In May fowld men of amouris go,
 To serf thair ladeis and no mo,
 Sen thair releis in ladeis lyis;
 For fum may cum in favouris fo,
 To kifs his loif on Buchone wyis. 50

In May gois dammosalis and dammis,
 In gardyingis grene to play like lammis;
 Sum at the baireis thay brace like billeis;
 Sum rynis at barlabreikis like rammis;
 Sum round abowt the standand pilleis. 55

In May gois madynis till La reit,
 And hes thair mynyonis on the streit,
 To horfs thame quhair the gait is ruch;
 Sum at Inchebukling bray thay meit,
 Sum in the middis of Muffilburch. 60

So May and all thir monethis thre,
 Ar hett and dry in thair degre;
 Heirfoir ye wantoun men in yowth,
 For helth of body now haif e,
 Nocht oft till mell with thankles mowth. 65

Sen every pastyme is at plesure,
 I counsale yow to mel with mesure, Fol. 157. b.

And namely now, May, June and Julij,
 Delyt nocht lang in luvaris lefure,
 Bot weit your lippis and labor hully.

70

Quod Scott.

CLXXII.

*The nyne Ordour of Knavis,
 Thair vse and thair feir.
 In mynd quha thame havis,
 Lo, heir thame heir.*

Troll Trotter.

TROLL Trotter on befoir and takis no heid,
 Ane myle his maiftir fra the way that loun will him leid;
 He spairis nocht his maiftiris horfs be the spurris his awin,
 With prickin and with pransing that knaif wald be knawin.
 He is als gay in his hart as ane bryd grome, 5
 For to speik with ane man he takkis him no tome;
 He is so glaid, and so licht and full of parramouris,
 He will nocht wait on his maiftir the space of sex houris:
 He will thryve, wat ye quhen?¹ Be God I trow nevir,
 For to be ane verry knaif that shrew schupis evir. 10

Troll By.

Troll By be his maiftir frakly will ryd,
 And with ane hude on his heid hovis him befyd;
 Cheik for cheik also and fakfallow lyk;
 And with ane quarrell to riche and to pure ay reddy to pyk.

¹Written *quen* in MS.

And with ane knavis contenance his hand on his knyfe, 15
 With all maneris but mair as he fowld nevir thryfe;
 He is als hie in his hart as ane warriour,
 And he and prowde as ane vane wouftour;
 He is a coward weill kend amangis the rawis;
 He wald be oft in the stokkis gife he had rycht lawis. 20

Troll Hafart.

Troll Hafart of the trace he trottis on soft,
 Ane myle behind his maiftir he cumis full oft;
 Bydis noppand and noddand, and takkis na keip, Fol. 158.a.
 For ony aw of his maiftir that schrew fallis on fleip;
 Ay lichtand and pifcheand the knave cumis behind, 25
 And bydis abak at the bank as he wer stane blind;
 And quhen his maiftir him missis thair mon be keiking,
 For to gett that said schrew for he is oft a feiking.
 He is ane rekles boy in preifs and in neid,
 To his maiftir nor his geir he takkis no heid; 30
 Pairt is tynt, pairt is stowin, quhair he can nocht tell,
 Ane vthir pairt lyis in wed, and pairt will he sell:
 And he wer to be hung vp this dastard than war wrangit,
 Bot gif he wer hieft of all on the gallowis hangit.

Troll of the Tre Trace.

Troll of the tre trace is reddy ay drukkin, 35
 He is als evill to fynd as he in Hell war fuckin;
 And quhen his maiftir cryis horfs and to the fair will mynt,
 Then the kie of the stable dur is with the knaif tynt;
 The dur mon be brockin, the maiftir may nocht byd,
 The diuill a thing of his geir is reddy then to ryd. 40
 Quhair hes thow bene, hurfoun, thow fals curfit loun?
 Sir, I was on the baxstar spoungeand your gown.

With ilk lesing ma then vthir that knaif will put ammangit,
 And his countenance than is as he wer to be hangit;
 All this he will foryet lang or it be ewin, 45
 Thair is na mendis for that millegant he is fa wan thev[in].

Fidofragus.

He comptis on his maiftiris horfs in corne and in hay,
 All that him self drinkis and at the dyce will play;
 And so of his maiftiris purfs no thing will he spair,
 And all his for the horfs faik thay have so gud a fair. 50
 The tapstar and the fals knave haldis on ane mene;
 He comptis on his horfs fair baith him and his quene;
 And quhen his maiftir plenyis on his horfs cheir,
 And wonderis oft in his mynd thair cost is so deir,
 He sayis thay ar feik within, or then hes the stule, 55
 And thus he bleiris his maiftiris ee, and makis him ane fule.
 And so he standis in ane pleid with ane hie fair,
 And will fecht with ony man that sayis the contrair.
 Bot in schort, at ane word, mendis is thair name,
 Quhill that this fals knaif be to gallois gane. 60

Chast Luter.

Fol. 158. b.

Chaist Luter gois to bed and syne rubbis his tais,
 He will nocht ryfs to the pott, bot pischis amang the strais,
 And lyis still lounderand as he had nocht to done;
 He will nocht get vp on fute quhill it be neir none.
 His clais is oft in wanting and sic is his gyifs, 65
 He thrawis and he puttis fast at his vly pyifs;
 His faice als stiff is for scleip and his ene sowin,
 His heid ay vnkemunt is, and with hair ovir growin.
 Be his hois be pointtit vp and schone on his feit,
 He gois to skemmill vp and doun, to drynk he is evir meit; 70

To the aill and the wyne glaidly will he gang;
 He will fecht that fals knaif with wylis and with wrang.
 With the butis he will fyle the bed and all the array,
 And ay on his maiftiris spurris he levis the awld clay;
 And thus he fairis quhan he cumis in everilk place;
 Sic ane boy may ye wene fall nevir cum to grace.

75

Gillie Hachatt.

This Gilly Hatchett in his bed cowthis at his eifs,
 And fyndis ane mene to ly still and his maiftir pleifs.

Haill Harlott.

Haill Harlott in hall to ryifs he is richt laith,
 Quhill it be none past he drawis him nocht a claith;
 And quhen it is so he feikis for his fark;
 Ay to skart and to claw is his first wark.
 He is lang in lafing and bucling vp his geir,
 And arrayis him richt so as he wer new to leir;
 His clais ar nocht weill on quhen it is ewin;
 He is ane verry lossinger and ane wanthrevin,
 And ilk day ane new maiftir that harlot will haif;
 He governis ay with sweirnes as a fals knaif.

80

85

Fathir Abbott.

Fathir Abbott of this ordour is fett in his hie ftall,
 To be maiftir as Schir Malapairt and chosin our thame all,
 And dreidles and schameles his chaipanis ar furth focht,
 Nowdir can thay sing weill nor yit reid thay ocht;
 Reklesly on thair sawll religioun can thay tak,
 Priour and suppriour sone thay thame mak;

90

Fol. 159.a.

And all thair officiariis thay are lyk vthir,
 In govirnance and misgyding lyk vthiris bruthir.
 Pykharnes to be sicker it becumis best,
 He will talk mekle thing and nevir be confest.

95

Finis.

CLXXIII.

Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.

ON blyndman to supper an vder bad:
 Quhilk tway sitting at sic meit as thay had,
 Me think, quod the blynd host, this candle burne dyme;
 So think me, schir, quod the blynd gaift to him.
 Wyfe, said the gudman, with sorrow mend this lycht: 5
 Scho put owt the candle, quhilk brunt verry bricht,
 And fet doun empty chandleris two or thre;
 So, lo, now eit and welcome, nechtbour, quod hie.

A Witty Wyfe.

Jane, quod James, to ane schort demand of myne,
 Anfuer nocht with a lie frome that mowth of thyne, 10
 And tak the a noble; quhilk, quhen scho had tane;
 Is thy husband, quod he, a cokcald, Jane?
 Scho stoid still, and to this wold no word speik;
 Frome quhilk dum deling, quhen he cowld hir nocht breik,
 He axt his noble agane. Quhy, quod schee, 15
 Maid I lie to the? nay, quod hie.
 Than weill fill, quod sche, this wage I win cleir,
 And thow of my counsale no moir the weir.

Godis fawle, sayis he, and flong away in tene,
 I will nevir wod with that woman agane;
 For as scho in speich can revyle a man,
 So man in fylence scho begyle can.

20

Of a evill Governour callit Jude.

A rewlar thair was in cuntre a far,
 And of peple a grit extortionar,
 Quho by name, as I vndirstand, wes callit Jude.
 On gaif him an ase, quhilk quhen he had vewd,
 He askit the gever, for quhat intent
 He brocht him that ase for a present.
 I bring it, Maistir Jude, quod he, to yow hither,
 To joyne Maistir Jude and the ase togither;
 Quhilk two joint in on thus it bringis to pas,
 I may bid yow gudday, Maistir Judas.
 Macabeus or Iscariot, thow knaif, quod he?
 Quhome it pleifs your maistirchip, so lat it be.

25

Fol. 159. b.

30

A Man of Law.

Twanty clyantis to on man of law,
 For counsale in xx^{ue} diuerfs materis did draw;¹
 Ilk on praying at on instant to speid,
 As all attains wald haif speid to proceid.
 Freyndis all, quod the lernit man, I will speik with none,
 Till on barbour haif schavin all on by on.
 To a barbour thay went altogether,
 And being schavin thay returnd agane hither;
 Ye haif, quod the lawer, tareid long hence.
 Sir, quod on, twenty cowlde nocht be schavin sence,
 Off on barbour, for ye weill vndirstand,
 On barbour can haif bot on schaving hand.

35

40

45

¹ First written *schaw*.

Nor on laweir, quod he, bot [on] talking tung;
 Lerne, clientis, this lessone off the lawer sprung:
 Lyk as the barbour on eftir on most schaive,
 So clyentis off counsalouris counsale most haive. 50

Of a Presoner condemnit.

In presone a presoner condemnit to die,
 And for executioun wating on daylie;
 In his handis for wormes loking on a day,
 Smyling to him self thir wordis did fay;
 Sen my four quarteris in four quarteris sal stand, 55
 Quhy harme I thir filly wormes eiting my hand?
 Nocht ellis in this doing bot my self I schaw
 Ennemy to the worme and freynd to the crow.

Finis quod Maistir Haywod.

CLXXIV.

[*Be mirry Bretherene ane and all.*]

BE mirry bretherene ane and all, 60. a.
 And sett all sturt on syd,
 And every ane togidder call
 To God to be our gyd.
 For als lang leivis the mirry man, 5
 As dois the wrech for ocht he can;
 Quhen Deid him strekis he wait nocht quhan,
 And chairgis him to byd.

The riche than fall nocht sparit be,
 Thocht thay haif gold and land, 10
 Nor yit the fair for thair bewty
 Can nocht that chairge ganestand.
 Thocht wicht or waik wald fie away,
 No dowl bot all mon ransone pay;
 Quhat place or quhair can no man fay, 15
 Be fie or yit be land.

Quhairfoir my counsaill, brethir, is
 That we togidder sing;
 And all to loif that Lord of blifs,
 That is of hevynis King;
 Quha knowis the secreit thochtis and dowl,
 Off all our hairtis round about;
 And he quha thinkis him nevir sa stout,
 Mone thoill that pvnissing.

Quhat man but stryf in all his lyfe
 Doith test moir of deidis pane,
 Nor dois the man quhilk on the sie
 His leving seikis to gane?
 For quhen distrefs dois him opprefs,
 Than to the Lord for his redrefs,
 Quha gaif command for all exprefs,
 To call and nocht refrane.

The mirryest man that leivis on lyfe,
 He sailis on the sie,
 For he knowis nowdir sturt nor stryfe,
 Bot blyth and mirry be.
 Bot he that hes ane evill wyfe
 Hes sturt and sorrow all his lyfe,
 And that man quhilk leivis ay in stryfe,
 How can he mirry be?

Ane evill wyfe is the werft aucht,
 That ony man can haif,
 For he may nevir fit in faucht,
 Onlefs he be hir ſklaif.
 Bot of that fort I knaw nane vder,
 Bot owthir a kukald or his bruder;
 Cuntlairdis and cukkaldis all togidder
 May wiſe their wyfis in graif;

Fol. 160. b.

45

Because their wyfis hes maistry,
 That thay dar nawayis cheip, 50
 Bot gif it be in priuity,
 Quhan their wyfis ar on sleip.
 Ane mirry in their cumpany
 Wer to thame worth baith gold and fie,
 Ane menstrall could nocht bocht be, 55
 Their mirth gif he could beite.

Bot of that fort quhilk I report,
 I knaw nane in this ring,
 Bot we may all, baith grit and small,
 Glaidly baith dance and sing. 60
 Quha lift nocht heir to mak gud cheir,
 Perchance his gudis ane vthir yeir
 Be spent quhen [he] is brocht to beir,
 Quhen [h]is wyfe takis the fling.

It hes bene fene that wyfe wemen, 65
 Eftir thair husbandis deid,
 Hes gottin men hes gart thame ken,
 Gif thay mycht beir grit laid;
 With ane grene fting hes gart thame bring
 The geir quhillk won wes be ane dring, 70
 And fyne gart all the bairnis fing
 Ramulloch in thair beddis.

Than wad scho say, Allace this day,	
For him that wan this geir,	
Quhen I him had, I skairfly said,	75
My hairt anis mak gud cheir:	
Or I had lettin him spend a plak,	
I lever haif wittin him brokin his bak,	
Or ellis his craig had gottin a crak,	Fol. 161. a.
Our the heicht of the stair.	80
Ye neigartis than example tak,	
And leir to spend your awin;	
And with gud freyndis ay mirry mak,	
That it may be weill knawin,	
That thow art he quha wan this geir;	85
And for thy wyfe se thow nocht spair,	
With gud freyndis ay to mak repair,	
Thy honesty may be knawin.	
Finis, quod I, quha settis nocht by	
The ill wyffis of this toun,	90
Thocht for dispyt with me wald flyt,	
Gif thay nicht put me doun.	
Gif ye wald knaw quha maid this sang,	
Quhiddir ye will him heid or hang,	
Flemyng is name quhair evir he gang,	95
In place or in quhat toun.	

Explicit quod Flemyng.

CLXXV.

[*Epigrammis of Maistir Haywod.*]*A Number of Rattis mistakin for a Number of
Diuillis.*

A BIG bricht man fering a deir yeir to cum,
 Beistowd in his breik a cheife hard by his bun;
 And leving of theis hoifs dayis two or thre, .
 Rattis two or thre crop in that breik thay be,
 Poynting thame selffis of that cheife to be keiparis, 5
 In quhilk war wache be sure thay war no slepars;
 No wicht ryding man from Sandwiche to Sarum
 Cowld win that cheife frome thame withowt a larum.
 At thre dayis end this man putting theis hoifs on,
 Having tyid his poynttis, the rattis began annone 10
 To start and to stur that breiche round about,
 To feik and fynd sum slicht quhat way to win owt;
 Bot that breik was bolstird so with fuche brod barris,
 Suche crankis, fuche connying hoillis, fuche cuttis and fuche carris,
 With ward within ward, that the rattis wer als fast, 15
 As thocht in Newgait with thevis thay had bene cast.
 Bot this man in his breik feiling fuche fvmbling, Fol. 161. b.
 Suche rolling, fuche rumbling, justing and jvmbling,
 He was thairwith strickin in a frenatik feir,
 Thinking sure to him self sum spreitis war thair, 20
 He cryit owt, he ran owt, withowt coit or cloik;
 Tho is rattis in thais raggis quhrynd lyk piggis in a p[oik.¹]
 A coniurer, cryid he, in all haift I befeik,
 To coniure the Diuill, the Diuill is in my breik.
 Running and turning in and owt as he slong, 25
 On of the rattis by the ribbis he so wrong,
 That the rat in a rege to his buttok gat hir,

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

Scho set in hir teith, his eis ran a watter,
 Scho bait, he cryid, doggis barkit, the peple show[tid,¹]
 Hornis blew, bellis rong, the Diuill dred and dowtid, 30
 Thocht he wer in his breik to bring streicht to Hell.
 At laft to see quhat buggis in his breik frayid him,
 Foure and fyve manfull men manfully stayid him;
 The rattis hopping owt at his hoifs pulling of,
 All this sayd matir turnd to a mirry skose. 35
 Quhen he saw theis rattis by this cheifs brocht this [feir,¹]
 Reiofing the skaip, he solempdly did sweir,
 That in his breik fowld cum no cheifs eftir that,
 Except in his breik he war fure of a catt.

Finis quod Maistir Haywod.

Jak and his Father.

Jak, quod his fader, how fall I eifs tak? 40
 Gif I stand my leggis irk, and gif I kneill
 My kneis irk; gif I go than my feit ake;
 Gif I ly my bak irk; gif I sitt I feill
 My hippis irk, and lene I nevir so weill
 My elbowis irk. Sir, quod Jak, pane to exyle, 45
 Sen all thais eifs nocht, best ye hang a quhyle.

Finis Idem.

Of One askin for Scheip at Maidyins.

Come thair ony scheip this way, yow scheipisch maidis? Nay,
 Bot evin as ye come, thair come a calf this way.

Finis quod Haywod.

3 L

¹ Cut off by inlaying of MS.

CLXXVI.

*Ane Discriptioun of Peder Coffeis, having no Regaird
till Honeſtie in thair Vocationn.* Fol. 162.a.

IT is my purpoifs to diſcryve
This holy perfyte genologie,
Off pedder knavis ſuperlatyve,
Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie. 5
Ye burges ſonis, prevene thir lownis,
That wald diſtroy nobilitie,
And baneifs it all borrow townis.

Thay ar declarit in ſevin pairtis.
Ane ſcroppit coſe, quhen he begynnis, 10
Sornand all and ſindry airtis,
For to by hennis reidwod he rynnīs;
He lokis thame vp in to his innis
Vnto ane derch, and fellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wynnīs, 15
And ſecondly his meit he beggis.

Ane fwyngour coife amangis the wyvis,
In landwart dwellis with ſubteill menis,
Exponand thame auld ſanctis lyvis,
And fanis thame with deid menis banis; 20
Lyk Romerakaris with awſterne granis,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder,
Peipand pearly with peteoufs granis,
Lyk fenyeit Symmye and his bruder.

Thir cur coffeis that failis oure ſone, 25
And thretty ſum abowt ane pak,

With bair blew bonattis and hobbeld fchone,
 And beir bonnokkis with thame thay tak;
 Thay fchamed fchrewis, God gif thame lak,
 At none quhen merchantis makis gud cheir, 30
 Steilis doun and lysis behind ane pak,
 Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

Knaifatica coff misknawis him fell,
 Quhen he gettis on a furrir gown,
 Grit Lucifer, maiftir of Hell, 35
 Is nocht fa helie as that loun;
 As he cumis brankand throw the toun,
 With his keis clynkand on his arme,
 That calf, clovin futtit, fleid custroun,
 Will mary nane bot a burges bairne. 40

Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen, Fol. 162. b.
 Distroyis the honor of our natioun,
 Takis gudis to frift fra fremmit men,
 And brekis his obligatioun;
 Quhilk dois the marchandis defamatioun, 45
 Thay ar reprevit for that regratour,
 Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
 To hang and draw that commoun tratour.

Ane curloreous coffe, that hege skraper,
 He fittis at hame quhen that thay baik, 50
 That pedder brybour, that fcheipkeipar,
 He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;
 Syne lokkis thame vp and takis a faik,
 Betuix his dowbett and his jackett,
 And eit is thame in the buith, that fmaik; 55
 God, that he mort in to ane rakkett.

Ane cathedrall coff, he is ovir riche,
 And hes na hap his gude to spend,
 Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
 And treftis nevir till tak ane end; 60
 With falsheid evir dois him defend,
 Proceeding still in averice,
 And leivis his fawle na gude commend,
 Bot walkis ane wilfome wey, I wifs.

I yow exhort, all that is heir, 65
 That reidis this bill, ye wald it schaw
 Vnto the provest, and him requair
 That he will geif thir coffis the law;
 And baneis thame the burges raw,
 And to the scho streit ye thame ken; 70
 Syne cutt thair luggis, that ye may know
 Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

Finis quod Linldsay.¹

CLXXVII.

*How the first Helandman, of God was maid
 Of ane Horfs Turd, in Argyll, as is said.*

GOD and Sanct Petir was gangand be the way,
 Heiche vp in Ardgyle quhair thair gait lay;
 Sanct Petir said to God in a sport word,
 Can ye nocht mak a Heilandman of this horfs tourd?
 God turnd owre the horfs turd with his pykit staff, 5
 And vp start a Helandman blak as ony draff.

¹ The author's name is inserted in a different hand.

Quod God to the Helandman, Quhair wilt thou now? Fol. 163. a.
 I will down in the Lawland, Lord, and thair steill a kow.
 And thou steill a cow, cairle, thair thay will hang the.
 Quattrack, Lord, of that, for anis mon I die? 10
 God than he lewch, and owre the dyk lap,
 And owt of his scheith his gowly owtgatt.
 Sanct Petir socht this gowly fast vp and doun,
 Yit cowl'd not find it in all that braid rownn.
 Now, quod God, heir a mervell, how can this be, 15
 That I fowld want my gowly, and we heir bot thre?
 Humff, quod the Helandman, and turn'd him abowt,
 And at his plaid nuk the guly fell owt.
 Fy, quod Sanct Petir, thou will nevir do weill,
 And thou bot new maid fa sone gais to steill. 20
 Vmff, quod the Helandman, and swere be yon kirk,
 Sa lang as I may geir gett to steill, will I nevir wirk.

Finis.

CLXXVIII.

*Ane Ansuer to ane Helandmanis Invectiue, maid be
 Alexander Montgomry.*

FYNDLAY McConnoquhy, fuf McFadyan,
 Cativilie geilyie with the poik berik,
 Smoir ennary takin trewis breikles McBradyan,
 Yeill fart fast in Baquhiddir or the corne schaik.
 In steid of grene gynger ye eit gray gradyan, 5
 For lyce in your limfschoch ye haif na inlaik;
 Mony muntir moir in mvggis of mvre madyan

ANE ANSWER TO ANE INGLISS RAILAR.

Sawis feindill faffroun in sawt for thair farkis faik.
 Ocknewling, Occonnoquhy, Ocgreigry, McGrane,
 With fallifty montir moy,
 Soy in fcho forle boy,
 Callin feane aggis endoy,
 Firry braldich ilk ane.

10

Finis quod Montgummary.

CLXXIX.

*Ane Anfuer to ane Inglifs Railar praying his awin
 Genalogy.*

YE Inglishe hursone, funtyme will avant
 Your progeny frome Brutus to haif tane,
 And funtyme frome ane angell or ane sanct,
 As Angelus and Anglus bayth war ane;
 Angellis in erth yit hard I few or nane,
 Except the feyndis with Lucifer that fell.
 Avant yow, villane, of that lord allane;
 Tak thy progeny frome Pluto, prence of Hell,
 Becaufs ye vse in hoillis to hyd your fell;
 Anglufs is cum frome Angulus in deid.
 Aboive all vderis Brutus bure the bell,
 Quha slew his fader howping to succeid;
 Than chufs yow ane of thais, I rek not ader,
 Tak Beelzebub or Brutus to your fader.

5

Fol. 163. b.

10

Finis.

CLXXX.

*Heir begynnys the Proclamatioun¹ of the Play, made
be Dauid Lynsayis, of the Month, Knicht in the
Playfeild, in the Moneth of , the yeir of God
155 Yeiris.*

Fol. 164. a.

Proclamatioun maid in Cowpar of Fyffe.

R ICHT famous pepill, ye fall vndirstand
How that ane Prince, richt wyifs and vigilant,
Is schortly for to cum in to this land,
And purpoiss to hald ane parliament,
His thre estaitis thairto hes done consent, 5
In Cowpar toun in to thair best array,
With support of the Lord omnipotent,
And thairto hes affixt ane certane day.

With help of him that rewlis all abone,
That day falbe within ane litill space; 10
Our purpoiss is on the sevint day of June,
Gif weddir serve, and we haif rest and pece,
We fall be fene in till our playing place,
In gude array, abowt the hour of fevin;
Off thriftiness that day I pray yow ceifs, 15
But ordane ws gude drink aganis allevin.

Faill nocht to be vpone the Castell hill,
Befyd the place quhair we purpoiss to play;
With gude stark wyne your flaconis see ye fill,
And hald your self the myrieast that ye may. 20
Be not displeisit quhatevir we sing or say,
Amang sad mater howbeid we fumtyme relyie;
We fall begin at feuin houris of the day,
So ye keip tryift, forfwth we fall nocht felyie.

¹ MS. has *Plocamatioun*.

Cotter.

I falbe thair with Goddis grace,	25
Thocht thair war nevir so grit ane prefe,	
And formeft in the fair,	
And drink ane quart in Cowpar toun,	
With my goffep Johine Willamsoun,	
Thocht all the nolt fowld rair.	30
I haif ane quick divill to my wyfe,	Fol. 164. b.
That haldis me evir in fturt and ftryfe;	
That warlo, and fcho wift	
That I wald cum to this gud toun,	.
Scho wald call me fals ladrone loun,	35
And ding me in the duft.	
We men that hes fic wickit wyvis,	
In grit langour we leid our lyvis,	
Ay dreifland in difeifs;	
Ye preiftis hes grit prerogatyvis,	40
That may depairt ay fra your wyvis,	
And cheifs thame that ye pleifs.	
Wald God I had that liberty,	
That I nicht pairt als weill as ye,	
Withowt the conftroy law;	45
Nor I be ftickit with a knyfe,	
For to wad ony vder wyfe,	
That day fowld nevir daw.	

Nuntious.

War thy wyfe deid I fee thow wald be fane.

Cotter.

Ye, that I wald, fweit fir, be Sanct Fillane.	50
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Nuntius.

Wald thow nocht mary fra hand ane vder wyfe?

Cotter.

Na, than the dum Divill stik me with ane knyfe;
Quha evir did mary agane the Feind mot fang thame,
Bot, as the preiftis dois, ay stryk in amang thame.

Nuntius.

Than thow mon keip thy cheftety as effeiris. 55

Cotter.

I fall leif cheft as abbottis, monkis and freiris.
Maifter, quhairto fowld I my self miskary,
Quhair I, as preiftis, may fwyve and nevir mary?

Wyfe.

Quhair hes thow bene, fals ladrone loun?
Doyttand and drinkand in the toun? 60
Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

Cotter.

Ye gaif me leif, fair lucky dame.

Wyfe.

Quhy hes thow taryit heir fa lang?

Cotter.

Fol. 165. a.

I nicht not thrift owtthrow the thrang,
Till that yone man the play proclamit. 65

Wyfe.

Trowis thow that day, fals cairle defamit,
To gang to Cowpar to see the play?

Cotter.

Ye, that I will, deme, gif I may.

Wyfe.

Na, I fall cum thairto sickerly,
And thow falt byd at hame and keip the ky. 70

Cotter.

Fair lucky dame, that war grit schame,
Gif I that day fowld byid at hame;
Byid ye at hame, for cum ye heir,
Ye will mak all the toun a steir.
Quhen ye ar fow of barmy drink, 75
Besyd yow nane may stand for stink;
Thairfoir byid ye at hame that day,
That I may cum and see the play.

Wyfe.

Fals cairle, be God that fall thow nocht,
And all thy crackis fall be deir coft. 80
Swyth cairle, speid the hame speidaly
Incontinent, and milk the ky,
And mvk the byre, or I cum hame.

Cotter.

All falbe done, fair lucky dame;
I am fa dry, dame, or I gae, 85
I mon ga drink ane penny or twae.'

Wyfe.

The divill a drew fall cum in thy throte;
Speid hand,¹ or I fall paik thy cote;
And to begin, fals cairle, tak thair ane plate.

¹ May be read *haud*.

Cotter.

The feind reffaif the handis that gaif me that ; 90
I befeik yow for Goddis faik, lucky dame,
Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame,
Than fall I put me evin in to your will.

Wyfe.

Or evir I stynt, thow fall haif straikis thy fill.

*Heir fall the wyfe ding the carle, and he fall cry
Goddis mercy.*

Cotter.

Now wander and wa be to thame all thair lyvis, 95 Fol. 165. b.
The quhilk ar maryit with sic vnhappy wyvis.

Wyfe.

I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,
Baldar nor I, dwelland in Cowpar toun.

Cotter.

Gif thay be war, ga thow and thay togidder,
I pray God nor the Feind reffaif the fiddler. 100

Fynlaw of the Fute Band.

Wow, mary, heir is ane fellone rowt ;
Speik, schiris, quhat gait may I get owt ?
I rew that I come heir.

My name, schiris, wald ye vndirstand,
They call me Findlaw of the Fute Band ; 105
A nobill man of weir ;

Thair is na fyifty in this land,
Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand ;
Se sic ane brand I beir.

Nocht lang senfyne besyd ane fyik, 110
Vpoun the sonny fynd of ane dyk,
I flew with my richt hand

Ane thowfand, ye, and ane thowfand to;
 My fingaris yit ar bludy, lo,
 And nane durst me ganestand. 115
 Wit ye it dois me mekill ill,
 That can nocht get fecht my fill,
 Nowdir in peax nor weir.
 Will na man, for thair ladyis faikis,
 With me stryk twenty markit straikis, 120
 With halbart, swerd or speir?
 Quhen Inglifmen come in to this land,
 Had I bene thair with my bricht brand,
 Withowttin ony help
 Bot myn allane, on Pynky Craiggis, 125
 I fowld haif revin thame all in raggis,
 And laid on skelp for skelp.
 Sen nane will fecht, I think it best
 To ly doun heir and tak me rest,
 Than will I think nane ill; 130
 I pray the grit God, of his grace
 To send ws weir and nevyr peace,
 That I may fecht my fill.

Heir fall he ly doun.

The Fule.

My lord, be him that ware the croun of thorne,
 A mair cowart was nevyr sen God was borne; 135 Fol. 166.a.
 He lovis him felf, and vthir men he lakkis,
 I ken him weill for all his boiftis and crakkis.
 Howbeid he now be lyk ane captane cled,
 At Pyncky Clewch he was the first that fled;
 I tak on hand, or I steir of this steid, 140
 This crakkand cairle to fle with ane scheip heid.

*Here fall the auld man cum in leidand
 his wyfe in ane dance.*

[*Auld Man.*]

Bessy, my hairt, I mon ly doun and sleip,
And in myne arme se quyetly thow creip;
Bessy, my hairt, first lat me lok thy cunt,
Syne lat me keip the key as I was wount.

145

Bessy.

My gud husband, lock it evin as ye pleifs,
I pray God fend yow grit honor and eifs.

*Heir fall he lok hir cunt, and lay the key vnder
his heid; he fall sleip and scho fall sit besyd him.*

The Courteouer.

Lufty lady, I pray yow hairtfully,
Gif me licence to beir yow cumpany;
Ye sie I am ane cumly courteour,
Quhilk nevir yit did woman dishonour.

150

Marchand.

My fair maistres, sweitar than the lammer,
Gif me licence to luge in to your chalmer;
I am the richest marchand in this toun,
Ye fall of silk haif kirtill, hude and gown.

155

Clerk.

I yow beseik, my lufty lady bricht,
To gif me leif to ly with yow all nicht;
And of your quoman lat me schut the lokkis,
And of fyne gold ye fall reffaif ane box.

Fwill.

Fair dameffell, how pleifs ye me.
I haif na mair geir nor ye sie;

160

Swa lang as this may steir or stand,
 It fall be ay at your command;
 Na, it is the best that evir ye saw.

Bessy.

Now welcome to me aboif thame aw.
 Was nevir wyf fa straitly rokkit,
 Se ye not how my cunt is lokkit.

165

Fol. 166. b.

Fule.

Thinkis he nocht schame, that brybor blunt,
 To put ane lok vpoun your cunt?

Bessy.

Bot se gif ye can mak remeid,
 To steill the key fra vndir his heid.

170

Fule.

That fall I do, withowttin dowl,
 Lat se gif I can get it owte;
 Lo, heir the key, do quhat ye will.

Bessy.

Na, than lat ws ga play our fill.

175

Heir fall thay go to sum quyet place.

Fynlaw of the Fute Band.

Will nane with me in France go to the weiris,
 Quhair I am captane of ane hundreth speiris?
 I am fa hardy, sturdy, strang and stowt,
 That owt of Hell the Divill I dar ding owt.

Clerk.

Gif thow be gude or evill I can not tell,
 Thay ar not fonfy that fo dois ruse thame fell;

180

At Pyncky Clewch, I knew richt woundir weill,
 Thow gat na credence for to beir a creill.
 Sen sic as thow began to brawll and boist,
 The commoun weill of Scotland hes bene loist; 185
 Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peax war best;
 I pray to God till send ws peice and rest,
 On that conditioun, that thow and all thy fallowis,
 War be the craiggis heich hangit on the gallowis.
 Quha of this weir hes bene the fundament, 190
 I pray to the grit God omnipotent;
 That all the warld, and mae, mot on thame wounder,
 Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

Fynlaw.

Domine doctour, quhair will ye preiche to morne?
 We will haif weir and all the warld had sworne; 195
 Want we weir heir, I will ga pafs in France,
 Quhair I will get ane lordly governance.

Clerk.

Sa quhat ye will, I think feuer peax is best;
 Quha wald haif weir God send thame littill rest.
 Adew, crakkar, I will na langar tary, 200
 I trest to see the in ane firy fary;
 I trest to God to see the and thy fallowis, Fol. 167. a.
 Within few dayis hingand on Cowpar gallowis.

Fyndlaw.

Now art thow gane the dum Divill be thy gyd.
 Yone brybour was fa fleit he durst not byid; 205
 Be woundis and passionis, had he spokkin mair ane word,
 I fowld haif hackit his heid af with my sward.

*Heir fall the gudman walkin and cry
 for Beffy.*

[*Auld Man.*]

My bony Bessy, quhair art thou now?
 My wyfe is fallin on fleip I trow;
 Quhair art thou, Bessy, my awin sweit thing, 210
 My hony, my hairt, my dayis darling?
 Is thair na man that saw my Bess?
 I trow scho be gane to the mefs;
 Bessy, my hairt, heiris thou not me?
 My joy, cry peip, quhairevir thou be. 215
 Allace, for evir now am I fey,
 For of hir cunt I tynt the key;
 Scho may call me ane jufflane jok,
 Or I fwyve I mon brek the lok.

Bessy.

Quhat now, gudman, quhat wald ye haif? 220

Auld Man.

No thing, my hairt, bot yow I craif;
 Ye haif bene doand sum biffy wark?

Bessy.

My hairt, evin sewand yow ane fark,
 Of Holland claith baith quhyt and tewch;
 Lat pruve gif it be wyid annewch. 225

*Heir fall scho put the fark over his heid,
 and the fuill fall steill in the key agane.*

Auld [Man].

It is richt verry weill, my hairt,
 Oure Lady lat ws nevir depairt.
 Ye ar the farest of all the flok;
 Quhair is the key, Bess, of my lok?

Betty.

Ye reve, gudman, be Goddis breid, 230
I saw yow lay it vndir your heid.

Awld Man.

Be my gud faith, Befs, that is trew.
That I suspectit yow, fair I rew; Fol. 167. b.
I trow thair be no man in Fyffe,
That evir had sa gude ane wyfe; 235
My awin sweit hairt, I had it best,
That we sitt doun and tak ws rest.

Fyndlaw.

Now is nocht this ane grit dispyte,
That nane with me will fecht nor flyte?
War Golias in to this steid, 240
I dowt nocht to stryk of his heid.
This is the fwerd that slew Gray Steill,
Nocht half ane myle beyond Kynneill;
I was that nobill campioun,
That slew Schir Bewas of Sowth Hamtoun; 245
Hector of Troy, Gawyne or Golias,
Had nevir half sa mekle hardinefs.

*Heir fall the fuile cum in with ane scheip heid
on ane flaff, and Fynlaw fall be fleit.*

Wow, wow, braid Benedicite,
Quhat sicht is yone, schiris, that I see?
I[n] nomine Patris et Filij, 250
I trow yone be the spreit of Gy;
Na, faith, it is the spreit of Marling,
Or sum scho gaist or gyrgarling.
Allace for evir, fow fall I gyd me?
God fen I had ane hoill till hyd me; 255

But dowl my deid yone man hes fworne,
 I trow yone be grit Gow Mak Morne;
 He gaippis, he glowris, howt welloway,
 Tak all my geir and lat me gay.
 Quhat fay ye, schir, wald ye have my fwerd? 260
 Ye mary, fall ye, at the first word;
 My gluvis of plait and knapfaw to;
 Your preffonar I yield me, lo;
 Tak thair my purfs, my belt and knyfe,
 For Goddis faik, maifter, fave my lyfe. 265
 Na, now he cumis, evin for to fla me;
 For Godis faik, schiris, now keip him fre me;
 I fee not ellis bot tak and flae;
 Wow, mak me rowme and lat me gae.

Nuntius.

As for this day I haif na mair to fay yow; 270
 On Witfone Tyfday cum fee our play, I prey yow;
 That famyne day is the fevint day of June,
 Thairfoir, get vp richt airly and difune. Fol. 168. a.
 And ye ladyis, that hes na fkannt of leddir,
 Or ye cum thair, faill nocht to teme your bleddir; 275
 I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,
 That fum of yow fall mak ane richt wait fark.

*Heir begynnys Schir David Lyndsay Play, maid
in the Grenesfyd, besyd Edinburgh; quhilk
I writtin bot schortly be Interludis, levand
the grave mater thair of, becaus the samyne
abuse is weill reformat in Scotland, praysit
be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall
mater, and writtin only sertane mirry
Interludis thair of verry plesand, begynning
at the first part of the Play.*

[Diligence.]

The Fader, foundar of faith and felicitie,
That your fassone formit to his similitude;
And his Sone your Saluiour, scheild in necessitie, 280
That bocht yow frome bailis, ranfonit on the rude,
Replegeing his prissonaris with his pretious blude;
The Haly Gaift, governour and grundar of grace, Fol. 168. b.
Of wisdome and weilfair baith fontane and flude,
Save yow all that I se feisit in this place, 285
And scheild yow fra syn;
And with his spreit yow enspyre,
Till I haif schawin my defyre.
Scilence, foveranis, I requyre,
For now I begyn. 290

Pausa.

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy,
Heir am I sent to yow, ane messingeir
Frome ane nobill and richt redowttit roy,
The quhilk hes bene absent this mony ane yeir;
Humanitie, gif ye his name wald speir; 295
Quha bad me schaw to yow, but variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane trivmphant awfull ordinance;

With croun and swerd and sceptour in his hand,
 Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris; 300
 Howbeid that he hes bene langtyme sleipand,
 Quhairthrow misfrewill hes rung thir mony yeiris;
 And innocentis bene brocht vpoun thair beiris,
 Be fals reportaris of this natioun;
 Thocht yung oppreffouris at the elderis leiris, 305
 Be now weill feur of reformatioun.

Se no misdoaris be fo bawld,
 As to remane in to this hawld,
 For quhy, be him that Judas fawld,
 Thay will be heich hangit. 310
 Faithfull folk now may sing,
 For quhy, it is the bidding
 Off my foverane the king,
 That na man be wrangit.
 Thocht he ane quhyle now in his flowris, 315
 Be governit be trumpouris,
 And sumtyme to lufe parramowris,
 Hald him excusit.
 For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,
 With Verety and Discretioun, 320
 Thay will be baneift of the toun,
 Quhilk hes him abusit.

And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
 I warne, in name of his magnificence,
 The Thre Estaitis of this natioun, 325 Fol. 169. a.
 That thay compeir, with detfull diligence,
 And till his grace mak thair obedience.
 And first I warne the spritualitie,
 And see the burges spair nocht for expence,
 Bot speid thame heir, with temporalitie. 330

Als I befeik yow, famous awditouris,
 Convenit in to this congregatioun,
 To be patient the space of certane howris,
 Till ye haif hard our schort narratioun;
 And als we mak yow supplicatioun, 335
 That noman tak our wordis in disdane,
 Howbeid ye heir be lamentatioun,
 The commoun weill richt petously complane.

Richt fo the verteous lady Veretye
 Will mak ane peteous lamentatioun, 340
 And for the trewth scho will imprissonit bee,
 And banissit a tyme owt of the toun.
 And Chestety will mak hir narratioun,
 How scho can get na lugeing in this land,
 Till that the hevinly knyght Correctioun 345
 Meit with our king and commoun hand till hand.

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,
 Tak noman greif in speciall;
 For we fall speik in generall,
 For pastyme and for play. 350
 Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
 And our mistonit fongis be sung,
 Lat every man keip weill his tung,
 And every woman tway.

King.

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all, 355
 Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
 Eterne rignand in gloir celestiall,
 Vnmaid makar, quhilk havand no mateir
 Maid hevin and erth, fyre, air and watter cleir,
 Send me the grace with peax perpetuall, 360

That I may rewill my realme to thy pleseir;
 Syne bring my sawill to joy angelicall.

Sen thou hes gevin me dominatioun,
 And rewill of pepill subiect to my ceur,
 Be I nocht rewlit be counsale and resoun, 365
 In dignitie I may nocht lang indeur. Fol. 169. b.
 I grant my stait my self may nocht affeur,
 Nor yit conserve my lyfe in fickernes;
 Haif pety, Lord, of me thy createur,
 Supportand me in all my biffines. 370

I the requeist, quhilk rent was on the rude,
 Me till defend frome deidis of defame,
 That my pepill report of me bot gude,
 And be my saifgaird both fra syn and schame.
 I knaw my dayis indeuris bot a drame, 375
 Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort,
 Till gif me grace till vse my diadame
 To thy plefour, and to my grit confort.

*Heir fall the King pass to royall fait, and sit
 with ane grave countenance till Wantones cum.*

[*Wantones.*]

My soverane lord, and prince but peir,
 Quhat garris yow mak sa dreiry cheir? 380
 Be glaid sa lang as ye ar heir,
 And pass tyme with plefour.
 For als lang leivis the mirry man,
 As the sory for ocht he can;
 His banis bittirly fall I ban, 385
 That dois yow displefour.
 Sa lang as Placebo, and I,
 Remanis in to your cumpany,

Your grace fall leif richt mirrely,
 Haiff ye na dowl. 390
 So lang as your grace hes ws in ceure,
 Your prudence fall want na pleseur;
 War Sollace heir, I yow affeure,
 He wald reioifs this rowt.

Placebo.

Gude bruder, quhair is Solace, 395
 The mirroure of all mirrenes?
 I haif mervell, be the mels,
 He taryis fo lang.
 Byd he away we ar bot schent,
 I ferly how he fra ws went; 400
 I trow he hes impediment,
 That lattis him to gang.

Wantones.

I left Sollace, that loun,
 Drinkand doun in to the toun;
 It will coist him half ane croun, 405
 Thocht he had na mair.
 And als he faid he wald gang fee Fol. 170. a.
 Fair lady Senfualitie,
 The beriall of bewtie,
 And portratour preclair. 410

Placebo.

Be God, I fe him at the last,
 As he war cheffit, rynnand fast,
 He glowris, evin as he war agast,
 Or fleid for ane gaift.
 Na, he is druckin I trow, 415

Ye, four and twenty vpoun ane nicht,
 Thair ene scho bleirit; 450
 And gif I ley, schiris, ye ma speir. Fol. 170. b.
 Bot saw ye nocht the king cum heir?
 I am ane sportour and playfeir,
 To that yung king.
 He said he wald, within schort space, 455
 To pafs his tyme cum to this place;
 I pray to God to gif him grace,
 And lang to ring.

Placebo.

Sollace, quhy tareit thow so lang?

Sollace.

The feind a faster I nicht gang; 460
 I nicht not thrift owthrow the thrang,
 Off wyvis fyftene fuder.
 Than for to ryn I tuik ane rink,
 Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink;
 For our Lordis luve, gif me ane drink, 465
 Placebo, my bruder.

Heir fall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.

King.

My fervand Sollace, quhat gart yow tary?

Sollace.

I wait nocht, schir, be fweit Sanct Mary;
 I haif bene in ane feryfary,
 Or ellis in till ane tranfs. 470
 Schir, I haif fene, I yow affeur,

The fareft erdly criateure,
 That evir was formit be nateur,
 And moift till advance.
 To luik on hir is grit delyte, 475
 With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte;
 I wald gif all this warld quyte,
 To ftand in hir grace.
 Scho is wantone and fcho is wyifs,
 And cled vpoun the new gyifs; 480
 It wald gar all your flefche arryifs,
 To luik on hir face.
 Wer I ane king it fowld be kend,
 I fowld not fpair on hir to fpend,
 And this fame nicht for hir till fend, 485
 For my plefour.
 Quhatraik of your prosperetie,
 Gif ye want Senfualitie?
 I wald not gif ane flane fle
 For your trefour. 490

King.

Forfwth, my freind, I think ye ar nocht wyifs,
 Till counfale me to brek commandiment, Fol. 171. a.
 Directit be the Prince of Parradyifs;
 Confidering ye knaw that myne entent
 Is for till be to God obedient, 495
 Quha dois forbid men to be licherufs.
 Do I nocht fo, perchance I fall repent,
 Thairfoir I think your counfale odiufs,
 The quhilk ye gif me till;
 Becaus I haif bene to this dae, 500
 Tanquam tabula rafa,
 Quhilk is als mekle for till fae,
 Rady for gud and ill.

Placebo.

Beleif ye that we will begyle yow,
 Or frome your vertew for till wyil yow, 505
 Or with evill counsale for till fyle yow,
 Bot in to gude and evill?
 To tak your Gracis pairt we grant,
 In all your deidis participant,
 So ye be nocht ane our yung fanct, 510
 And syne ane awld divill.

Wantones.

Beleif ye, schir, that lichery be syn?
 Na, trow nocht that; this is my reafone quhy.
 First at the Romane court will ye begyn,
 Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lichery; 515
 Quhair cardinallis and bischoppis generaly,
 To luv ladyis thay think ane plesand sport;
 And owt of Rome hes baneist Chestety,
 Quha with our prellattis can get na refort.
 Schir, quhill ye get ane prudent quene, 520
 I think your maiefty ferene
 Sowld haif ane lusty concubene,
 To play yow with all;
 For I ken be your qualitie,
 Ye want the gift of cheftetie; 525
 Fall to in nomine Domini,
 For this is my counfall.

Placebo.

Schir, fend furth Sandy Sollace,
 Or ellis your mynyeoun Wantounes,
 And pray my lady pryores 530
 The fwth till declair;
 Gif it be syn to tak ane katy,
 Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty.

The buik sayis, fchir, Omne probate,
And nocht for to fpair. 535

Sollace.

I fpeik, fchir, vndir proteftatioun,
That none at me haif indignatioun; Fol. 171. b.
For all the prelattis of this natioun,
For the maift pairt,
Thay think na fchame to keip ane heuir, 540
And fum hes thre vnder thair cuir;
How this bene trew, I yow affeuir,
Ye fall wit eftirwart.
Schir, knew ye all the matar thrwch,
To play ye wald begyn; 545
Speir at the monkis of Balmirrynoch,
Gife lichery be fyn.

*Heir fall entir Dame Senfualitie, with hir madynnis
Hamelines and Denger.*

Senfualitie.

O luvaris walk, behald the fyrie fpeir,
Behald the naturall dochter of Venus;
Behald, luvaris, this lufte lady cleir, 550
The frefche fontane of knichtis amorus.
Quhat thay defyre in laitis delitius,
Or quha wald mak to Venus obfervance,
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodioufs,
Thair fall thay fynd all pafstyme and plefance. 555

Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre,
Behald my hals, luffum and lilly quhyte;
Behald my vifage flammand as the fyre,
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
To luik on me lovaris hes grit dellyte, 560
Richt fo hes all the kingis of Chriftindome;

To thame I haif done plesouris infynye,
And specially vnto the court of Rome.

Ane kifs of me war worth, in ane morrowing,
Ane mylyeoun of gold to knicht or king, 565
And yit I am of nateur so towart,
I latt no lovaris pafs with forry hairt.
Of my name wald ye witt the verretye,
Forfwth thay call me Senfualitye;
I hald it best now, or we forder gang, 570
To Dame Venus latt ws go fing ane fang.

Hamelines.

Madame, but tayreing
For to ferve Venus deir,
We fall pafs in and fing,¹
Cum on sifter Dengeir. 575

Danger.

Sifter, I was nevir fweir
To Venus observance.
Howbeid I mak Dangeir,
Yit be continewance,
Men may haif thair plesance; 580 Fol. 172.a.
Thairfoir lat na man fray,
We will tak it perchance,
Howbeid that we fay nay.

Hamelynes.

Sifter, cum on our way,
And lat ws not think lang, 585
In all the haift we may,
To fing Venus ane fang.

Danger.

Siftir, to fing this fang we mannot,

¹ MS. has *ling*.

Withowt the help of gud Fund Jonnet;
Fund Jonet, how, cum tak a pairt. 590

Fund Jonnat.

That fall I do with all my hart;
Sister, howbeid that I am hefs,
I am content to beir ane befs.
Ye twa fowld luf me as your lyif,
Ye know I leird yow baith to fwyif, 595
In my chalmer, ye wait weill quhair;
Sen fyne the feind a man I spair.

Hamelines.

Fund Jonat, fy, ye ar to blame;
To speik fowill wordis think ye na schame?

Fund Jonatt.

Thair is ane hunder heir sittand by, 600
That luvis japing als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetie.
Bot quha begynnys the fang lat fie?

Wantounes.

I trow, schir, be the Trinitie,
Yone fame is Senfualite; 605
Gif it be scho, sone fall I fee
That foverane ferene.

Heir fall Wantones ga spy thame, and cum agane to the King.

King.

Quhat war thay yone, to me declair.

Wantounes.

Dame Senfualitie baith gude and fair.

Placebo.

Schir, scho is mekill till advance, 610
For scho can baith sing and dance;
That patrone of plesance,
The perle of pulchritude.

Soft as filk is hir lyre,
Hir hair lyk the gold wyre; 615
My hairt birnys in ane fyre,
Schir, be the rude.

I think that fre fa woundir fair,
I wait weill scho hes na compair;
War ye weill lernit at luvis lair, 620
And fyne had hir sene,

I wate, be cokkis passioune, Fol. 172.1.
Ye wald mak supplicatioun,
And spend on hir ane milyeoun,
Hir luv till obtene. 625

Sollace.

Quhat say ye, schir, ar ye content,
That scho cum heir incontinent?
Quhat waillis your kingdome and your rent,
And all your grit tressfour,
Withowt ye haif ane mirry lyfe, 630
And cast assyde all sturt and stryfe?
And so lang as ye want ane wyfe,
Schir, tak your plesfour.

King.

Gif it be trew that ye me tell,
I will na langer tary; 635
I will gang preif that play my fell,
Howbeid the world me wary.

Als fast as ye may cary,
 Speid yow with diligence,
 Bring Senfualitie 640
 Fra hand to my prefence.
 Forfwith I wait not how it standis,
 Bot fen I hard of your tythandis,
 My body trymbelis feit and handis,
 And sumtyme het as fyre. 645
 I trow Cupido, with his dart,
 Hes woundit me owtthrwche the hart;
 My spreit will fra my body part,
 Get I nocht my defyre.
 Pas on away with diligence, 650
 And bring hir heir to my prefence;
 Spair nocht for travell nor expence,
 I cair for na coift.
 Pafs your way, Wantounes,
 And tak with yow Sollace, 655
 And bring that lady to this place,
 Or ellis I am loift.
 Command me to that fweit thing,
 And hir present this riche ring;
 And fay I ly in languiffing, 660
 Bot scho mak remeid.
 With ficing foir I am bot schent,
 Withowt scho cum incontinent,
 My grit langour for to relent,
 And faif me fra deid. 665

Wantounes.

Or ye tuik skaith, be Godis croun,
 I leir thair was not vp and down,
 Ane tvme cunt in all this toun,
 Nor ten mylis abowt.
 Dowt not, schir, bot ye will get hir, 670 Fol. 173. a.

We falbe fery for to fet hir,
Bot we wald speid far the bettir,
To gar our purfs rowt.

Sollace.

Schir, lat na sorrow in yow sink,
Bot gif ws duccattis for to drink, 675
And we fall nevir sleip a wink,
Till it be bak or age;
Ye know weill, fir, we haif na cunyie.

King.

Sollace, that falbe na funyie;
Beir thow that bag vpoun thy lunyie, 680
And win weill thy wage;
I pray yow speid yow fone agane.

Wantounes.

Ye, of this fang, fchir, we ar fane,
We fall nowdir spair for wind nor rane,
Till our day wark be done; 685
Fairweill, for we ar at the flicht.
Placebo, rewill our roy at richt;
We falbe heir, man, or midnicht,
Thocht we merche with the mone.

Heir fall thay depairt singand mirrelly.

Pastyme, with plefour and grit prosperitie, 690
Be to yow, foverane Senfualitie.

Senfualitie.

Sirfs, ye ar wylcum: quhair go ye, eift or west?

Wantounes.

In faith, I trow we be at the farrest.

Sensualitie.

Quhat is your name, I pray yow that declair?

Wantounes.

Mary, Wantounes, the kingis secretair.

695

Sensualitie.

Quhat king is that, quhilk hes fa gay ane boy?

Wantounes.

Humanitie, that richt redowttit roy,
 Quha dois commend him to yow hairtfully,
 And fendis yow heir a ring with ane ruby,
 In takin that, abufe all creatour,
 He hes chosin yow to be his paramour:
 He bad ws say, that he wilbe bot deid,
 Withowt that ye mak hestelly remeid.

700

Sensualitie.

Quhat can I help, howbeit he fowld forfair?
 Ye ken richt weill I am na medcynnair.

705

Sollace.

Yis, lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir fo feik,
 I wait ye beir his helth in to your breik:
 Ane kifs of yow in to ane morrowing,
 Till his feiknes micht be grit conforting;
 And als he makis yow supplicatioun,
 This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

710 Fol. 173. b.

Sensualitie.

I thank his grace of his benivolence;
 Gude schiris, I fall be reddy evin fra hand;
 In me thair falbe fund na negligence,
 Boith nicht and day, quhen his grace will demand.

715

Pafs ye befoir, and fay I am cumand,
 And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane ficht,
 And I to Venus makis ane faythfull band,
 That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

Wantones.

That falbe done, bot yit or I hyne pafs, 720
 Heir I protest for Hamel[in]es, your lafs.

Sensualitie.

Scho falbe at command, schir, quhen ye will;
 I trest scho fall fynd yow flynging your fill.

Wantounes.

Hay for joy, now I dance,
 Tak thair ane gawmond of France; 725
 Am I not wirdy till avance,

And ane gud page,
 That fa spedely can rin,
 To tyist my maister to fin?
 The diuill ane groit he will win 730
 Off this mariage.

I rew, be sweit Sanct Michael,
 Nor I had previt hir my fell;
 For quhy? yone king, be Brydis bell,
 Kenis na mair ane cunt, 735
 Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.

It war almoufs to pull my eir,
 That wald not preive yone gayis geir:
 Fy, that I am fa blunt.
 I think this day to win thank; 740

Hay, as ane brydlit catt I brank,
 I haif wreistit my schank,
 Be Sanct Michael.
 Quhilk of my leggis, as ye trow,

Was it that I hurt now? 745
 Quhairto fowld I speir at yow?
 Me think thame baith haill.
 Gude morrow, maistir, be the mefs.

King.

Wylcum, my mynyeoun, Wantounes;
 How hes thow fairin in thy travell? 750

Wantounis.

Richt weill, be him that herreit Hell;
 Your eirand is weill done. Fol. 174. a.

King.

Than, Wantounes, full weill is me,
 For thow hes faird beth meit and fee,
 Be him that maid the mone. 755
 Thair is ane thing that I wald speir;
 How fall I do quhen scho cumis heir?
 For I knaw nocht the craft perqueir,
 Of luvis gyn;
 Thairfoir at lenth ye mon me leir, 760
 How to begyn.

Wantounes.

Kifs hir and clap hir, and be nocht affeird,
 Scho will not hurt, thocht ye hir kifs a span within the beird;
 And gif ye se scho thinkis schame, than hyid the bairnis ene,
 With hir taill, and tent hir weill, ye wat quhat I mene. 765
 Will ye gif me leif, fchir, first till go to,
 And I fall ken yow the kewis how ye fall do.

King.

God forbid, Wantounes, that I gif the leif;
 Thow art our perrellus ane pege sic practikkis to preif.

Wantounes.

Now, schir, preve as ye pleifs, I fe hir cummand; 770
 Ordour yow with gravety, and we fall be yow stand.

Heir fall Senfualitie cum to the king and say:

[Senfualitie.]

O, Venus goddes, vnto thy celsitude
 I gife lawid, gloir, honour and reverence,
 Quhilk grantit me sic perfyte pulchritude,
 That princis of my persone hes plesance. 775
 I mak ane vow, with humill observance,
 Richt reverently thy tempill to vife,
 With sacrifice vnto thy deitie.

To every stait I am so aggreable,
 That few or none refusis me at all; 780
 Paipis, patriarkis nor prellattis venerable,
 Commoun pepill nor princis temporall,
 Bot subiect all to me, Dame Senfuall;
 So fall it be ay quhill the world enduris,
 And specially quhair yowtheid hes the curis. 785
 Quha knawis the contrair?

I trest few in this cumpany,
 Wald thay declair the verety,
 Vnthrald to Senfualitye,
 Bot with me makis repair. 790

Bot now my way I mon advance
 Till ane prince of pissance,
 Quhilk yung men hes in govirnance, 795
 Rolland in his rage.

I am richt glaid, I yow affeuir, 795
 That potent prince to get in ceuir,
 Quha is of luftines the luiir,
 And moift of curage.

Heir fall scho mak reverence and say:

O potent prince, of pulchritude preclair,
 God Cupido preserve your celsitude; 800
 And Dame Venus mot keip your corfs fra cair,
 As I wald scho did keip my awin hairt blude.

King.

Wylcum to me, perles of pulchritude,
 Wylcum to me, thow sweittar nor the lammer,
 Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude. 805
 Sollace, convoy this lady to my chalmer.

Heir fall scho pafs to the chalmer and say:

[Sensualitie.]

I ga this gait with richt gude will;
 Sir Wantounes, tary ye still,
 Lat Hamelenes the cop fill,
 And beir yow cumpany. 810

Hamelines.

That fall I do withowttin dowl,
 For he and I fall play cop owt.

Wantounes.

Now, lady, len me thy batty tow,
 Fill in, for I am dry.
 Your dame, be this trewly, 815
 Hes gottin vpoun the gwmmis;
 Quhatraik thocht ye and I
 Go jone our justing lwmes?

Hamelines

I am content, with richt gud will,
 Quhen evir ye ar reddy, 820
 All your plefour to fulfill.

Wantounes.

Now weill said, be our Leddy;
 I will beir my maistir cumpany,
 Till that I may endeur;
 Gife he be wiskand wanttonly, 825
 We sall fling on the fleuir.

*Heir fall thay pass all to the chalmer,
 and Gude Counsale fall say:*

[*Gude Counsale.*]

Immortall God, moift of magnificence,
 Quhois maiesty no clerk can comprehend,
 Saif yow, my senyeouris, that givis sic awdience;
 And grant yow grace never till him offend, 830
 Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend,
 Fol. 175. a.
 And sched his pretious bluid on every fyde;
 Quhois petious passioun frome feindis yow defend,
 And be your gratius gove[r]nour and gyd.

Confidder, my soveranis, I yow befeik, 835
 The caussis most principall of my heir cuming;
 Princis nor potestattis ar not worth a leik,
 Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governyng.
 Thair was nevir empriour, conquerour or king,
 Withowt my wifdome, micht availl thair weill to awance: 840
 My name is Gude Counsale withowt fenyeing,
 Lordis, for lack of my law, ar brocht till mischance.

And so for conclusioun,
 Quho gydis thame not be Gud Counsale,
 All in vane is thair travell, 845
 And fynally fortoun fall thame faill,

And bring thame to confusioun.

And this I vndirstand,

For I haif maid residence,
 With princis of piffance, 850

In Ingland, Italy and France,
 And mony vthir land.
 Bot owt of Scotland, allace,
 I haif bene benneift lang fpace,
 That gart our gydaris want grace, 855
 And dy lang or thair day.
 Becausf thay lichtlyit Gude Counfale,
 Fortoun turnit on thame hir faill,
 Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill;
 Quha can the contrair fay? 860
 My lordis, we come not heir to lye;
 Wayis me for King Humanitie,
 Ouirfett with Sensualitye,
 In his first begynning,
 Thruche vicious counfale insolent. 865
 So thay may get riches or rent,
 Of his weilfair thay tak no tent,
 Nor quhat fall be the ending.
 Yit in this realme I wald mak sum repair,
 Gif I belevit my name fowld not forfair; 870
 For wald this king be yit gyddit with reffoun,
 And of misdoaris mak pvniffioun,
 Howbeid that I langtyme hes bene exylit,
 I trest in God my name fowld yit be stylit;
 So till I fe God fend mair of his grace, 875
 I purpois till repois me in this place.

*Heir I omit the next mater following, becaufs it is writtin heir-
 eftir in the leif quhair Flattry enterris. Now enteris
 Dame Chestetie.*

*Heir fall Dame Chestetie pafs and feik lugeing athort Fol. 175. b.
 all the Sprituall Eftait and Temporall Eftait, quhill
 scho cum to the Sowttar and Teilyeour and fay:*

Chestetie.

Ye men of craft, of grit ingyne,

Gif me harbry, for Chryftis pyne,
And win Goddis bennyffone and myne,
And help my hungry hairt. 880

Sowttar.

Wylcum, be him that maid the mone,
Till dwell with ws till it be June;
We fall mend baith your hoifs and schone,
And planely tak your pairt.

Tailyeour.

Is this fair ledy Chestety? 885
Now wylcum, be the Trinitie,
I think it war a grit pitie,
That ye fowld ly thairiowt.
Your grit displifour we forthink;
Sit down, madame, and tak a drink, 890
And lat na forrow in yow sink,
Bot lat ws play cop owt.

Sowttar.

Fill in and drink abowt,
For I am wounder dry;
The Divill snyp of thair snowt, 895
That haitis this cumpany.

Heir fall thay gar Chestety fit down and drink.

Fynny.

Mynny, how, mynny, mynny.

Tailyouris Wyfe.

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Jenny?
Jenney, my joe, quhat dois thy daddy?

Fenny.

Mary, drinkand with a lusty laiddy, 900
 Ane fair yung madin, cled in quhyt,
 Off quhome my daiddy takkis delyt;
 I treft, gif I can rakin richt,
 Scho schaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Quhat dois the Sowttar, my gudman? 905

Fenny.

Mary, fillis the cop and temifs the can;
 Or ye cum hame, be God I trow,
 He falbe druckin lyk a fow.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

This is ane grit dispyt, I think,
 For to reffair sic ane cowclynk: 910
 Quhat is your counfall that we do?

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, this is my counfall, lo; Fol. 176.a.
 Ding ye the ane and I the vder.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I am content, be Goddis moder;
 I think for me, thay hursoun fmaikis, 915
 Thay serve richt weill to get thair paikis.
 Quhat maister feind neidis all this haift,
 For it is half a yeir almaist,
 Sen evir that loun laborit my leddir?

Sowttaris Wyfe.

God, nor my trucour menfs a tedder, 920
 For it is mair nor forty dayis,

Sen evir he cleikit vp my clayis;
 And laft quhen I gat chalmer glew,
 That fowill Sowttar began to fpew.
 And now thay will fitt down to drink, 925
 In cumpany with ane yung cowclink:
 Gif thay haif done sic difpyte,
 Lat ws go ding thame quhill thay dryte.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

Go hence, harlot, how durft thou be fo bawld,
 To luge with oure gudmen but our licence? 930
 I mak ane vow till him that Judas fawld,
 This rok of myne falbe thy recompence.
 Schaw me thy name, duddroun, with diligence.

Chafstety.

Mary, Chafstety is my name, be Sanct Blayis.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I pray God nor he wirk on the vengeance, 935
 For I luvit nevir chafstety all my dayis.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Bot my gudeman, the trewith I fay the till,
 Garris me keip chafstety fair aganis my will;
 Becaus that monstour he hes maid sic ane mynt,
 With my bedstaff that daftard beiris ane dynt; 940
 And als I vow, cum thou this gait agane,
 Thy buttokkis falbe beltit, be Sanct Blane.

Tailyeouris Wyf.

Fals hurfone cairle, but dowt thou fall forthink,
 That evir thou eit or drank with yone cowclink.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispynane, 945
I falbe wrockin on thy graceles gane;
And to begin the play tak thair a platt.

Sowttar.

The Feind reffaif the handis that gaif me that.

Sowttar[is] Wyfe.

Quhat now, hurfone, begynnys thow for to ban?
Tak thair ane vddir vpoun thy peild harne pan. 950
Quhat now, cummer, will thow not tak a pairt?

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, cummer, be Goddis hairt.

Heir thay fall ding thair gudmen.

Tailyeour.

Fol. 176. b.

Allace, goffop, allace, how standis it with yow?
Yone cankert carling, allace, hes brokin my brow.
Now weilis yow, preiftis, weilis yow in all your lyvis, 955
That ar nocht waddit with sic wicket wyvis.

Sowttare.

Bifchopis ar blift, howbeit that we be wareit,
For thay may fuck thair fill and nocht be mareit:
Goffop, allace, that blak band we may wary,
That ordanit sic peur men as we to mary. 960
Quhat may be done but tak in pacience,
And on all wyvis to cry ane lowid vengence?

Heir fall the wyvis stand be the water fyd and say:

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Sen of our cairlis we haif the victory,
Quhat is your counsale, cummar, that be done?

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

Send for gude wyne, and hald ws blyth and mirry; 965
I hald that best, gude cummar, be Sanct Clone.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Cummar, will ye draw of my hoifs and schone;
To fill the quart I fall ryn to the toun.

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

That fall I do, be him that maid the mone,
With all my hairt, thairfoir, cummar, sit down; 970
Kilt vp your clais abone your waift,
And speid yow hame agane in haift,
And I fall provyd for a paift,
Our corffis to confort.

Sowttaris Wyfe.

Than help me for to kilt my clais; 975
Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
Withowt I get suppart:
Cummar, I will nocht droun my fell,
I will go be the Castell Hill. 980

Tailyeouris Wyfe.

I am content, be Bryddis bell,
Sa ye haift yow, go quhair ye will.

Heir fall thay depairt and Diligence fall say:

[*Diligence.*]

Madame, quhat garris yow gang sa lait?
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait? 985
Quha did yow maift kyndnes?

Chaisletie.

In faith, I fand bot ill and war,
 That gart me stand frome thame a far,
 Evin lyke a beggar at the bar,
 And flemit me moir and lefs.

990

*Finis of this first Interlude,
 and followis the Peur Man and the Pardonnar.*

*Heir followis certane mirry and sportsum
 Interludis, contenit in the Play maid be Schir
 David Lindsay of the Month, Knycht, in the
 Playfeild of Edinburcht, to the mocking of Abufionis
 vfit in the Cuntre be diuersis sortis of Estait.¹*

Fol. 177. a.

Heir fall entir the Peur Man.

[*Peurman*].

Off your almous, gude folkis, for Goddis luve of Hevin,
 For I haif moderles bairnis owthir sex or sevin;
 Gife ye will gif na gude, for luve of sweit Jesus,
 Wifs me the richt way to Sanctandrus.

Diligence sayis.

Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companyoun? 995
 Swyth, furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
 God wait, gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
 Quhen sic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entres.
 Fy on yow, officiariis, that mendis not thir failyeis,
 I gif yow all to the Diuill, baith provest and bailleis: 1000
 Withowt ye cum sone and chace this cairle away,
 The diuill a word ye get of sport or play.
 Fals hurfone, raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

¹ In the blank space above this title has been written Heywood's Epigram "Of Seing and Feiling Money."—See Appendix.

Peurman.

Quhae devill maid yow a gentillman wald nocht stow your luggis?

Diligence.

Quhat now, methink this cullroun cairle begynnys to crak; 1005
Swyth, kerle away, or be this day, I fall brek thy bak.

Heir fall the carle clym vp and sit in the King[is] chy[re.]

Cum doun, or be Godis croun, theif loun, I fall slay the.

Peurman.

Fol. 177. b.

Now fweir be thy brunt schynnis, the Divill ding thame fray the.
Quhat say ye, be thir court knavis? Be thay gett haill claifs,
Sa fone thay leir to ban, to fweir and tap on thair taifs. 1010

Diligence.

Methocht the cairle me callit knave, evin in my face.
Be Sanct Fillane, thow falt be flane, bot gife thow ask grace;
Lowp, or be the gude Lord, thow falt loifs thy heid.

Peurman.

Yit fall I drink or I ga, thocht thow had sworne my deid.

Heir he takkis away the ledder.

Diligence.

Lowp now, gif thow lift, for thow hes loift the ledder. 1015

Peurman.

It is full weill thy kynd to lowp and licht in a tedder;
Thow falbe fane to fetche agane the ledder, or I lowp;
I fall sitt heir in to this chyre, till I haif towmit this stowp.

Heir fall the karle lowp of the caffald.

Diligence.

Swyth, beggir bogill, haift the away,
Thow art our perte to spill the proces of our play. 1020

Peurman.

I will not gif for your play nocht a fulis fart,
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

Diligence.

Quhat diuill allis the cowid carle?

Peurman.

Mary, mekle forrow,
I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow. 1025

Diligence.

Quhair dwellis thow, dyvour, or quhat is thyn entent?

Peurman.

I dwell in to Lowthiane, a myle bot fra Tranent.

Diligence.

Quhair wald thow be, karle, the fwth to me schaw?

Peurman.

Schir, evin at Sanctandrus, for to feik law.

Diligence.

To feik law in Edinburgh is the narrest way. 1030

Peurman.

Schir, I haif focht law thair this mony a deir day,
Bot I cowlid nevir find law at fessioun or senyie,
Thairfoir the mekle dun Divill droun all that menyie.

Diligence.

Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all fircumstance,
How thow hes hapinit this vnhappy chance. 1035

Peurman.

Fol. 178.a.

Gude man, will ye gife me of your chirretie,
And I fall declair to yow the blak veritie.
My fader was ane awld man and ane hair,
And was of aige fourfcoir yeiris and mair,
And Mald my moder was fourfcoir and fyftene; 1040
And with my labour I did thame baith fustene.
We had a meir that careit falt and coill,
And everilk yeir scho brocht ws hame a foill;
We had thre ky that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air. 1045
My fader was fa waik of bluide and bane,
He dyit, quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane;
Than scho deit to, within ane olk or two,
And thair began my poverty and wo.
Our gud gray meir was baitand on the feild, 1050
Oure landis laird tuik hir for his hereyeild;
Oure Vicar tuik the best kow be the heid
Incontinent, quhen my fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane vther. 1055
Than Meg my wyfe did mvrne baith evin and morrow,
Till at the last scho deit for verry sorrow;
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyf was deid,
The thrid kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair vmueft clais, quhilk was of roploch gray, 1060
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away;
Quhen that was gane I micht mak no debait,
Bot with my bairnis past for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tald yow the blak verritie,
How I am brocht to this miferitie. 1065

Diligence.

How did the perfone, was he not thy gud freind?

Peurman.

How? the Diuill stik him, he curst me for my teind,
 And haldis me yit vnder the same proces,
 That gart me want my sacrament at Pefs.
 In gudfaith, schir, thocht ye wald cutt my thrott, 1070
 I haif no geir except ane Inglis grott,
 Quhilk I purpoifs to gif ane man of law.

Diligence.

Thow art the dafteft fule that evir I saw.
 Trewis thow, man, be the law to gett remeid, Fol. 178. b.
 Of men of kirk? na, nevir till thow be deid. 1075

Peurman.

Schir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir or quhy,
 That our vicar fowld tak fra me thre kye?

Diligence.

Thay haif na law, except ane confwetude,
 Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

Peurman.

Ane confwetude aganis the commoun weill, 1080
 Sowld be no law, I think, be fweit Sanct Jeill.
 Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
 To tak thre ky fra ane peur husbandman?
 Ane for my fader, and for my wyfe ane vder,
 And the thrid cow he twke for Meg my moder. 1085

Diligence.

It is thair law, all that thay haif in vfe,
 Thocht it be kow, fow, ganar, gryce or gwfe.

Peurman.

Sir, I wald speir at yow ane questioun.
Behald sum prellattis of this regioun;
Manifestly during thair lusty lyvis, 1090
Thay swyve ladeis, madinis and menis wyvis,
And so thair cuntis thay haif in confwetude;
Quhidder say ye that law is evill or gude?

Diligence.

Hald thy tung, man, it semis that thow art mangit;
Speik thow of preiftis, but dowl thow wilt be hangit. 1095

Peurman.

Be him that beure the crewall croun of thorne,
I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.

Diligence.

Be fure of preiftis thow will get na support.

Peurman.

Gif that be trew, the Feind ressaif the fort;
So sen I se I get non vther grace, 1100
I will ly doun and rest me in this place.

*Heir fall the Peurman ly doun in feild and the Pardonar
fall cum in and say:*

[*Pardonar.*]

Devoit pepill, gudday a say yow,
Now tary a lytill quhyll, I pray yow,
Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill how I am nemmit, 1105 Fol. 179.a.
A nobill man and vndefamit,
And all the fwth war fchawin.
I am Schir Robert Romerakar,
Ane publikt perfyte pardonar,
Admittit be the paip. 1110

Schir, I fall schaw yow for my wage,
 My pardonis and my prevelage,
 Quhilk ye fall fe and graip.
 I gif to the Divill with gud entent,
 This wofull wicket New Tefment, 1115
 With thame that it tranflaittit.
 Sen lawic men knew the veritie,
 Pardonaris gettis no cherretie,
 Withowt that we debaitit.
 Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis, 1120
 As all my marrowis men begylis,
 Be our fair fals flattry:
 Ye, all tha craftis I can perqueir,
 Richt weill informit be a freir,
 Callit Ypocrafy. 1125
 Bot now, allace, our grit abufioun
 Is cleirly knawin to our confusioun,
 Quhilk I may fair rapent.
 Off all creddece now am I quyt,
 Ilk man hes me now at difpyte, 1130
 That reidis the New Tefment:
 Wander be to thame that it wrocht,
 Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht.
 Als I pray to the rude,
 That Martyne Luter, that fals loun, 1135
 Bullengerus and Melanctoun,
 Had bene fmord in thair crode.
 Be him that bere the croun of thorne,
 I wald Sanct Pawle had nevir bene borne;
 And als I wald his buikis 1140
 War nevir red in to the kirk,
 Bot amang freiris into the mirk,
 Or revin amang the ruikis.
Heir fall he lay down his wairis upoun the burde.

My potent pardonis ye ma fee,
 Cum fra the Can of Tartarie, 1145
 Weill feilit with ofter schellis:
 Thocht ye haif no discretioun,
 Ye fall haif full remiffioun,
 With help of buikis and bellis.
 Heir is a rillik, lang and braid, 1150 Fol. 179. b.
 Of Fyn Makowll the richt chafte bluid,
 With teith and all togidder.
 Off Collingis kow heir is a horne,
 For eitting of Makconnellis corne,
 Was flane in to Baquhidder. 1155
 Heir is the coirdis, baith grit and lang,
 Quhilk hangit Jonnye Armeſtrang,
 Of gud hempt foft and found:
 Gude haly pepill, I ſtand ford,
 Quha ever beis hangit in this cord, 1160
 Neidis nevir to be drownd.
 The culum of Sanct Brydis cow;
 The grunttill of Sanct Antonis fow,
 Quhilk bure his haly bell;
 Quha evir heiris this bell clynk, 1165
 Gife me a ducceat to the drink,
 He fall nevir gang till Hell,
 Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
 Maifteris, trow ye that this be ſcorne?
 Cum win this pardone, cum. 1170
 Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hairt,
 I haif power thame to depairt;
 Me think yow deif and dum;
 Hes nane of you curft wickett wyvis,
 That haldis yow in to ſturt and ſtryvis, 1175
 Cum tak my diſpenſatioun;
 Off that cummer I fall mak you quyt,
 Howbeid yowr ſelf be in the wyte,
 And mak ane fals narratioun.

Cum win the pardone, now lat sie, 1180
 For meill, for malt or for money,
 For cok, hen, gwfe or gryfs.
 Off rillikkis heir I haif a hunder;
 Quhy cum ye not? this is a woundir;
 I trow ye be not wyifs. 1185

Sowttar.

Welcum hame, Robene Romerakar,
 Our haly patent pardoner;
 Gif ye haif dispensatioun,
 To pairt me and my wickett wyfe,
 And me deliuer fra sturt and stryfe, 1190
 I mak you supplicatioun.

Pardonar.

Fol. 180. a.

I fall the pairt, but mair demand,
 Sa I get money in my hand;
 Thairfoir lat se thy cunye.

Sowtar.

I haif na silver, be my lyfe, 1195
 Bot fyve schilling, and my schaping knyfe;
 That fall ye haif, but sunyie.

Pardonar.

Qu[h]at kīn a woman is thy wyfe?

Sowtar.

A quick diuill, schir, a storme of stryfe,
 A frog that fylis the wind, 1200
 A filland flag, a flyrie fuff,
 At ilka pant scho lattis a pwff,
 And hes no ho behind.

All the lang day scho me dispyttis,
 And all the nicht scho flingis and flyttis, 1205
 Thus sleip I nevir a wink;
 That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
 The mekle Divill ma not indeure
 Hir stuburnes and stink.

Sowtaris Wyfe.

Theif cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill, 1210
 In faith my freindschip thow salt feill,
 And I the fang.

Sowtar.

Gif I said ocht, deme, by the rude,
 Except ye war baith fair and gude,
 God, nor I hang. 1215

Pardonar.

Fair dame, gif ye wald be a wowar,
 To pairt yow twa I haif a powar;
 Tell on, ar ye content?

Sowtaris Wyf.

Ye, that I am, with all my hairt,
 Fra that fals hurfone to depairt, 1220
 Sa that theif will consent.
 Cawfis to pairte I haif anew,
 Becaus I get na chalmer glew,
 I tell yow verralie;
 I marvell not, sa mot I thryve, 1225
 Suppois that swngeour nevir swyve,
 He is baith cawld and dry.

Pardonar.

Quhat wilt thow gif me for thy pairte?

Sowtaris Wyf.

A cuppill of farkis, with all my hairt,
The best claith in this land. 1230

Pardonar.

Fol. 180. b.

To pairt sen ye ar baith content,
I fall pairt yow incontinent,
Bot ye mon do command.

My decreit and my finall sentence is,
Ilk ane of yow vthiris erffis kifs: 1235
Slip doun thyne hoifs, me think the cairle is glaikit,
Sett thow not by, howbeid fcho kift and flaikit.

Heir fall fcho kifs his erfs.

Lift vp hir clayis, kifs hir hoill with thy hairt.

Sowttar.

I pray yow, fir, forbid hir for to fart.

Heir the Sowtar fall do the lyk.

Pardonar.

Dame, pas ye to the eift end of the toun; 1240
And pafs ye waft, evin lyk a cukald loun;
Go hence ye baith, with Baliaillis braid bliffing.
Schirris, faw ye evir mair sorrowles departing?

*Heir fall his boy Wilkin cry of
the hill and fay:*

How, maifter, quhair ar ye now?

Pardonar.

I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow. 1245

Wilkin.

Schir, I haif done your bidding,

For I haif fund a grit horfs bane,
 Ane farar faw ye nevir nane,
 Vpoun Thome fleschouris midding.
 Schir, ye may gar the wyffis trow 1250
 It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow,
 Gude for the fevir tartane:
 Schir, will ye rewill this rilik weill,
 All haill the wyvis will kifs and kneill,
 Betuix this and Dumbartane. 1255

Pardonar.

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

Wilkyn.

Sum sayis ye ar a verry loun,
 Sum sayis legatus natus,
 Sum sayis ane fals farifrane,
 And sum sayis ye ar for certane 1260
 Diabulus incarnatus.
 But keip yow fra subiectioun Fol. 181. a.
 Of that curst king Correctioun;
 For be ye with him fangit,
 Becaus ye ar ane Rome rakar, 1265
 A commoun publick calsay paikar,
 But dowl ye wilbe hangit.

Pardonar.

Quhair fall I luge in to the toun?

Wilkyn.

With gud kynd Christane Andirfoun,
 Quhair ye wilbe weill treittit; 1270
 Gife ony lymmar yow demandis,
 Scho will defend yow with hir handis,
 And womanly debaittit.

Bawburde sayis, be the Trinitie,
 That scho fall beir yow cumpany, 1275
 Quhowbeid ye byid all yeir.

Pardonar.

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder,
 Tak thow the ane and I the vder,
 So fall we mak gud cheir.

Wilkyn.

I pray yow speid yow heir, 1280
 And mak na langar tarye;
 Byd ye lang thair but weir,
 I dreid your werd ye wary.

Heir fall the begger ryifs and rax him and say:

[Peurman.]

Quhat thing was yone, that I hard crak and cry?
 I haif bene dronand and dremand on my ky; 1285
 With my richt hand my haill body I fane,
 Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, fend me my ky agane.
 I fe standand yondar ane haly man,
 To mak me help lat me fe gif ye can.
 Haly maister, God speid yow, and gud morne. 1290

Pardonar.

Wylcum to me, thocht thow wer at the horne;
 Cum win the pardoun, and syne I fall the fane.

Peurman.

Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?

Pardonar.

Cairle, of thy kye I haif no thing ado;

Cum win my pardoun and kifs my rillikis to. 1295

Heir fall the pardonar fane him with his rillikis.

Now lowifs thy purfs and lay down thy offrand, Fol. 181. b.
And thow fall haif my pardoun evin fra hand.
With raipis and rillikis I fall the fane agane,
Gravell nor gut thow fall nevir haif but pane;
Now win the pardoun, lymmar, or thow art lost. 1300

Peurman.

Now, haly maifter, quhat fall that pardoun cost?

Pardonar.

Lat see quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.

Peurman.

I haif ane groit heir bundin in ane rag.

Pardonar.

Hes thow nane vthir siluer bot ane grote?

Peurman.

Gif I haif mair, fir, cum and ryp my cote. 1305

Pardonar.

Gif me that grote, man, gif thow hes no mair.

Peurman.

With all my hairt, maifter, lo, tak it thair;
Now latt me see your pardoun, with your leif.

Pardonar.

A thowfand yeir of pardone I the gife.

Peurman.

A thowfand yeir, I will not leif fa lang; 1310
 Delyver me it, maifter, fyne lat me gang.

Pardonar.

A thowfand yeir I lay vpoun thyne heid,
 With totiens quotiens; now mak me no moir pleid,
 Thow hes reffaut my pardoun now all reddy.

Peurman.

Bot I can fe nothing, fchir, be our Leddy; 1315
 Forfwth, maifter, I trow I be not wyifs,
 To pay or I haif fene my merchandyifs.
 That ye haif gottin my grote full fair I rew;
 Schir, quhidder is your pardone blak or blew?
 Maifter, fen ye haif tane fra me my cunye, 1320
 My merschandyce fchaw me withowttin fennyie,
 Or to the bifchop I fall pafs and planyie,
 In Sanctandrus, and fummond yow to thair fenyie.

Pardonar.

Quhat cravis thow, cairle, methink thow art not wyifs?

Peurman.

I crave my grote or ellis my merchandyifs. 1325

Pardonar.

Fol. 182. a.

I gaif the pardoun for a thowfand yeir.

Peurman.

Quhan fall I gett that pardoun, latt me heir?

Pardonar.

Stand ftill and I fall tell the all the ftory:
 Quhen thow art deid and gois to Purgatory,

Beand condampnit to pane ane thowfand yeir, 1330
 Than fall thy pardoun the releif but weir.
 Now be content, thow art a mervellus man.

Peurman.

Sall I get nathing for my grote quhill than?

Pardonar.

That fall thow not, I mak it to the plane.

Peurman.

Na than, maister, gif me my grote agane. 1335
 Quhat say ye, maisteris? call ye this a gud reffoun,
 That he fowld prommeis me ane gud pardoun,
 And heir ressaif my money in this steid,
 Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
 Quhen I am deid, I wait full sickerly, 1340
 My silly sawle fall pafs to Purgatory;
 Declair me that, now God nor Baliaall bind the,
 Quhen I am thair, curst cairle, quhair fall I find the?
 Nocht in to Hevin bot rader in to Hell;
 Quhan thow art thair, thow can not help thy fell. 1345
 Quhen wilt thow cum my bailis for to beit?
 Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.
 Trowis thow, bowchour, that I will by blind lammis?
 Gife me my grote, the Diuill dryte on thy gammis.

Pardonar.

Swyth, stand abak; I trow this man be mangit; 1350
 Thow gettis not this grote, thocht thow fowld be hangit.

Peurman.

Gife me my grote, weill bund in to my clowt,

Or, be Goddis breid, Robene fall beir a rowt.

*Heir fall thay fecht togedder,
and the peurman fall cast down
the burd and cast the rillikis in the
watter.*

*Heir endis this Interlud and followis ane
uthir Interlud of the samyne Play.*

Heir enteris Folly.

Fol. 182. b.

[*Folly.*]

Gude day, my lordis, and God fane;
Will na man bid gудay agane?
Quhan fulis ar fow than ar thay fane;
Ken ye not me?

1355

Quhow call thay me, can ye not tell?
Now, be him that herryit Hell,
I wat not how thay call my fell,
Bot gif I lowd lie.

1360

Diligence.

Quhat brybour is yone, that makis sic beiris?

Foly.

The Feind reffaif that mowth that speiris;
Gudman, ga play yow amang your feiris,
With mvk vpoun your mow.

1365

Diligence.

Found fwle, quhair hes thow bene so lait?

Foly.

Mary, cumand down thruch the bony gait;
Bot thair hes bene ane grit debait,
Betuix me and ane fow.

The fow cryid guff, and I to gay, 1370
 Throw speid of fut I gatt away,
 Bot in the middis of the cawfay,

I fell in to ane midding;
 Scho lap vpoun me with a bend.
 Quha evir tha middingis fowld ammend, 1375
 God fend thame ane mischevous end,

For that is Goddis bidding.
 As I was pudlid thair, God wait,
 Bot with my club I maid debait;
 I fall nevir cum agane that gait, 1380

Schir, be Allhallowis.
 I wald the officiaris of the toun,
 That sufferis sic confusioun,
 That thay war harbreit with Mahoun,
 Or hangit on the gallowis. 1385

Fy, that fa fair a cuntre
 Sowld stand fa lang but pollecie;
 I gif thame to the Diuill hairtlie,
 That hes the wyte.

I wald the proveft wald tak in heid, 1390
 Of yone middingis to mak remeid,
 Quhilk patt me and the fow at feid.
 Quhat ma I do bot flyte?

King.

Pafs on, my schirwand Diligence,
 And bring yone fule to our prefence. 1395

Diligence.

Fol. 183. a.

It falbe done but tareing;
 Foly, thow mon go to the King.

Foly.

The King, quhat kynd a thing is that?

Is yone hie with the goldin hat?

Diligence.

Yone fame is he; cum on thy way.

1400

Foly.

Gif ye be King, God gif yow gud day,
I haif ane plent to mak to yow.

King.

Qu[h]ome on, Foly?

Foly.

Mary, of ane sow:

Schir, scho hes sworn that scho fall slay me,
Or ellis byt baith the bagitanis fra me.
Gif ye be King, schir, be Sanct Anne,
Ye fowld do justyce to ilk man;
Had I nocht kepit me with my club,
That sow had drownd me in ane dub.
I heirfay thair is cum to the toun
Ane king callit Correctioun;
I pray you tell me quhilk is he.

1405

1410

Diligence.

Yone with the wingis; ma thow not fe?

Foly.

Now wally faw that weifard mow;
Schir, I pray yow correct yone sow,
Quhilk, with hir teith, but sward or knyf,
Had maist have rest me of my lyf.
Gif ye will not mak correctioun,
Than gif me your protectioun,
Of all fwyne to be skaithles,
Betuix this toun and Inuernes.

1415

1420

Diligence.

Hes thow, Foly, ane wyf at hame?

Foly.

Ye, that I have, God fend hir schame.
I trow be this scho is neir deid,
I left ane wyf bindand hir heid;
To schaw hir feiknes I think grit schame;
Scho hes sic rumling in hir wame,
That all the nycht my hairt ourcastis,
With bokking and with hinder blastis.

1425

Fol. 183. b.

1430

Diligence.

Peraventure scho be with bairne.

Foly.

Allace, I trow scho be forfame;
Scho fobbit and scho fell in foun,
And than thay rowit hir vp and doun;
Scho riftit, ruckit and maid sic stendis,
Scho yeild and yet at baith the endis,
Till scho had cassin a cuppill of quartis,
Syne all turnd till a rak of fartis.
Scho blubbirt, bokkit and braikit still,
Hir ers gaid evin lyk ane wind mill;
Scho puft and yifkit with sic riftis,
That verry dirt come furth with driftis;
Sic dry smell droggis fra hir scho schot,
Quhill scho maid all the flure on flot;
Of hir hurdeis scho had na hawld,
Quhill scho had temid hir monyfawld.

1435

1440

1445

Diligence.

Bettir bring hir to the leichis heir.

Foly.

Na, tary quhill the market day.
 I will fit doun heir, be Sanct Clune,
 And gif my babbeis thair difione; 1470
 Cum heir gud Gukkis, my dochter deir,
 Thow falbe maryit within ane yeir,
 Vpoun ane freir of Tullilum;
 Na, thow art nowder deif nor dum.
 Cum heir, Stulty, my sone and air, 1475
 My jo, thow art baith gude and fair;
 Now fall I feid yow as I mae,
 Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

Diligence.

Get vp, Folly, but tareing,
 And speid yow haiftelly to the King; 1480
 Gett vp, me think the carle is dum.

Foly.

Now bumbalary, bum, bum.

Diligence.

I trow the truccour lyis in ane tranfs;
 Get vp, man, with a mirry mischanfs,
 Or be Sanct Dynneifs of Franfs, 1485
 Thow fall want thy wallat.
 Its schame, man, to fe how thow lyis.

Foly.

Wa, yit agane, now this is thryifs;
 The Divill wirry me, and I ryifs,
 Bot I fall brek thy pallat. 1490
 Me think my pillok will not ly doun;
 Hald doun your heid, ye ladroun loun,

Bot thow hard nevir sa plefand teiching;
Yone bischop will preiche thruche all the cost.

Foly.

Than stryk ane hag in to the post,	
For I hard nevir in all my lyfe,	1525
A bischop cum to preiche in Fyfe.	
Gife bischopis to be preichouris leiris,	
Walloway, quhat fall word of freiris?	
And prellattis preiche in bruch and land,	
The filly freiris, I vndirstand,	1530
Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;	
So I dreid freiris fall dee for falt.	
Sen swa is that, yone nobill king	
Will mak men bischoppis for preiching.	
Quhat say ye, schir, hald ye not best,	1535
That I ga preiche amang the rest?	Fol. 185. a.
Quhen I haif preichit on my best wyifs,	
Than will I sell my merchandyifs,	
To my breidir and tendir maitis,	
That dwellis amang the Thre Estaitis;	1540
For I haif heir gud chaffray,	
Till ony fwle that listis to by.	

Heir fall Folly hing vp his hattis vpon the pulpet.

God sen I had ane doctouris hude.

King.

Quhy, Foly, wald thow mak ane preiching?

Foly.

Ye, that I wald, schir, be the rude,	1545
But owder flattry or fleiching.	

King.

Now, bruder, lat ws heir yone teiching,
To pafs our tyme and heir him raiff.

Diligence.

He war far meitar in the ketching,
Amang the pottis, fa Chryft me faiff. 1550
Fond Foly, I will be thy clark,
And anfchir ay with amene.

Foly.

Now, att the begynnyng of my wark,
The Feind reffaive that gracles gane.

Heir fall Folly begin his fermon.

Text.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

Salamone, the moift fapient king, 1555
In Ifraell quhen he did ring,
Thir wordis in effect he did wryte,
The number of fulis ar infynye.
I think no fchame, fa Chryft me faive,
To be ane fule amang the laive; 1560
Howbeid ane hundreth ftandis heirby,
Peranter ar als guckit fulis as I.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

I haif of my genology,
Dwelland in every cuntry,
Erlis, duckis, kingis and empriouris, 1565
With mony gukkit conquerouris; Fol. 185. b.

Quhilk dois in foly perfeveir,
 And hes done so this mony a yeir;
 Sum feikis in warldly digniteis,
 And fum in senfuall vaniteis. 1570
 Quhat vailis all thir vane honouris,
 Nocht beand feur to leve twa houris?
 Sum gredy fule dois fill the box,
 Ane vthir fule cumis and brekis the lokkis,
 And spendis that vthir fulis hes spaird, 1575
 Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird;
 Sum dois as thay fowld nevir dee.
 Is not this foly, quhat fay yie?

Sapientia huius mundi est stultia apud Deu[m].

Becaus thair is fa mony fulis,
 Rydand on horfs, and fum on mulis, 1580
 Heir I haif brocht gud chaffry
 Till ony fule that lykis to by;
 And specially for the Thre Staitis,
 Quhair I haif mony tendir maitis;
 Quhilk gart thame gang, as ye ma se, 1585
 Bakwart thruche all the cuntre.
 With my cramery gif ye list mell,
 Heir I haif foly hattis to sell:
 Quhomefor is this hat, wald ye ken?
 Mary, for infaciable merchand men, 1590
 Quhen God hes send thame haboundance,
 Ar nocht content with sufficance,
 Bot failis in to the stormy blastis,
 In wintter to get grittar castis,
 In mony terrible grit torment, 1595
 Aganis the actis of parliament;
 Sum tynis thair geir, and fum ar dround:
 With this sic merchandis fowld be cround.

Diligence.

Quhometo myndis thow to fell that hude?
I trow, to fum grit man of gude.

1600

Foly.

This hude, to fell richt fane I wald,
To him that is baith awld and cald,
Reddy to pafs till Hell or Hevin,
And hes fair bairnis fax or fevin;
And is of aige fourfoir of yeir,
And takkis a lafs to be his peir,
Quhilk is not fourtene yeiris of aige,
And bindis with hir in mariage,
Gifand hir treft that scho not wald
Richt haiftelly mak him cukcald.
Quho mareis beand so neir deid,
Sett on this hatt vpoun his heid.

Fol. 186. a.

1605

1610

Diligence.

Quhat hwde is that, tell me, I pray the?

Foly.

This is ane haly hude, I fay the;
This hude is ordanit, I the affeure,
For sprituall fulis, that takkis in cure
The fawlis of grit dyoceis,
And regiment of grit abbais;
For gredines of wardly pelf,
That can not justly gyd thameself;
Vthir fawlis to faive, it fettis thame weill,
Syne fendis thair awin fawle to the Deill.
Quho evir dois so, this I conclude,
Vpoun his heid fett on this hude.

1615

1620

Diligence.

Foly, is thair ony sic men, 1625
Now in the kirk, that thow can ken?
How fall I ken thame?

Foly.

Na, keip that clofs.
Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos;
And fulis speik of the prellacie, 1630
It will be haldin heresie.

King.

Speik on, Foly, I gif the leif.

Foly.

Than haive I remissioun in my sleif,
Will ye leif me to speik of kingis?

King.

Ye, hardelly speik of all kin thingis. 1635

Foly.

Conformand to my first narratioun,
Ye ar all fulis, be Goddis passiou. Fol. 186. b.

Diligence.

Thow leis; I trow the fule be mangit.

Foly.

Gif I lie, God, nor thow be hangit;
For I haif heir, I to the tell, 1640
Ane nobill kaip imperiell,
Quhilk is not ordanit for dringis,
Bot for duikis, empriouris and kingis,
For princely and imperiall fulis.

Thay fowld have luggis als lang as mvlis; 1645
 The pryd of princis, withowttin fail,
 Garris all the warld rin top our taill;
 To win thame warldly gloir and gude,
 Thay cure not schedding of Criftin blude.
 Quhat cummer haif we had in Scotland, 1650
 Be our awld ennemeis of Ingland;
 Had not bene the support of France,
 We had bene brocht to grit mischance.
 Now I heir say, the empriour
 Schaipis for to be ane conquerour, 1655
 And is movand his ordinance,
 Aganis the nobill king of France;
 Bot I knaw not his juft querrell,
 That he hes for to mak battell.
 All the princis of Allmanyie, 1660
 Spanyie, Flanderis and Italie,
 This prefent yeir ar all on flocht;
 Sum will thair waxis find deir bocht.
 The Paip, with bumbard, speir and scheild,
 Hes fend his army to the feild; 1665
 Sanct Petir, Sanct Pawle, nor Sanctandrow,
 Rafit nevir sic ane oist, I trow.
 Is this fraternall cheritie,
 Or furius foly, quhat say yie?
 Thay leird not this at Chryftis sculis, 1670
 Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis;
 I think it folly, be Goddis moder,
 Ilk Criftin prince to ding down vder.
 Becaus that this hatt fowld belang thame,
 Ga thow and pairte it richt amang thame. 1675
 The profesy, withowttin weir,
 Off Marling beis compleit this yeir;
 For my guddame, the gyrecarling,
 Leird me this prophecy of Marling,

Quhair of I fall schaw the sentence, 1680
Gif ye will gif me awdience.

Flan, Fran refurgent, simul Ispan viribus vrgent,
Dani vastabunt, Valances bella parabunt.
Sic tibi nomen in a,
Mulier caccauit in olla: 1685
Hoc epulum commedes.

Diligence.

Mary, that is ane evill faird mefs.

Foly.

So, be this prophecy, planely it appeiris,
That mortall weir salbe amang the freiris;
That thay fall not weill knaw in to thair cloisteris, 1690
To quhome that thay fall say thair pater nofteris;
Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and scheild,
The Divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild.
Now of my sermond I have maid ane end,
To Gilly Mowband I yow recommend; 1695
And als I yow befeik richt hertfully,
Pray for the sawle of gud Kae Cappetie,
Quha laitly drownd him self in to Lochlevin,
That his sweit sawle may be aboif in hevin.

Finis of this Interlude.

Ane vthir Interlude.

*Heir entiris Flattery new landit owt of France
and stormest at the May.*

[*Flattery.*]

Mak roum, firis, how, that I may rin; 1700
Lo, fe how I am new cum in,
Begareit all in findry hewis:

Lat be your din till I begin,
 And I fall tell yow of my newis.
 Throw all realmes cristnit I haif past, 1705
 And am cum heir now at the last;
 Stormested be sie, ay, sen Yule day,
 That we war fane till hew our maft,
 Not half a myle beyond the May.
 Bot now amang yow I will remane, 1710
 I purpoifs nevir to faill agane, Fol. 187. b.
 To put my self in chance of watter.
 Was nevir fene sic wind and rane,
 Nor of schipmen sic clittir clatter;
 Sum bad haill, sum bad stand by, 1715
 On steirburde, how, alluff, fy, fy,
 Quhill all the raipis began to rattill;
 Was nevir wy fa fleid as I,
 Quhen all the sailis plaid brittill brattill.
 To se the wawis it was a woundir, 1720
 And wound that raif the sailis in schunder;
 Bot I lay braikand lyk a brok,
 And schot fa fast, abone and vnder,
 The Divill durft not cum neir my dok.
 Now am I chaipit fra that fray, 1725
 Quhat say ye, schir, am I not gay?
 Ken ye not Flattry your awin fule,
 That yeid to mak this new array;
 Was I not heir with yow at Yule?
 Yis, be my faith, I think on weill. 1730
 Quhair ar my fallowis that wald I feill?
 We sowld haif cumin heir for a kast;
 How, Falfatt, how.

Falfatt.

 Wa, serve the Diuill,
 Quhais that cryis for me fa fast? 1735

Flattry.

Quhy, bruder Falfat, knawis thow not me?
I am thy bruder, Flattre.

Falfat.

Now, welcum, be the Trinitie,
This meting cumis for gude.
Now lat me braifs the in myne armes; 1740
Quhen freindis meitis, hairtis warmes,
Quod Johine, that frely fude.
How hapnit thow in to this place?

Flattry.

Now, be my sawle, bot evin be cace,
I come in sleipand at the port, 1745
Or evir I wift, amang this fort.
Quhair is Diffait, that lymmar loun?

Falfat.

I left him drinkand in the toun;
He will be heir incontinent. Fol. 188. a.

Flattry.

Now, be the haly sacrament, 1750
Tha tydanis confortis all my hairt;
I wat Diffait will tak ane pairte;
He is richt crafty as ye ken,
And counfalour to the merchand men.
Lat ws ly still baith heir, and spy 1755
Gife we perfaif him rynnand by.

*Heir fall Diffait entir.**[Diffait].*

Bongour, bredir, with all myne hairt,
Heir am I cum to tak your pairte,
Baith in to gude and evill.

I met Gud Counsale be the way, 1760
 Quha pot me in ane fellone fray,
 I gife him to the Divill.

Falsett.

How chaippit thow, I pray the tell?

Diffait.

I flippit in ane fowll bordell,
 And hid me in ane bawburdis bed; 1765
 Bot suddanly hir schankis I sched,
 With hochurhudy amang hir howis;
 God wait gif we maid mony mowis.
 How come ye heir, I pray yow tell me?

Falfat.

Mary, feikand King Humanitie. 1770

Diffait.

Now be the gud lady that did me beir,
 That samyn horfs is my awin meir:
 Now till our purpoifs lat ws ga,
 Quhat is your counsale, I pray yow fa? 1775
 Sen we thre feikis yone nobill king,
 Lat ws devyifs sum subtell thing;
 And als I pray yow as your bruder,
 That we be ilk ane trew till vder.
 I mak ane wow, with all my hairt,
 In evill and gude to tak your pairte; 1780
 I pray to God, nor I be hangit,
 Bot I fall dy or ye be wrangit.

Falset.

Quhat is your counsale that we do?

Diffait.

Fol. 188. b.

Mary, this is my counsale, lo;
 Till tak our tyme quhill we ma get it, 1785
 For now thair is no man to let it.
 Fra tyme the king begin to steir him,
 Gud Counsale than I dreid cum neir him;
 And be we knawin with Correctioun,
 It will be our confusioun. 1790
 Thairfoir now, brethir, devyis
 To find sum toy of the new gyis.

Flattry.

Mary, I fall fynd ane thowsand wylis;
 We mon tyme our claithis and chainge our stylis,
 And dissagyis ws that na man ken ws. 1795
 Hes na man clerkis clething to len ws?
 And lat ws keip grave countenance,
 As we war new cumin owt of France.

Diffait.

Be my sawle, that is weill devyfit;
 Ye fall see me sone dissagyfit. 1800

Falset.

So fall I be, man, be the Rude;
 Now sum gud fallow len me ane hude.

Heir fall Flattry help his twa marrowis.

Diffait.

Now am I buskit, quha can spy?
 The Diuill stik me gif this be I;
 Is this I, or nocht I, can ye not say, 1805
 Or hes the Feind, or fairfolk, borne me away?

Falset.

And war my hair vp in ane how,
 The feind a man wald ken me now.
 Quhat fayis thow of my gay garmoun?

Diffait.

I fay thow lukis evin lyk a loun.
 Now, bruder Flattry, quhat do ye?
 Quhat kynd a man schaip ye to be?

1810

Flattry.

Now, be my faith, my bruder deir,
 I will ga counterfute the freir.

Diffait.

A freir, quhairto, thow can not preiche?

1815

Flattry.

Quhattrak, bot I can flattir and fleiche;
 Perauentur cum to that honour,
 To be the kingis confessor.
 Peur freiris ar fre at every fest,
 And merchellit ay amang the best;
 Als God hes lent to thame sic grasis,
 That bischoppis puttis thame in thair placis,
 Owtthrwch thair dyoceis to preiche,
 Bot farly not howbeid thay fleiche,
 For schaw thay all the veretie,
 Thaill want the bischoppis cheretie.
 Yit thocht the corne be nevir so scant,
 Gud wyvis will nevir lat freiris want;
 For quhy? thay ar thair confessoris,
 Thair prudent hevinly counsalouris;
 Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,
 And schawis the secreitis of thair hairtis

Fol. 189. a.

1820

1825

1830

To freiris, with bettir will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

Diffate.

And I reft anis a freiris cowl,
Betuix Sanct Johinstoun and Kynnowll;
I fall ga fetche it, gif thow wilt tary.

1835

Flattry.

Now play me that of cumpanary;
Ye faw him nocht this hundreth yeir,
That bettir can counterfet the freir.

1840

Diffait.

Heir is thy ganenyng all and fum,
This is the cowl of Tullylum.

Flattry.

Quha hes ane porteris to len me?
The feind a fawll, I trow, will ken me.

Falset.

Bruder, pafs on quhair evir thow will,
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill;
Bot with Correctioun and we be kend,
I dreid we mak a schamefull end.

1845

Flattry.

For that mater I dreid na thing,
Freiris ar exemit fra the King;
For freiris will reddy entrefs gett,
Quhen lordis ar haldin at the yett.

1850

Fol. 189. b.

Falfat.

We mon do mair yit, be Sanct James,

For we mon change all thre our names;
Cristin me, and I fall bapteifs the.

1855

Diffait.

Be God, and thairabowt mot it be;
How will thow call me, I pray the tell?

Falset.

Mary, I wat not how to call my fell.

Diffait.

Bot yit anis name the bairnis name.

Falset.

Discretioun, Discretioun, a Goddis name.

1860

Diffait.

I neid not now to cair for thrift,
Bot quhat falbe my godbairne gift?

Falset.

I gif the all the divillis of Hell.

Diffait.

Na, bruder, hald that to thy fell;
Now sit down, lat me bapteifs the,
Bot yit I wat not quhat to call the.

1865

Falset.

I pray the, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Sapience, Sapience, a Goddis name.

Flattry.

Bruder Diffait, cum bapteifs me.

Diffait.

Than sit doun lawly on thy kne. 1870

Flattry.

Now, bruder, name the bairnis name.

Diffait.

Devotioun, in the Diuillis name.

Flattry.

The Diuill reffaif the, laidroun loun,
Thow hes wat all my new fchevin croun.

Diffait.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun, 1875
We thre may rewill a haill regioun;
We fall fynd mony crafty thingis,
For to begyle ane hundreth kingis;
For thow fall crak, and thow fall clattir,
And I fall fenyie, and thow fall flattir. 1880

Flattry.

Bot I wald haif, or we depairtit, Fol. 190. a.
A drink to mak ws bettir hairtit.

Diffait.

Weill faid, be him that herreit Hell,
I was evin thinkand that my fell.

*Heir fall thay drink, and the King fall cum
furth of his chalmer, and call for Wantones.*

Now till we get the kingis prefence, 1885
We will sit doun and keip fylence;
I fe ane yonder, quhatevir he be,
I trow ful weill yone fame is hie.

Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald ws still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

1890

*Heir the King hes bene with his concubyne, and
thaireftir returnis to his yung cumpany.*

King.

Now quhair is Placebo and Solace?
Quhair is my mynyeoun Wantonels?
Wantones, how, cum to me fone.

Wantones.

Quhy cryid ye, fchir, till I had done?

King.

Qu[h]at was thow doand, tell me that?

1895

Wantones.

Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.
I wait not how it standis, but dowl,
Methink the warld rynnis round abowt.

King.

And so think I, man, be my thrift,
I fe fyiftene monis in the lift.

190

Wantones.

Lat Hamelines, my lafs, allane,
Scho bendit vp ay twa for ane.

Hamelines.

Howbeid, ye gat that ye defyrit,
Or I was temprit ye was tyrit.

Denger.

And als for Placebo and Sollace, 1905
I held thame baith in mirrenes;
Howbeid I maid it sumthing tewch,
I fand thame chalmer glew annewch.

Sollace.

Mary, thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre;
Thow hes ane cunt lyk ane quaw myre. 1910

Danger.

Fol. 190. b.

Now, fowll fall yow, it is na bourdis,
Befoir ane king to speik fowll wourdis;
Or evir ye cum that gait agane,
To kifs my cloff ye falbe fane.

Sollace.

Now schaw me, schir, I yow exhort, 1915
How ar ye of your luv content;
Think ye not this ane mirry sport?

King.

Ye, that I do, in verement.
Quhat bernis ar yone vpoun the bent?
I did not fe thame all this day. 1920

Wantones.

Thay will be heir incontinent;
Stand still and heir quhat thay will say.

*Heir fall the thre Vycis cum and mak thair
salutatioun to the King, and say:*

[*Thre Vycis.*]

Lawd, honor, gloir, trivmphand victorie,
Be to your moift excellent maiestie.

King.

Ye ar wylcum, gud freindis, be the Rude; 1925
 Apperendly ye feme grit men of gud.
 Quhat ar your names, tell me, withowt dellay?

Diffait.

Discretioun, fchir, that is my name perfay.

King.

Quhat is your name, fchir, with the clippit croun?

Flattry.

But dowt my name is callit Devotioun. 1930

King.

Wylcum Devotioun, by Sanct Jame.
 Now, firray, tell quhat is your name.

Falset.

Mary, thay call me, quhat call thay me?
 I wat not weill bot gif I lie.¹

King.

Can thow not tell quhat is thy name? 1935

Falset.

I kend it or I com fra hame.

King.

Quhat aillis the can not schaw it now?

Falset.

Mary, thay call me Thyn Drink, I trow.

King.

Thyn Drink; quhat kin a name is that?

¹ This line has been written on the margin, possibly by another hand.

Diffait.

Sapience, thow fervis to beir a plat;
Me think thow schawis the not weill wittit.

1940

Falset.

Fol. 191. a.

Sypyns, fchir, Sypynis, mary, thair ye hittit.

Flattry.

Sir, gif ye pleifs to lat me fa,
Forfuth his name is Sapientia.

Falset.

That fame is it, be Sanct Michael.

1945

King.

Quhy cowl'd thow not tell thy name thy fell?

Falsat.

I pray your grace to pardone me,
And I fall schaw the verritie.
I am fa full of sapience,
That sumtyme I will tak a trance;
My spreit was reft fra my body,
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

1950

King.

Sapience fowld be ane man of gude.

Falset.

Sir, ye may knaw that be my hude.

King.

Now haive I Sapience and Discretioun,
How can I faill to rewill this regioun?

1955

And Devotioun to be my confessor;
 I trow thir thre come in a happy hour.
 Heir I mak the my secretar,
 And thow sall be my thesawarar, 1960
 And thow sall be my counsellour,
 In spirituall thingis to be confessor.

Flattry.

Soverane, I sweir yow, be Sanct An,
 Ye mett nevir with ane wyfar man;
 Mony a craft, schir, I can, 1965
 War thay weill knawin.
 I haif na feill of flattry,
 Bot fosterit with philosophie,
 A strange man in astronomy,
 Quhilk salbe fone schawin. 1970

Falsat.

And I haif grit intelligence,
 In quelling of the quyntacence;
 Bot to preve my experience,
 Sir, len me fourty crownis,
 To mak mvltiplicatioun, 1975
 And tak my obligatioun;
 Gif we mak fals narratioun,
 Hald ws for verry lownis.

Diffait.

Fol. 191. b.

Schir, I ken be your phisnomye,
 Ye fall conqueirs, or ellis I lye, 1980
 Danskyn, Denmark and all Almane,
 Spittelfeild and the realme of Spane;
 Ye fall haive at your govirnance,
 Remfrew and the realme of France,

Ye Rugling and the toun of Rome, 1985
 Corstorphyne and all Cristindome;
 Quhairto, schir, be the Trinitie,
 Ye ar ane verry aperfee.

Flattry.

Schir, quhen I dwelt in Italy,
 I leirit the craft of palmestry; 1990
 Schaw me the luffe, schir, of your hand,
 And I fall gar yow vndirstand,
 Gif your grace be infortunat,
 Or gife ye be predestinat.
 I see ye will have fyiftene quenis, 1995
 And fyiftene scoir of concubenis.
 Now, the Virgin Mary fave your grace,
 Saw evir man fa quyt a face,
 Swa grit ane arme, fa fair ane hand,
 Thair is not sic a leg in all this land. 2000
 War ye in harnes, I think na wounder,
 Howbeid ye dang doun twenty hunder.

Diffait.

Be my fawle, that is trew thow fais,
 Was nevir man sett fa weill his clais;
 Thair is na man in Cristianitie, 2005
 So meit to be ane king as ye.

Falfet.

Schir, thank the haly Trinitie,
 That send ws to your cumpany;
 For, God, nor I gaip in ane gallowis,
 Gif evir ye fand thre bettir fallowis. 2010

King.

Ye ar all wylcum, be the rude;
Ye seme to be thre men of gude.

*Finis of this Interlude, and pairt of Play.
Heireftir fall Gud Counsale appeir, and
falbe bofitt away, and Lady Chestie and
Verretie fall be put in stokis, and Sensualite
fall gyd the yung king for a tyme.*

[*King.*]

Bot quhae is yone that standis sa still?
Go spy, and speir quhat is his will;
And gif he yairnis my prefence,
Bring him to me with diligence.

Fol. 192. a.

2015

Diffait.

That falbe done, be Godis breid,
We fall him bring owdir quick or deid.

Flattry.

I dreid full foir, be God him fell,
That yone awld carle be Gud Counfall;
Get he anis to the kingis prefence,
We thre will get na audience.

2020

Diffait.

That mater fall I tak in hand,
And say it is the kingis command,
That he annone devoyd this place,
And cum not neir the kingis grace,
And that vndir the pane of treffone.

2025

Flattry.

Bruder, I think that counsale reffone;¹

¹ MS. has *ressone*.

Now lat ws heir quhat he will fay.
Awld berdit mowth, gude day, gud day.

2030

Gude Counfall.

Gud day, agane, schiris, be the Rude,
I pray God mak yow men of gude.

Diffait.

Pray not for that to lord nor ledly,
For we ar men of gude all reddy;
Sir, schaw till ws quhat is your name.

2035

Gud Counfall.

Gude Counfale thay call me at hame.

Falset.

Quhat sayis thow, cairle, art thow Gud Counfale?
Swyth, pafs the hence, vnhappy vnsale.

Gud Counfale.

I pray yow, schiris, gife me licence,
To cum anis to the kingis prefence,
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

2040

Flattry.

Swyth, hurfone cairle, devoyd this place.

Gud Counfale.

Fol. 192. b.

Bruder, I ken yow weill annewch,
Howbeid ye mak it nevir fa tewch;
Flattry, Diffait and Fals Report,
Thay will not suffer to resort
Gude Counfale to the kingis prefence.

2045

Diffait.

Swyth, hurfone karle, ga pak the hence.

Heir fall thay hurle away Gud Counfale.

[Gud Counfale.]

Sen at this tyme I can gett na prefence,

Is no remeid bot tak in pacience;

2050

Howbeid Gud Counfale heftaly be not hard

With yung princis, yit fowld thay not be skard;

Bot quhen yowtheid hes blawin his wantoun blast,

Than fall Gude Counfale rewill him at the last.

Heir fall the Thre Vycis pafs to ane counfale.

Flattry.

Now quhill Gud Counfale is absent,

2055

Bredir, we mon be diligent,

And mak betuix ws fover bandis,

Quhen vacanis fallis in ony landis,

That every man fall help his fallow.

Diffait.

I hald, deir bruder, be Allhallow,

2060

So thow fische not within our boundis.

Flattry.

That fall I not, be cokkis woundis,

Bot I fall planely tak your pairtis.

Falset.

So fall we thyne, with all our hairtis;

Bot haift ws quhill the king is yung,

2065

And lat ilk man keip weill a tung,

And in ilk quartir have a spy,

Ws till aduerteifs haiftelly,

Quhen ony cawfualiteis

Sall happin in our cuntreis; 2070
 And lat ws mak provisioun,
 Or he cum to discretioun.
 No moir he wat now, nor ane sanct,
 Quhat thing it is to haive of want;
 Or he cum to his perfynt aige, 2075
 We falbe sicker of our waige, Fol. 193. a.
 And than, lat ilk ane cairle craves vthir.

Diffait.

That mowth speik mair, my awin deir bruthir.

*Heir fall Veritie entir and pafs to hir place,
 quhair Flattry fall spy hir with feir.*

[Veritie.]

Gif men of me wald haif intelligence,
 Or knaw my name, thay call me Veritie; 2080
 Off Chryftis law I haif experience,
 And hes ourfaltit mony stormy sie.
 Now am I feikand king Humanitie,
 For of his grace I have gud esperance;
 Fra tyme that he acquentit be with me, 2085
 His heich honour and gloir I fall avance.

Diffait.

Sancte Pater, quhair haif ye bene?
 Declair to ws of your novellis.

Flattry.

Thair is new lichtit on the grene,
 Dame Veritie, be bukis and bellis; 2090
 Bot cum scho to the kingis presence,
 Thair is na bute for ws to byde;
 Thairfoir, I rid ws all go hence.

Falset.

That will we not yit, be Sanct Bryd,
 Bot we fall owdir gang or ryd
 To lordis of Spritualitie,
 And gar thame trow, yone bag of pryde
 Hes spokin manifest herefie.

2095

*Heir the Vycis gais to the Sprituall Estait, and
 lvis vpoun Veretie, desiring hir to be put in
 captiuitie, quhilk is done with diligence.*

Flattry.

Quhat buk is that, harlat, in to thy hand?
 Owt, walloway, this is the New Testment,
 In Inglis tung, and prentit in Ingland:
 Herefy, herefy, fy, fyre incontinent.

2100

Veretie.

Forfwith freind, ye haive ane wrang jugment,
 For in that buike thair is no herefie,
 Bot Chryftis word richt dulce and redolent,
 Ane¹ springand well of sinceir veretie.

2105 Fol. 193. b.

Diffait.

Cum on your way, for all your yallow lokkis,
 Your wantone wordis, but dowe ye fall repent;
 This nicht ye fall bedryt ane pair of stokkis,
 And fyne the morne be brocht to jugement.

2110

Veretie.

For Chryftis saik I am richt weill content,
 To suffer all thing that fall pleifs his grace;
 Howbeid ye put a thowfand to torment,
 A hundreth thowfand fall ryfs in thair place.

Heir fall Veretie sit down on hir kneis and say:

¹ MS. has *And*.

Gett vp, thow fleipis all to lang, O Lord, 2115
 And mak ane reffonable reformatioun,
 On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thyne hevinly word,
 And hes ane deidly indignatioun,
 At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.
 Suffer thame not no moir to be mollest; 2120
 O Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,
 With thyne vnfreindis lat me not be opprest.
 I haif no moir to fay.

Flattry.

Sit doun, and tak yow rest,
 All nicht till it be day. 2125

Diffait.

My lordis, we have, with diligence,
 Bucklit weill vp yone bladdrand baird.

Spritualtie.

I think ye sarve sum recompence;
 Tak thair ten crownis for your rewaird.

Heir fall entir Chaiſtetie and fay:

[*Chaiſtetie.*]

How lang fall this inconstant warld endure, 2130
 That I fowld baneift be fa lang, allace?
 Few crateuris, or none, takis of me ceure,
 Quhilkis garris me mony nichtis ly harbreles;
 Thocht I have paft all nicht fra place to place,
 Amang the Temporall and Sprituall Estaitis; 2135
 Nor amang princis I can gett na grace,
 Bot buſteouſly ar haldin at thair yaittis.

Dilligence.

Fol. 194. a.

Lady, I pray yow schaw to me your name,
It dois me noy your lamentatioun.

Chaiſtetie.

My freind, thair of I neid not think na ſchame; 2140
Dame Cheſtetie, baneift frome toun to toun.

Dilligence.

Than paſs to ladeis of religioun,
Quha makkis thair vow to obſerve cheſtetie;
Lo, quhair thair ſittis ane priores of renown,
Among the reſt of Sprituallitie. 2145

*Heir ſall ſcho paſs to the haill Sprituall Eſtait,
and ſcho ſall not be reffauit, bot put away.*

Dilligence.

Madame, quhat garris yow gang ſa lait?
Tell me how ye haif done debait,
With the Temporall and Sprituall Stait;
Quha did yow moiſt kyndnes?

Cheſtetie.

In faith, I fand bot ill and war, 2150
That gart me ſtand frome thame afar,
Evin lyk a beggar at the bar,
And flemit me moir and leſs.

Dilligence.

I counſale yow, but tareing,
Paſs till Humanitie the king, 2155
Perchance he of his grace benyng,
Will mak to yow ſupport.

Chafstie.

Off your counsale I am content,
 To pafs to him incontinent,
 And my fcheruice till him prefent, 2160
 In howp of fum confort.

Sollace.

Soverane, get vp and fie ane hevinly ficht,
 Ane fair lady in quhyt abilyement;
 Scho may be peir to ony king or knyght,
 Moift lyk ane angell, be my jugement. 2165

Sensualitie.

Now, lat me fe quhat this mater ma mene,
 Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face;
 But dowt this is dame Chestetie, I wene.
 Sir, fcho and I ma not byd in a place, Fol. 194. b.
 Bot, gif it be the plesour of your grace, 2170
 That I remane in to your cumpany,
 Than this woman richt haiftelly gar chace,
 That fcho be not no moir fene in this cuntre.

King.

As evir ye pleifs, fweit hairt, fo fall it be;
 Difpone hir as ye think expedient; 2175
 Evin as ye lift to latt hir leif or de,
 I will refer to yow that jugement.

Sensualitie.

Pafs on than, Sapience and Discretioun,
 And baneifs hir owt of the kingis prefence.

Diffait.

That fall we do, madame, be Goddis passioun, 2180
 We fall do your command with diligence,

And at your hand serue gudly recompence.
 Dame Chestetie, cum on, be nocht agast;
 We fall richt sone, vpoun your awin expence,
 In to the stokkis your bony feit mak fast.

*Heir fall thay harle Cheslety to the slokkis,
and scho fall say:*

[*Chesty.*]

I pray yow, schirris, be patient,
For I falbe obedient
 Till do quhat ye command;
Sen I se thair is no remeid,
Howbeid it war to suffer deid,
 Or flemd fourth of the land.
I wyt the empriour Constantyne,
That I am put to sic rewyne,
 And baneist frome the kirk;
For, sen he maid the Paip a king,
In Rome I cowlde get na lugeing,
 Bot hyd me in the mirke.
Bot lady Senfualitie
Senfyne hes gydit that cuntre,
 And mekle of the rest;
And now scho rewlis all this land,
And hes directit hir command,
 That I fowld be opprest.
Bot all cumis for the best
To thame that lovis the Lord;
Thocht I be now opprest,
I trest to be restord.

Heir fall thay put hir in the flokkis, and scho fall Fol. 195.a.
say [to Verete:¹]

Sister, allace, this is a cairfull caice,
That we with princis fowld sa be abhord.

¹Inserted by a different hand.

Verete.

Be blyth, sifter, I trest, within schort space, 2210
 That we falbe richt honorable restord,
 And with the king we falbe at concord;
 For I heir tell Devyne Correctioun,
 Is new landit, thankit be God our Lord;
 I wat he will be our protectioun. 2215

Finis of this Interlude.

*Ane Proclamatioun to be tane in eftirwart of the
 Pa[r]liament.¹*

Heir fall meffinger Dilligence say:

[Dilligence.]

At the command of king Humanitie,
 I warne and chaarge all memberis of parliament,
 Baith Sprituall Stait and Temporalitie,
 That to his grace thay be obedient,
 And speid thame to the court incontinent, 2220
 In gud ordour arrayit ryally.
 Quho beis absent ar inobedient,
 The kingis displefour thay fall vndirly.

And als I mak yow exortatioun,
 Sen ye haif hard the first pairt of our play, 2225
 Ga tak ane drink and mak collatioun;
 Ilk man drink to his marrow, I yow pray.
 Tary nocht lang, it is lait of the day;
 Lat sum drink aill and sum the cleret wyne;
 Be grit doctouris of phesik I heir fay, 2230
 That mighty drink confortis a dull ingyne.

This versis eikit [quhilk is in the first proclamatioun:]

Prudent pepill, I pray yow all,

¹ Inserted afterwards, but probably by the same hand as the MS.

Tak no man greif in speciall,
 For we fall speik in generall,
 For pastyme be my fay.¹ 2235
 Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
 And our mistonit sangis be fung,
 Lat every man keip weill a tung,
 And every woman tway.
 And ye ladeis that lift to pische, 2240
 Lift vp your taill, steill in a dische,
 And gife your quhillecaw cry quhiche,
 Stop in ane wisf of stray.
 Latt not your bleddir birst, I pray yow, Fol. 195. b.
 For that is evin annewch till flay yow, 2245
 Becaus thair is to cum, a fay yow,
 The best pairte of our play.
 *Heir fall entir Correctionis Varlet, for reformation,
 and say:*
 [*Correctionis Varlet.*]
 Schiris, stand a bak and hald yow coy,
 I am the king Correctionis boy
 Cum heir to drefs his place. 2250
 Se that ye mak obedience
 Vnto his nobill excellence,
 Fra tyme ye se his face;
 For he makis reformationis,
 Owtthrowch all Cristin nationis, 2255
 Quhair he findis grit debaitis;
 And, fa far as I vndirstand,
 He fall reforme in to this land
 All the Thre Estaitis.
 God furth of Hevin he hes him fend, 2260
 To punneifs all that dois offend
 Vnto his maiestie;
 As evir him lift to tak vengeance,

¹ This line was first written *For pastyme and play.*

Sum tyme with fwerd and pestilence,
 With derth and povertie. 2265
 Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,
 And beis to God obedient,
 Than will he geif thame grace;
 Bot thay that will not be correctit,
 Richt suddanly will be derectit, 2270
 And flemid far frome his face.
 For scylence I protest,
 Of lord, laird and leddy;
 Now will I rin, but rest,
 And tell that all is reddy. 2275

Diffait.

Bruder, hard ye yone proclamatioun?
 I dreid full fair for reformatioun
 Yone meffage makkis me mangit.
 Quhat is your counsale, to me tell?
 Remane we heir, be God him fell, 2280
 We will all thre be hangit.

Flattry.

I will ga to Spritualitie,
 And preiche owt thruche his dyocie,
 Quhair I wilbe vnknawin;
 Or keip me cloifs in to sum clofter, 2285
 With mony peteous pater nofter,
 Till all the boift be blawfn.

Diffait.

Fol. 196. a.

I will be treittit, as ye ken,
 With my maisteris, the merchandmen,
 Quhilk can mak small debait; 2290

It may weill mak ws landward lairdis; 2315
Now latt ws cast away thir clais,
In dreid fum follow on the chace.

Falsat.

Richt weill devyfit, be Sanct Blaifs;
Wald God we war owt of this place.
Heir fall thay cast away thair conterfit clais.

Diffait.

Now, fen thair is no man to wrang ws, 2320
I pray yow, bruder, with all myne hairt,
Latt ws now pairt this pelf amang ws;
Syne heftelly latt ws depairt.

Falsatt.

Fol. 196. b.

Trowis thow to get als mekle as I?
That fall thow not; I ftall the box; 2325
Thow did na thing bot luikit by,
And lurkit lyk a wyly fox.

Diffait.

Thy heid fall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, withowt I get my pairt.
Swyth, hurfone fmaik, ryve vp the lokkis, 2330
Or I fall ftik the thruch the hairt.
Heir fall thay fecht, with fylence.

Falsat.

Allace, for evir myne ee is owt;
Walloway, will no man red the men?

Diffait.

Vpoun thy clof tak thair a clowt,
To be cowrtace I fall the ken. 2335

Fair weill, for I am at the flicht,
 I will not byd on na demandis;
 And we tway meit agane this nicht,
 Thy feit fall be wirth fourty handis.
 Correſtioun enteris.

*I tak heir bot certane ſchort pairtis out of the ſpeichis,
 becauſs of lang proces of the Play.*

Correſtioun.

I am ane juge, richt potent and ſeveir, 2340
 Cum to do juſtice mony thowſand myle;
 I am ſa conſtant, baith in peax and weir,
 Na bud nor favour ma my face ourſyle.
 Thair is thairfoir richt mony in this yle
 Of my repair, but dowl quhilk dois repent; 2345
 Bot vertewis men I treſt fall on me ſmyle,
 And of my cuming be richt weill content.

Gud Counſale.

Wylcum, my lord, wylcum ten thowſand tymes,
 Till all faythfull and trew men of this regioun;
 Wylcum for till correſt all faltis and crymes, 2350
 Amang this cankart congregatioun.
 Lowiſs Cheſtety, I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
 And put till fredome fair lady Veretie,
 Quhilk, be vnfaithfull folk of this regioun,
 Lyis bund ful faſt in to captiuitie. 2355

Correſtioun.

I mervell, Gud Counſale, how that may be;
 Ar ye not with the king familiar? Fol. 197. a.

Gud Counſale.

That am I not, my lord, full wais me,
 Bot, lyk ane brybour haldin at the bar,

Thay play bokeik, evin as I war a skar. 2360
 Thair come thre knavis in clething conterfait,
 And fra the king thay gart me stand a far,
 Quhois names war Falfat, Flattry and Diffait;
 Bot, quhen thay knavis hard tell of your cuming,
 Thay stall away, ilk ane a findry gait, 2365
 And keft fra thame thair conterfait clething.
 For thair leving full weill thay can debait;
 The merchandmen thay haive reffet Diffait,
 And for Falfat, full weill, my lord, I ken,
 He will be richt weill treitit air and lait, 2370
 Amang the maist pairt of the craftismen.
 Flattry hes tane the habeit of a freir,
 Purposing to begyle the Sprituall Estait.

Correllioun.

But dowl, my freindis, and I leive half a yeir,
 I fall ferche owt thair iniquitie. 2375
 Quhair lyis yone ladyis in captiuitie?
 How now, sisteris, quho hes yow so disgysit?

Veretie.

Vnmercifull memberis of iniquitie
 Dispytfully hes ws, my lord, suppryfit.

Correllioun.

Ga, put yone ladyis to thair libertie 2380
 Incontinent, and brek down all the stokkis;
 But dowl thay ar full deir wylcum to me.
 Mak diligence; methink ye do bot mokkis;
 Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis,
 And tendirly tak thame vp be the hand. 2385
 Had I thame heir, thay knavis fowld ken my knokkis,
 That thame opprest and baneist of this land.

*Heir fall thay be tane owtt of the stokkis, and
 thay fall say:*

[*Gude Counsale, Veretie, Chestetie.*]

We thank yow, schir, of your benignitie;
 Bot, I befeik your maiestie royall,
 That ye wald pafs to king Humanitie, 2390
 And fleme fra him yone lady Sensuall,
 And entir in his scheruice Gude Counfall, Fol. 197. b.
 For ye will find him verry counsalable.

Correclioun.

Cum on, sifteris, as ye haif said I fall,
 And gar him stand at yow thre, firme and stable. 2395

*Heir fall Gud Counsale, Verete and Chestetie,
 cum to the king with Correclioun.*

Correclioun.¹

Get vp, schir king, ye haif slepit annewch,
 In to the armes of lady Sensuall;
 Be seure that moir belangis to the plewch,
 As eftirward perchance reherfs I fall.
 Remembir fow the king Sardanapall 2400
 Amang fair ladyis tuk his lust fa lang,
 So that the moift pairt of his liegis all
 Rebeld, and fyne him dulfully down thrang.

Remembir how in to the tyme of Noy,
 For the fowle stinkand fyn of lichery, 2405
 God, be my wand, did all the warld distroy;
 Sodome and Gomer richt so full rigourusly,
 For that self fyn war brint rycht crewally.
 Thairfoir I the command incontinent
 Banneifs frome the that huir Sensualitie, 2410
 Or ellis but dowt rudly thow salt repent.

King.

Be quhome haif ye so grit awtoritie,
 Quhilk dois presome for till correct a king?

¹ So in MS.

Knaw ye nocht me, the king Humanitie,
That in my regioun royally did ring? 2415

Correctioun.

I haif power grit princis to doun thring,
That leivis contrar the maiestie devyne;
Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling,
But thay repent, I put thame to rewyne.
I wilbegin at the, quhilk is the heid, 2420
And mak on the first reformatioun;
Thy liegis than will follow the but pleid.
Swyth, harlot, hens the withowt dillatioun.

Sensualitie.

My lord, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pas agane to Rome; 2425
Amang the princis of that natioun,
I lat yow wit my bewty thair will blome.

Heir fall Sensualitie depairt fra the king. Fol. 198. a.

Correctioun.

My lord, fen ye ar quyt of Sensualitie,
Reffaif in to your scheruice Gud Counfale,
And richt so this fair lady Chestetie, 2430
Till ye mary sum quene of blude royall;
Observe than chestetie matrimoniall.
Richt so reffaif heir Veretie be the hand;
Vse thair counfale, your fame fall nevir fall,
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band. 2435

Heir fall the king reffaif the Thre Vertewis.

[King.]

I am content your counfale till inclyne,
Ye beand of so gud conditioun.
At your command fall be all that is myne,
And heir I gif yow full commissioun,

To pvneifs faltis and gif remissioun; 2440
 To all vertew I falbe conforable;
 With yow I fall confirme ane vnioun,
 And, at your counsale, stand ay firme and stable.

Correſtioun.

I counsale yow incontinent,
 Agane proclame the parliament, 2445
 Of all the Thre Eſtatis;
 That thay be heir with diligence,
 To mak to yow obedience,
 And ſone drefs all debaitis.

King.

That ſall be done, but mair demand. 2450
 How, Diligence, cum heir fra hand,
 And tak your informatioun;
 Go, warne the Spritualitie,
 Richt ſo the Temporalitie,
 To gif ws thair counſailis. 2455
 Quho ſo beis abſent to thame ſchaw,
 That thay ſall vndirly our law,
 And puneift be that failis.

Diligence.

Schir, I fall, baith in bruch and land,
 With diligence do your command, 2460
 Vpoun my awin expens.
 Schir, I haif ſcheruit all this yeir,
 Bot I gat nevir ane dynneir
 Yit, for my recompence.

King.

Paſs on, for thow falbe regairdit, Fol. 198. b. 2465
 And for thy ſcheruice weill rewairdit;
 For quhy? with my conſent,

Thow fall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
 The teind mvffillis of the ferry myre,
 Confirmd in parliament. 2470

Dilligence.

I will get riches with that rent,
 Eftir the day of dome,
 Quhen, in the coillpottis of Trannent,
 Buttir will grow on brome.
 All nicht I had fa mekle drowth 2475
 I nicht not fleip a wink;
 Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,
 But dowt I mon haif drink.

Correſtioun.

Cum heir Placebo and Solace,
 With your companyeoun Wantones, 2480
 I ken weill your conditioun.
 For tyfting of Humanitie,
 To reſſaif Senſualitie,
 Ye mon ſuffir pvnitioun.

Wantoneſs.

We grant, my lord, we haif done ill, 2485
 Thairfoir we put ws in your will;
 Bot we haif bene abufit,
 For in gudfaith, ſchir, we belevit,
 That lichery fowld no man haif grevit,
 Becaufs it is ſo vſit. 2490
 Schir, we ſall mend our conditioun,
 So ye gif ws ane fre remiſſioun;
 Bot gif ws leif to ſing,
 To dance, and play at cheſs and tabillis,
 To reid ſtoryis and mirry fabillis, 2495
 For plefour of the king.

Correclioun.

So that ye do non vthir cryme,
 Ye fall be pardond at this tyme;
 For quhy? as I suppois,
 Princes sumtyme mon feik follace,
 With mirth and lefull mirrenes,
 Thair spreitis to reioifs.

2500

King.

Fol. 199. a.

Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun?
 And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar?

Veretie.

Sapience, fchir, was ane verry loun,
 And Discretioun was nyne tymes war.
 The fwth, fchir, gif I wald report,
 Thay did begyle your excellence,
 And wald not suffer to resort
 Non of ws thre to your prefence.

2505

2510

Chaiſetie.

Thay thre was Flattry and Diffait,
 And Falsat, that vnhappy loun,
 Aganis ws thre quhilk maid debait,
 And baneift ws frome toun to toun;
 Thay gart ws tway fall in to foun,
 Quhen thay ws lokkit in the stokkis;
 That daftard quhilk ye call Discretioun,
 Full thiftouſly he ftall your box.

2515

King.

The Divill tak thame, ſen thay ar gane,
 Me thoct thame ay thre verry ſmaikis;
 I mak ane vow to ſweit Sanct Fillane,
 Get I thame thay fall beir thair paikis;

2520

I fe thay playd with me the glaikkis.
 Gud Counsale, now schaw me the best;
 Sen I fix on yow thre my staikis, 2525
 How fall I keip my realme in rest?

*Heir fall the Thre Estaitis compeir to the
 parliament, and the king fall say:*

My prudent lordis of the Thre Estaitis,
 It is our will, aboif all vthir thing,
 For to reforme all thay that makis debaitis
 Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling. 2530
 And thay that dois the commoun weill down thring,
 With help and counsale of king Correctioun,
 It is our will for to mak puniffing,
 And plane oppressouris put to subiectioun.

Dilligence.

Fol. 199. b.

All mener of men I warne, that bene opprest,
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be redrest; 2535
 For quhy? it is yone nobill princis willis,
 That all complenaris fall gif in thair billis.

Johine the Commoun weill.

Owt of my gait, for Goddis saik lat me gae;
 Tell me agane, gudmaister, quhat ye fae. 2540

Dilligence.

I warne all that bene wrangulfly offendit,
 Cum and complene, and thay fall be amendit.

Commoun weill.

Thankit be Chryft, that ware the croun of thorne,
 For I was nevir sa blyth fen I was borne.

Dilligence.

Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill? 2545

Johine.

Forfwith, thay call me Johine the Commoun weill.
 Gud maister, I wald speir at yow ane thing;
 Quhair treft ye fall I find yone new maid king?

Dilligence.

Cum our, and I fall schaw the till his grace.

Johine.

Now Godis braid bennifoun licht vpoun that face; 2550
 Stand by the gait, lat se gif I can lowp,
 I mon rin fast, in dreid I gett a cowp.

*Heir fall Johine ryn to lowp our the water,
 and he fall fall in the middis of it.*

Dilligence.

Speid the away, thow taryis all to lang.

Johine.

Schir, be this day, I nicht not faster gang.
 Gudday, gudday, grit God saive baith your graxis; 2555
 Wally, wally, faw tha twa weill fard facis.

King.

Schaw me thy name, gud man, I the command.

Johine.

Mary, Johine the Commoun weill of fair Scotland.

King.

The Commoun weill hes bene amang his fais.

Johine.

Ye, that, schir, garris the Commoun weill want clais. 2560

Fol. 200. a.

Correctioun.

Johine, quhome vpoun complene ye, or quho makis yow debaitis?

Johne.

Schir, I complene vpoun the King and all the Thre Estaitis;
 As for our reverend faderis of Spritualitie,
 Ar led be Covettyce, and¹ this cairle and Temporalitie;
 And als ye se Temporalitie hes neid of Correctioun, 2565
 Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publiſt oppreſſioun.
 Lo, ſee quhair the loun lȳis lurkand at his bak;
 Get vp, I think to ſe thy craig gar a raip crak.
 How, ſenyeit Flattry, the Feind fart on that face,
 Quhen ye war gydar of the court we gat littill grace; 2570
 Ryſ vp Falſat and Diffait, without ony ſonye,
 I pray God nor the Divillis dam dryt on that grunye.
 Behald as the loun luikis evin lyk a theif,
 Mony wicht workmen ye haif brocht to miſcheif.
 My ſoverane lord Correctioun, I mak yow ſupplicatioun, 2575
 Put thir tryit trucouris frome Cryſtis congregatioun.

Correctioun.

As ye haif devyſit, but dowl it ſalbe done;
 Cum heir annone, my ſcherwandis, and do your det ſone;
 Put firſt the thre pilouris in to the priſſone ſtrang,
 Howbeid ye hang thame heftelly, ye do thame nowrang. 2580

Firſt Sariand.

Soverane lord, we fall obey all your commandis.
 Bruder, vpoun thay harlottis lay on your handis;
 Ryſ vp, Lowry, ye luik evin lyk a lurdane,
 Your mowth war meit evin to drink owt a jurdane.

Secund Sariand.

Cum heir, goſſep, cum heir, cum heir, 2585
 Your rakles lyf ye fall repent;
 Quhen had ye wont to be ſo ſweir?
 Stand ſtill and be obedient.

4 B

¹ And has perhaps been deleted.

i Sariand.

Thair is not ane in all this toun,
 Bot I wald nocht this taill war tawd, 2590
 Bot I wald hang him for his gown,
 Quhiddir he war lord or lawid.
 I trow this pylour be spurgawd;
 Thow art ane stif knaif I stand ford,
 Howbeid I se thy skalp skyr skawd; 2595
 Put in thyne handis in to this cord.

Heir ar they led and put in the stokkis.

Gud Counsale.

Fol. 200. b.

My wirdy lordis, sen ye haif on hand
 Sum reformatioun to mak in to this land,
 And als ye knaw it is the kingis mynd,
 Quhilk to the commoun weill hes ay bene kynd, 2600
 Thocht reiff and thift war stanchit weill annewch,
 Yit sum thing moir belangis to the plewch.
 Now in to peice ye fowld provyd for weiris,
 And be feur off how mony thowsand speiris
 The king ma be, quhen he hes ocht ado; 2605
 For quhy? my lordis, this is my reffone, lo,
 The husbendmen and commouns thay war wount,
 Go in the battell formeft in the brount.
 Bot I haif tynt myne experience,
 Withowt ye mak sum bettir dilligence, 2610
 The commoun weill mon vthir wayis be stylyt,
 Or, be my faith, the realme will be begylit.
 Thir peur commouns, daylie as ye may se,
 Declynis doun till extreme povertie;
 For sum ar heichtit so in to thair maill, 2615
 Thair wyning will nocht find thame wattir cail.
 How kirkmen heichtis thair teindis, it is weill knawin,
 That husbendmen no wayis may hald thair awin;
 And now begynis ane plaig vpoun thame new,

That gentillmen thair steidingis takis in few; 2620
 Thus mon thay pay grit ferme or leif the steid;
 And sum ar planely hurlit owt be the heid,
 Thay ar distroyit withowt God on thame rew.

Povertie.

Schir, be Godis breid, that taill is verry trew;
 It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horfs, 2625
 Now all my geir ye se vpoun my corfs.

Correction.

Or I depairt, I think to mak gud ordour.

Commoun weill.

I pray yow, sir, begin than at the bordour;
 For how fowld we defend ws agane Ingland,
 Quhen we can nocht, within our native land, 2630
 Distroy our awin Scottis commoun trator theivis,
 That to leill labowraris daylie dois mischeivis?
 War I ane king, my lord, be cokkis woundis,
 Quha evir held commoun theivis within thair boundis,
 Quhairthrow that leill men daylie micht be wrangit, 2635
 Withowt remeid thair cheftanis fowld be hangit; Fol. 201. a.
 Quhidder he war ane knycht, lord or laird,
 The Diuill beir me till Hell and he war spaird.

Temporalitie.

Quhat vthir ennemyis hes thow, lat ws ken?

Commoun weill.

Schir, I complene vpoun all ydill men, 2640
 For quhy, schir? it is Goddis awin bidding,
 All Cristiane men to wirk for thair leving;
 Sanct Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,
 Sayis to tha wratchis that will nocht wirk,
 And bene to vertewis labour laith, 2645
 Qui non laborat non menduceth;

This bene in Inglis toung to treit,
 Quho labouris nocht he fall not eit.
 This bene agane thir strang beggaris,
 Fidlaris, pypparis and pardonaris; 2650
 Thir juglaris, jefouris and ydill henfouris,
 Thir cariowris and thir quynte senfouris;
 Thir babill beraris and thir bairdis,
 Thir sweir fwyngouris, with lordis and lairdis,
 Mo than thair rentis may sustene, 2655
 Or to thair proffeit neidfull bene;
 Quhilk bene ay blythefte of discordis,
 And deidly feid amang the lordis;
 For than thay trucouris man be treitit,
 Or ellis thair quarrellis ar vndebaitit. 2660
 And munkis, preiftis, channonis and freiris,
 Auguftynis, Carmeleitis and Cordeleiris;
 And vthiris that in cowlis bene cled,
 Quhilk labouris not and bene weill fed.

Correftioun.

Quhome vpoun ma wilt thow complene? 2665

Fohine.

Mary, fchir, ma and mae agane;
 For the peur pepill cryis with cairis
 The grit mifving of iuftice airis,
 Exercit mair for covettyce,
 Nor for pvniffing of vyce. 2670
 Ane pegrall theif that steilis a kow
 Is hangit; bot he that steilis a bow,
 With als mekle geir as he may turfs,
 That theif is hangit be the purfs. Fol. 201. b.
 So pykand pegrall theivis ar hangit, 2675
 Bot he that all the warld hes wrangit,
 A crewall tirrand, a strang tranfgreffour,
 Ane commoun publiſt plane oppreffour,

By buddis will he obtene favouris,
 Off thesawrar and compositiowris; 2680
 Thocht he serve grit pvnifioun,
 Gettis efy compositioun.
 And thruche lawis consistoriall,
 Prolixt, corrupt and pertiall,
 The commoun pepill ar put at vnder; 2685
 Thocht thay be peure, it is na wounder.

Correctionn.

Gud Johine, I grant all that is trew,
 Your infortoun full fair I rew;
 Or I pairte of this natioun,
 I fall mak reformatioun. 2690
 And als, my lordis Temporalitie,
 I yow command in tyme, that yie
 Expell oppreffioun of your landis;
 And als I say to yow merchandis,
 And evir I fynd, be land or sie, 2695
 Diffait in to your cumpanye,
 Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrare,
 I wow to God, I fall not spair
 To put my sword to executioun,
 And mak on yow extreme pvniffioun. 2700
 Mairattour, my lord Temporalitie,
 In gudly haift I will that yie
 Sett in to few your temporall landis,
 To men that labowris with thair handis,
 Bot nocht to jynkyne gentill man, 2705
 That nowdir will he wirk or can,
 Quhairby that pollecy may increfs.

Temporalitie.

I am content, schir, be the mefs,
 Swa that the Spritualitie
 Sett thairis in few als weill as we. 2710

[*Correction.*]

My Sprituall lordis, ar ye content?

Spritualitie.

Na, we mon tak avysement;
In sic materis for to conclude
Our heftelly, I think nocht gude.

Fol. 202. a.

Correctionoun.

Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
Ye falbe puneist, be fweit Sanct Jeill.

2715

Spritualitie.

Schir, I can schaw yow exemptioun
Fra your temporall pvniffioun,
The quhilk we purpoifs to debait.

Correctionoun.

Wa, than ye think to stryve for stait.
My lordis, quhat fay ye to this pley?

2720

Temporalitie.

My foverane lord, we will obey,
And tak your pairte with hairt and hand,
Quhat evir ye pleifs ws to command.

Heir fall thay sit down and aske grace.

Bot we beseik yow, our foverane,
Of all our crymes that ar bygane,
To gif ws twa ane full remiffioun;
And heir we mak to yow condiffioun,
The commoun weill for till defend,
Frome hynefurth till our lyvis end.

2725

2730

Correctionoun.

On that conditioun, I am content
Tell pardoun yow, sen ye repent,

And Commoun weill tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetuall band.

Heir fall thay imbrace the Commoun weill.

Correſtioun.¹

Johine, haif ye ony ma debaitis 2735
Aganis my lordis the Sprituall Eftaitis?

Johine.

Na, ſchir, we dar not ſpeik a word;
To plene on preiftis it is na bowrd.

Spritualitie.

Flyt on thy fill, fule, I defy the,
Sa thow ſchaw bot the verety. 2740

Johine.

Gramercy, than ſall I not ſpair.
Firſt to complene on our vicair;
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand ſmall bairnis two or thre,
And hes two ky withowttin mo, 2745
The vicar moſt haif on of tho;
With the gray coit that happis the bed, Fol. 202. b.
Howbeid the wyf be peurly cled.
And gif the wyf de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis fowld be forlorne, 2750
The vthir cow he cleikis away,
With hir peur coit of roploch gray.
Wald God this cuſtome war put down,
Quhilk nevir was foundit be reſſoun.

Temporalitie.

Ar all thay tailis trew, that thow tellis? 2755

¹ So in MS.

Povertie.

Trew, schir, yee, the Diuill stik me ellis;
 For, be the holy Trinitie,
 That fame was practik vpoun me.
 For our vicar, God gif him pyne,
 Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne, 2760
 Ane for my fader, and for my wyf ane vder,
 The thrid cow he tuik for Meg my moder.

Fohine.

Our perfone heir he takis na vder pyne,
 Bot to reffaif his teindis, and spend thame syne;
 Howbeid that he be obleift be reffoun, 2765
 To preiche the evangell to his parichoun;
 And thocht thay want the preiching fevintene yeir,
 Our perfone will not want ane scheif of beir.

Temporalitie.

Forfwth, my lordis, I think we fowld conclude,
 Twiching this kow ye haif ane conswetude; 2770
 We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
 Sall wryt vnto the Poipis halynels,
 With his consent, be proclamatioun,
 Baith cors present and cow we fall cry doun.

Sprituallity.

To that, my lordis, planely we disconsent; 2775
 Natar thairof I tak ane instrument.

Scryb.

Ye gar me wryt mony findry act,
 And to me ye nevir cast in a plack.

Poverty.

Ha, my lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
Remembir for to reforme the consistory; 2780
It hes mair neid of reformatioun;
Nor Plutois court, be cokkis passioun.

Person.

Fol. 203. a.

Quhat caufs hes thow, pylour, for to plenyie?
Quhair was thow evir summond to thair senyie?

Povertie.

Mary, I lent my goffop my meir to fetche in coilis, 2785
And he hir drownit in to the quarrell hoilis,
And I ran to the consry for to plenyie,
And thair I hapnit amang ane greidy menyie.
Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call citandum,
Within awcht dayis I gat bot libellandum, 2790
Within ane moneth I gat ad opponendum.
In half ane yeir I gat interloquendum,
And syne I gat, quhow call yeid? ad replicandum;
Bot I cowlde nevir ane word yit vnderstand him.
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis, 2795
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis;
Bot or thay come half gait ad concludendum,
The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa yeir with thair trane,
Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum agane, 2800
And than, thay ruikis, thay rowpit woundir fast,
For centence silver thay cryit at the last;
Off pronounciandum thay maid me woundir fane,
Bot I gat nevir my gud gra meir agane.

Temporalite.

My lordis, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis, 2805
Quhois grit defame abone the hevin blawis.

I wift ane man, in perfewing ane kow,
 Or he had done he spendit half a bow;
 So that the kingis honor we may advance,
 We will conclud as thay haif done in France; 2810
 Lat sprituall materis pas to Spritualitie,
 And temporall materis to Temporalitie:
 Quho failis in this fall coist thame of thair gude.
 Scrib, mak ane act, for fo we will conclude.

Spritualitie.

That act, my lordis, planely I yow declair, 2815
 It is aganis our proffeit singulair.
 Till all your actis planely I disconsent,
 Notar thair of I tak ane instrument.

*Heir fall entir Commoun Thift.**[Common Thift.]*

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang;
 How diuill come I in to this thrang? 2820
 With sorrow I may sing my sang,
 And I be tane.

I haif run baith nicht and day, Fol. 203. b.
 Throw speid of fute I gat away;
 Bot be I kend heir, walloway, 2825
 I wilbe flane.

Povertie.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

Thift.

Hurfone, thay call me Commoun Thift,
 For I had nevir na vder chift,
 Sen I was borne. 2830
 In Ewisdail was my dwelling place,
 Mony wyfe gart I cry, Allace,
 At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
 Bot ay forlorne.

Sum sayis ane king is cum amang ws,	2835
That purposis to heid and hang ws;	
Thair is na grace, and he may fang ws,	
Bot on ane pin.	
Ring he, we theivis will get na gude;	
I pray God and the holy rude,	2840
Sen he had fmord in till his cude,	
And all his kin.	
Get this curft king me in his grippis,	
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis;	
The Divill I gif thair tung and lippis,	2845
That of me tellis.	
Adew, I dar nocht langar tary,	
For be I kend, thay will me kary,	
And put me in ane fery fary,	
I see nocht ellis.	2850
I raif, be him that herreit Hell,	
I had almaift foryet my fell;	
Will na gud fallow to me tell,	
Quhare I may fynd	
The Erle of Rothes beft haiknay?	2855
That was my erand heir away;	
He is richt stark, as I heir say,	
And fwift as wind.	
Heir is my brydill and my spurris,	
To gar him lanfs our feild and furris,	2860
Mycht I him gett now Ewis the durris,	
I tak na cure;	
Off that horfs micht I get ane ficht,	
I haif na dowl yit or midnicht,	
That he and I fowld tak the flicht	2865
Thruche Dyfart mvre.	
Off cumpanary, tell me, bruder,	Fol. 204. a.
Quhilk is the richt way to the Struder;	
I wald be wylcum to my moder,	
Gif I micht speid.	2870

I wald gif baith my hat and bonat
 To gett my Lord Lindfayis broun jonet;
 War we beyond the watter of Annet,
 We fowld nocht dreid.
 Quhat now, Oppressioun, my bruder deir,
 Quhat mekle Divill hes brocht the heir?
 Maister, tell me the cause perqueir,
 Quhat ye haif done.

2875

Oppressioun.

Forfwith, the kingis maiestie
 Hes sett me heir, as ye may see;
 Micht I speik with Temporalitie,
 He wald releif me sone;
 [I befeik you my brether deir,¹]
 Bot half ane hour for to sit heir,
 Ye know that I was nevir fweir
 Yow till defend.

2880

2885

Put in your leg in to my place,
 And heir I fweir be Goddis grace,
 Yow to releif within schort space,
 Syne lat yow wend.

2890

Thift.

Than, maister deir, gif me your hand,
 And mak to me ane sover band,
 That ye fall cum agane fra hand,
 Withowttin fail.

Oppressioun.

Tak thair my hand richt hairtfully;
 Als I promit the verraly,
 To gif to the ane cuppill of ky.
 In Liddifdail.

2895

*Heir fall Commoun Thift put his feit in the flokkis,
 and Oppressioun fall steill away and betra him.*

¹ Omitted in MS.

Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
 For I fweir the, be Sanct Fillane,
 We twa fall nevir meit agane,
 In land nor toun. 2900

Thift.

Maister, will ye not keip conditioun,
 And put me furth of this fuspitioun?

Oppressioun.

Na nevir, quhill I get remissioun. 2905
 Adew my companyeoun;
 I fall command the to thy dame.

Thift.

Adew than, in the Divillis name;
 For to be fals thinkis thow na schame;
 To leif me in this pane, Fol. 204. b.
 Thow art ane loun, and that ane liddir. 2910

Oppressioun.

Bo, man, I will go to Baquihiddir,
 It fall be Pasche, be Goddis moder,
 Or evir we meit agane.
 Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift, 2915
 That hes betrafit Commoun Thift?
 For thair is nocht vnder the lift,
 A curstar corfs.

I am richt seur that he and I,
 Within this half yeir, craftely 2920
 Hes stowin ane thowfand scheip and ky,
 By meiris and horfs.

Wald God, that I war found and haill,
 Now listit in to Liddisdail,
 The Merfs sowld fynd me beif and caill, 2925
 Quhattrak of breid.

War I thair liftit with my lyfe,
 The Diuill fowld stik me with a knyfe,
 And evir I come agane in Fyfe,

Quhill I wor deid.

2930

Adew, I leif the Divill amang yow,
 That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
 With all leill men that dois belang yow;

For I may rew,

That evir I come in to this land.
 For quhy? ye may weill vndirstand,
 I gat na geir to turne myne hand;

2935

Yit anis adew.

Correſtioun.

I counſale yow, ſchir, now fra hand,
 Gar baneifs yone freir owt of this land,
 And that incontinent.

2940

Do ye not ſo, withowttin weir,
 We will mak all this toun on ſteir,

I knaw his fals intent.

Yone flattrand knavis, withowttin fable,
 I think thay ar nocht proffitable,

2945

For Chryſtis regioun.

To begin reformatioun,
 Mak of thame deprivation,

This is my opinioun.

2950

Fiſt Sariand.

Schir, pleifs ye that we twa invaid thame,
 And ye fall ſe ws ſone degraid thame,
 Of cowle and ſkaiparie.

Fol. 205. a.

Correſtioun.

Pas on, I am richt weill content;
 Syne baneifs thame incontinent,
 Owt of this cuntrie.

2955

First Sariand.

Cum on, schir freir, and be nocht fleit,
 The king, our maister, mon be obeyit,
 Bot ye fall haif no harme;
 Gif ye wald travell fra toun to toun;
 I think this huid, and hevy gown,
 Will hald your wame our warme.

2960

Flattry.

Now, quhat is this, thir monstouris menis?
 I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,
 And fra all humane law.

2965

Secound Sariand.

Tak ye the huid, and I the gown;
 This lymmar luikis als lyk a loun,
 As ony that evir I saw.

First Sariand.

Thir freiris, to escaip pvniffioun,
 Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,
 And no man will obey;
 Thay ar exemit, I yow assure,
 Fra paipis, kingis and empriour,
 And that makis all the pley.

2970

Second Sariand.

On Domifday, quhen Chryft fall fay,
 Venite benediċti,
 The freiris will fay, withowt delay,
 Nos fumus exempti.

2975

Heir fall thay spulye Flattry of the kings habet.

Gud Counsale.

Schir, be the haly Trinitie,
 This fame is fenyeit Flattrie, 2980
 I ken him be his face;
 Belevand for to get promotioun,
 He said that his name was Devotioun,
 And so begyld your grace.

Firſt Sariand.

Cum on, Schir Flattry, be the meſs, 2985
 We fall leir yow to dance,
 Within ane bony littill ſpaice,
 Ane new paven of France.

Flattry.

Now, my lord, for Goddis faik, latt nocht hang me,
 Howbeid thir widdefowis wald wrang me, 2990 Fol. 205. b.
 I can mak no debait,
 To win my meit at plewch or harrowis,
 Bot I fall help to hang my marrowis,
 Baith Falfat and Diffait.

Correſtioun.

Than pafs thy way, and graith the gallowis, 2995
 Syne help for to hang vp thy fallowis,
 Thow gettis na vder grace.

Flattry.

Off that office I am content,
 Bot our prellattis I dreid repent,
 Be I flemid frome thair face. 3000

*Heir fall Flattry pafs to the flokkis and
 ſit befyd his marrowis.*

Diffait.

Now Flattry, my awld companyeoun,
Quhat dois yone king Correctioun,
 Knewis thow not his entent?
Declair till ws of thy novellis.

Flattery.

Yeill all be hangit, I se nocht ellis,
And that incontinent. 3005

Diffait.

Now, walloway, will he gar hang ws?
The Divill brocht yone curft king amang ws,
For mekle sturt and stryfe.

Flattery.

I had bene put to deid amang yow,
 War nocht I tuik on hand to hang yow,
 And so I favit my lyfe.
 I heir thame say, thay will cry down
 All freiris and preiftis of this regioun,
 Sa far as I can feill;
 Becaus thay ar not necessar,
 And als thay ar all hail contrar,
 To Johine the Commoun Weill.

Povertie.

Now I befeik yow, for Allhallowis,
Gar hang Diffait and all his fallowis,
And baneis Flattry af the toun,
For thair was nevir sic ane loun;
That beand done, I hald it best,
That every man go tak his rest.

Corrætioun.

As thow hes said, it fall be done; 3025
 Swyth, fariandis, hang yone swyngeouris sone.

Heir fall the fariandis lowifs thame furth Fol. 206. a.
of the flogkis and leid thame to the gallows.

First Sariand.

Cum heir, schir theif, cum heir, cum heir,
 Quhen war ye wont to be so fweir?
 To hunt cattell ye war ay speidy,
 Thairfoir ye fall waif in a widdy. 3030

Thift.

Man I be hangit, allace, allace?
 Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
 Yit, or I dee, gif me a drink.

First Sariand.

Fy, hurfone cairkle, I feill a ftink.

Thift.

Thocht I wald not that it war wittin, 3035
 Schir, in gud faith, I am beschittin,
 To wit the veretie, gif ye pleifs,
 Lowifs doun my hoifs, put in your neifs.

First Sariand.

Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford,
 Slip in thy heid in to this cord, 3040
 For thow had nevir ane metar tippat.

Thift.

Allace, this is ane fellone rippat;
 The widdefow wardanis tuik my geir,

And left me nowdir horfs nor meir,
Nor erdly gude that me belangit;
Now, walloway, I mon be hangit. 3045

Repent your lyvis, all plane oppreffouris,
All mvrdressaris and strang transgressfouris,
Or ellis ga chufe yow gud confessfouris,
And mak yow ford; 3050
For and ye tary in this land,
And come vnder Correctionis band,
Your grace falbe, I vndirstand,
Ane gud scharp cord.

Adew my brethir commoun theivis, 3055
That helpit me in my mischeivis;
Adew, Groffaris, Nikfonis and Bellis,
Oft haif we fairne owtthruche the fellis;
Adew Robfonis, Hawis and Pylis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis; 3060
Littillis, Trumbillis and Armestrangis;
Adew all theivis that me belangis,
Tailyeouris, Erewynis and Elwandis,
Speidy of feit and slicht of handis;
The Scottis of Eisdail and the Grames; Fol. 206. b.
3065
I haif na tyme to tell your names.
With king Correctioun be ye fangit,
Beleif richt seur ye will be hangit.

First Sariand.

Speid hand, man, with thy clittir clatter.

Theft.

For Goddis faik, man, latt me mak watter, 3070
Howbeid I haif bene cattell greidy,
It is schame to pische in a widdy.

Heir fall Flattry hang Theft.

Secound Sariand.

Cum heir, Diffait, my companyeoun;
 Saw evir man lykar ane loun
 To hing vpoun ane gallowis? 3075

Diffait.

This is annewch to mak me mangit;
 Dull fell me, sen I mon be hangit,
 Lat me speik with my fallowis.
 I trow wan fortoun brocht me heir;
 Quhat mekle feind maid me so speidy? 3080
 Sen it was faid it was fevin yeir,
 That I fowld waif in till a widdy:
 I leirit my maisteris to be greidy.
 Adew, for I fe no remeid;
 Se quhat it is to be evill deidy. 3085

Secound Sariand.

Now in this helter put in thyne heid;
 Stand still, me think ye draw abak.

Diffait.

Allace, maister, ye hurt my crag.

Secound Sariand.

It will hurt bettir, I wad ane plak,
 Richt now, quhen ye hing on a knag. 3090

Diffait.

Adew, my maisteris, merchand men,
 I haif yow fcheruit, as ye ken,
 Trewly, baith air and lait.
 I fay to yow for conclusioun,
 I dreid ye gang to confusioun, 3095
 Fra tyme ye want Diffait.
 I leirit yow merchandis mony a wyle,

Vpaallandis wyvis for to begyle, Vpoun the mercat day; And gart thame trow your stuff was guid, Quhen it was rottin, be the rude, And fwer it was not fway.	3100 Fol. 207. a.
I was ay roundand in your eir, And leird yow for to ban and fweir, Quhat your geir coift in France, Howbeid the divill a word was trew. Your craftines gif Correctioun knew, Wald turne yow to mischance.	3105
I leird yow wylis monyfald; To mix the new wyne with the ald, That fassone was na folly; To sell richt deir and by gud chaip, And mix ry meill amang the faip, And saffroun with oyldolly.	3110
Foryett not ockar, I counsale yow, Mair nor the vicar dois the cow, Or lordis thair dowbill mail; Howbeit your elwand be to scant, Or your pund wecht twa vncis want, Think that bot lyttill fail.	3115
Adew, the grit clan Jamefoun, The blude rowyall of Cowpar toun, I was ay to yow trew; Boith Anderfone and Paterfone, Abone thame all, Thome Williamfone, My abfens fair will rew.	3120
Thome Williamfone, it is your parte, To pray for me with all your harte, And think vpoun my warkis; How I leird yow ane gud leffoun, For to begyle, in Edinburcht toun, The bifchop and his clerkis.	3125
	3130

Ye yung merchandis may cry allace,
 Lucklaw, Welandis, Carruderfs, Dowglace,
 Yon curft king ye may ban; 3135
 Had I leuit bot half ane yeir,
 I fowld haif leird yow craftis perqueir,
 To begyle wyfe and man.
 How, may ye merchandis mak debait,
 Fra ye want me, your man Diffait; 3140
 For yow I mak grit cair.
 Withowt I ryfs fra deid to lyve,
 I wait weill, ye will nevir thryve,
 Fairdar nor the fourt air.

Heir fall Diffait be hangit.

Firft Sariand.

Fol. 207. b.

Cum heir, Falfet, and menfs this gallowis; 3145
 Ye mon hyng vp amang your fallowis,
 For your cankart conditioun;
 Mony ane wicht man haif ye wrangit,
 Thairfoir, but dowl, ye fall be hangit,
 But mercy or remiffioun. 3150

Falfet.

Allace, mon I be hangit to?
 Quhat mekle diuill is this ado?
 How com I to this cummer?
 My gud maifteris, ye craftifmen,
 Want ye Falfat, full weill I ken, 3155
 Ye will de all for hunger.
 Ye men of craft may cry, Allace,
 Quhen ye want me, ye want your grace;
 Thairfoir put in to wryte
 My leffonis that I did yow leir, 3160
 Howbeid the commownis ene ye bleir,
 Compt ye not that a myte.

Find me ane wobstar that is leill,
 Or ane walker that will not steill,
 Thair craftines I ken; 3165
 Or ane millar that hes na falt,
 That will steill nowdir meill nor malt;
 Hald thame for hely men.
 At our fleschouris tak ye no greif,
 Thocht that ye blaw lene mvttone and beif, 3170
 To gard seme fat and fair,
 Thay think that praetik bot a mow,
 Howbeid the divill a thing it dow,
 To thame I leird that lair.
 I leird telyeouris, in every toun, 3175
 To schaip fyve quarteris fra a gown,
 In Angus and in Fyffe;
 To vpalandis telyeouris I geve gud leve,
 To steill a silly stump or fleve,
 To Kittok his awin wyfe. 3180
 My gud mester, Andro Fortoun,
 Of telyeouris that may weir the croun,
 For me he will be mangit;¹
 Telyeour Beverage, my fone and air,
 I wait for me will rudly rair, 3185
 Fra tyme he se me hangit.
 The bairfit dekin, Jamy Raff,
 Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff, Fol. 208. a.
 Becaus he can not steill;
 Willy Caidyeoch will mak no pleid, 3190
 Howbeit his wyf want beif and breid,
 Get he gud mat and meill.
 To the browstaris of Cowpar toun,
 I leif thame my blak malefoun,
 Als hairtly as I may; 3195
 To mak thin aill thay think na falt,
 Off mekle barme and littill malt,
 Agane the mercat day.

¹ MS. has *hangit*, and repeats it in line 3186.

And thay can mak, withowttin dowl,	
A kynd of aill thay call Harnis owt;	3200
Wait ye how thay mak that?	
A culroun quene, a laithly lurdane,	
Off strang wesche scho ill tak a jurdane,	
And settis in the pylefat;	
Quha drinkis of that aill, man or pege,	3205
It will gar all thair harnifs rege.	
That jurdane I may rew,	
It gart my heid ryn hiddy giddy.	
Schiris, God, nor I de in ane widdy,	
Gif this taill be not trew.	3210
Speir at the fowttar, Gordy Selly,	
Frome tyme that he hes fild his belly,	
With this vnhelfum haill;	
Than all the baxtaris will he ban,	
That mixis breid with duft and bran,	3215
And fyne flour with beir meill.	
Adew, my maisteris, wrychtis and mafonis,	
I neid not leir yow ony lessonis,	
Ye knaw my craft perqueir.	
Adew, blakfmythis and loremeris,	3220
Adew, the stinkand cordeneris,	
That fellis the schone our deir.	
Goldfmythis, fair weill, abone thame all	
Remembir my memoriall;	
With mony ane crafty cast;	3225
To mix set ye not by twa prenis,	
Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,	
Lyk as I leird yow laft.	
Quhen I was lugit vpaland,	
The schiphirdis maid to me ane band,	3230
Richt craftelly to steill;	
Than did I gif a confirmatioun,	Fol. 208. b.
Till all the schiphirdis of this natioun,	
That thay fowld nevir be leill;	

And ilk ane to reffet ane vder. 3235

I knaw fals schiphirdis fifty fuder,

War all thair cawteilis kend,

How thay mak thair conventionis,

On montanis far fra ony townis;

God, lat thame nevir mend. 3240

Amang craftismen it is ane woundir,

To find ten leill amang ane hundir;

The trewth I to yow tell.

Adew, I ma na langar tary,

I mon pafs to the king of Fary, 3245

Or ellis strecht way till Hell.

*Heir fall he luik vp to his marrowis
that ar hingand, and say:*

Wais me for the, gud Commoun Thift,

Was nevir man¹ maid mair honest chift,

His leving for to win;

Thair was nocht in all Liddifdaill, 3250

That ky mair craftelly coud staill,

Quhair thow hingis on that pin.

Sawthan reffaif thy fawle, Diffait,

Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,

And als my fader bruder. 3255

Duill fell the filly merchand men,

To mak thame fcherwice weill I ken,

Sall nevir get ane vder.

*Heir fall Flattry fessin the cord about his
nek, and thaireftir Falsat fall say:*

Gif ony man list for to be my mait,

Cum follow me, for I am at the gait; 3260

Cum follow me, all cative cuvettous kingis,

Revaris but richt of vthir menis realmes and ringis;

Togidder with all wrangus conquerouris;

And bring with yow all publiſt oppreffowris,

With Pharo king of the Egiptianis, 3265

4 E

¹ MS. has *mand*.

With him in Hell fall be your recompences;
 All crewall scheddaris of bluid innocent,
 Cum follow me, or ellis ryn and repent.
 [Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,¹ Fol. 209. a.
 And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie; 3270
 Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces,
 In hiddoufs Hell I fall prepair thair places;
 Cum follow me, all fals corruptit juges,
 With Ponte Pylat I fall prepair your lugis;
 All the officiallis that pairtis men with thair wyvis, 3275
 Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;
 With all fals ledaris of the conftry law,
 With wantone scrybis and clarkis all in ane raw,
 That to the peur makis mony pertiall trane,
 Syne hodie ad oſto garis thame cum agane; 3280
 And ye that takis rewaird at both the handis,
 Ye fall with me be bund in Belliallis bandis.

Cum fallow me, all curft vnhappy wyvis,
 That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and ſtryvis;
 And quyetly with rebaldis makis repair, 3285
 And takis na ceur to mak ane wrangus air;
 Ye fall in Hell rewardit be, I wene,
 With Jefabell, of Yfraell the quene.
 I haif ane curft vnhappy wyf my fell,
 Wald God ſcho war befor me in till Hell; 3290
 That biſmair, war ſcho thair, withowttin dowl,
 Owt of the Hell the Divill ſcho wald ding owt.
 Ye maryit men, evin as ye lvif your lyvis,
 Lat nevir no preiftis be haimly with your wyvis;
 My wyfe with preiftis ſcho did me grit vnricht, 3295
 And maid me nyne tymes cukald on a nicht.
 Fair weill, for I mon to the widdy wend,
 For quhy? Falfett majd nevir ane bettir end.

*Heir fall Flattry hing him vp, and a
 kae fall be caſtin vp, as it war his ſawll.*

¹ This line has been omitted in the MS.

Flattery.

Haif I nocht chaipit the widdy weill?
 Yee, that I haif, be fweit Sanct Jeill; 3300
 For I had nocht bene wrangit,
 Becaus I fersit, be Alhallowis,
 To haif bene merchellit with my fallowis,
 And heich abone thame hangit.
 I maid far ma faltis nor my maitis; 3305
 I begyld all the Thre Estaitis,
 With my ypocresie;
 Quhen I had on the freiris hude,
 All men belevit that I was gude;
 Now juge ye gif I lie. 3310
 Tak ane rakles rubiature,
 Ane theif, ane tirrand or ane trature,
 Off every vyce the plant;
 Gif him the habeit of ane freir,
 The wyvis will trow, withowttin weir, 3315
 He be ane verry sanct.
 I know the cowill and skaipлары
 Generis moir heit nor chertie,
 Thocht thay be blak or blew;
 Quhat halines is thair within 3320
 Ane wolf cled in ane lambis skin?
 Juge ye gif this be trew.
 Sen I haif chaipit this fery fary,
 Adew, I will na langar tary,
 To cummer yow with my clatter; 3325
 Bot I will with ane humill spreit,
 Ga ferve the heremeit of Lawreit,
 And leir him for to flatter.

Gude Counsaile.

Or ye depairt, schir, of this regioun,
 Gif Johine the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun; 3330

Becaufs the commoun weill hes bene ourlukit,
 That is the caufs that Commoun Weill is cruikit;
 With singlar proffeit he hes bene suppryfit,
 That he is naikit, lene and difagyfit.

Correctioun.

As ye haif said, fader, I am content; 3335
 Sariandis, gif Johine ane new abilyement,
 Off fatyne damefs or of velvet fyne,
 And gif him place in to our parliament fyne.

Commoun Weill.

All vertewis pepill now may be reioyfit,
 Sen Commoun Weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun, 3340
 And ignorantis owt of the kirk deposit;
 Devoit doctouris and clerkis of renoun
 Now in the kirk fall haif dominioun,
 And Gud Counsale, with lady Veretie,
 Ar profest with our kingis maiestie. 3345
 Blift be that realme that hes ane prudent king, Fol. 210. a.
 Quhilk dois delyt to heir the veretie,
 Puniffing thame quhilk planely dois maling,
 Contrair the commoun weill and equitie.
 Thair may na pepill haif prosperite, 3350
 Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun,
 And commoun weill by tirrandis strampit down.

Finis.

*Heir I omit the actis maid at this parliament with¹
 the reformation of the Sprituall Estait, becaufs
 the same is prolix, and so passis to the conclusion.*

Dilligence.

Famows pepill, hairtly I yow requair
 This littill sport to tak in patience;

¹ *With* repeated in MS.

We trest in God, leif we ane vder yeir, 3355
 Quhair we haif falit we fall do diligence,
 With moir plefour mak yow gude recompence;
 Becausf we haif bene sumparte tedioufs,
 With mater rude, denude of eloquence,
 And als, perchance, to sum men odioufs. 3360

Adew, we will mak no langar tary,
 Prayand to Jefu Chryft, oure Saluour,
 That, be the requeift of his moder Mary,
 He do preferve this famous awditour.
 Withowt that grittar materis do incure, 3365
 For your plefour we fall devyfe and fport,
 Plefand till every gentill creatour,
 To raifs your fpreitis to plefour and confort.

Now lat ilk man his way awance,
 Lat sum go drink and sum ga dance; 3370
 Menstrallis blaw vp ane brawll of France,
 Lat fee quha hobbillis beft;
 For I will rin incontinent,
 To the taverne or evir I stent;
 I pray to God omnipotent, 3375
 To fend yow all gud rest.

*Heir endis the fhort interludis of Schir David Lyndfayis play
 maid in the Grenfyd befyd Edinburcht in anno 155 yeiris.*

NOTE.—On folio 210b., originally blank in the MS., a later hand has inferted two pieces. *Dantie and dorty to all manis eyes*, two stanzas of 4 lines; *Now, Goffop, I must neids be gon*, 25 lines; and 10 lines of a third, *My Miftres is in Musik passing stailfull*, the continuation (12 lines) being written in at the foot of folio 211a, and (8 lines) at the top of 211b—in all, 5 stanzas of 6 lines. A “Sonet,” *Lyke as the littill Enmet haith hir gall*, of 14 lines, is written in at the foot of 211b. These four pieces will be found in the Appendix.

HEIRE ENDIS THE BUIK OF MIRRY BALLETTIS,
SET FURTH BE DIVERS NEW AND ANCIENT POETTIS.

Fol.211.a.

HEIR FOLLOWIS BALLATIS OF LUVE
 DEYDIT IN FOUR PAIRTIS.
 THE FIRST AR SONGIS OF LUVE;
 THE SECOUND AR CONTEMPTIS OF LUVE
 AND EVILL WEMEN;
 THE THRID AR CONTEMPIS OF EVILL
 FALS VICIUS MEN; AND THE FOURT AR
 BALLATTIS DETESTING OF LUVE
 AND LICHERY.

THE FOURT PAIRT OF THIS BUIK.

To the Reidar.

Fol. 211. b.

HEIR haif ye luvaris ballattis at your will,
 How evir your natur directit is vntill;
 Bot wald ye luve eftir my counfalling,
 Luve first your God aboif all vder thing;
 Nixt as your self, your nichtbur beir gud will.

5

Ballattis of Lufe.

Fol. 212. a.

CLXXXI.

[O, foly Hairt, fetterit in Fantesye.]

Disputatio.

O FOLY hairt, fetterit in fantesye,
 Wincuft with werry wardly wane plefance,
 Compone thy felf and lat thi fychin be,
 Think that this warld is all bot wariance.
 Tak nevir no thing in to remembrance, 5
 That may displeifs thi makar immortail;
 Think quhat he sufferit and keip thyne obfervance,
 Remembir als that thow man die but fail.

Syche for no forrow bot for thi fyn allane,
 Greit for thi gilt thow ma get forgifnaifs; 10
 Sen of thy deid the day is incertane,
 Keip the ay clene fra cryme in every caifs.
 Thow hes no caufs to tak sic havinefs,
 Thairfoir be blyth or thow fall beir the blame;
 Thow fychis fo fair with pane in every plaifs, 15
 That fickerly thow garris me think grit fchame.

Refpontio Cordis.

I may nocht feifs bot fyche, I am fa fair,
 Thairfoir get vp, and tak ane pen, and wryt,
 And all the caifs I fall to the declair,
 Off my peteous and peroles pane perfyt. 20
 I dreid me foir that thow be fund the wyt,
 Corpus. Than in a greif I grathit me to ryfs,
 Quhen I fat down and drefset me to dyt,
 Sychand full foir, my hairt said on this wyfs.

- Cor. Fair weill all joy, and walcum steidfastnes, 25
Evir mair with me for to be mancipait;
My hoip, my haill, is turnit in hawyness;
Thair is no mirth my mynd may recetait,
Sen that my lufe hes left me defolait,
Quhilk I luvit best attour all erdly thing; 30
Thair is nocht wycht in to this warld I wait,
That hes moir caufs to fychen quhen he suld sing.
- That lady leill of wirchep wes the well,
To quhome wes lent sic liberalitie,
That now my wit exceidis for to tell; 35
Amang all vthir scho wes ane a per fe,
Curtas and kynd, full of humilitie,
Bayth gyd and grund of all gud gouernance.
- Corpus. Quhen I hard this, I said, Alace, lat be, 40
Cast out of mynd sic wardlie wane plesance.
- Cair nocht for hir, scho wes ay wnkynd,
Penfyt and prowde, rycht fenyeit and frawdolent;
Cor. Allace, lat be, I wait I know hir mynd;
The for to pleifs scho wes ay deligent, 45 Fol. 212. b.
And sickerlie scho set all hir intent,
To lufe the best about all creatur;
Thairfor me think that thou suld nocht repent,
That chosin hes so trewe a paramour.
- Corpus. To lufe I wet it is bot naturall
Till all mankynd, in youtheid specialie; 50
Bot sen that thou art cheif and principall,
Grantit be God to gowirne thy bodie,
Thou suld the set to scherwe him idently,
And luf him best that bocht the with his blud;
My hart, remembir how deir he cowth by, 55
Quhen he for the wes rent vpoun the rud.

Cor. Thy langege is to me intollerabill,
 Thairfoir I will thow sobir the and heir;
 I lat the wit I am nocht variabill,
 Na nevir fall vnto my lady deir. 60
 I will hir luve quhill I be brocht on beir,
 And mak hir scherwice futhlie incertane;
 Reproif me nocht, for I warne the but weir,
 War scho to luve I wald hir luve agane.

Corpus. Quhen of my hairt, I hard the fynall end, 65
 That schort wald scherwe this foirfaid lady fre;
 I did wrang, me thocht, for to contend,
 Bot I befocht to lat sic fyching be;
 Syne to my hairt I haill confermit me;
 For quhy? I luve that lady in a pairt, 70
 The quhilk wes flour of all faminitie,
 And thus endit my body with my hairt.

Finis.

CLXXXII.

[*Be ye ane Luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld.*]

BE ye ane luvar, think ye nocht ye fuld
 Be weill adwyfit in your gouerning?
 Be ye nocht fa, it will on yow be tauld;
 Bewar thairwith for dreid of misdemyng.
 Be nocht a wreche, nor skerche in your spending, 5
 Be layth alway to do amifs or schame;
 Be rewlit rycht and keip this doctring,
 Be secreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be ye ane lear, that is werft of all,
 Be ye ane tratlar, that I hald als ewill; 10
 Be ye ane janglar, and ye fra vertew fall,
 Be nevir mair on to thir vicis thrall;
 Be now and ay the maiftir of your will,
 Be nevir he that lefing fall proclame;
 Be nocht of langage quhair ye fuld be ftill, 15
 Be fecreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Be nocht abafit for no wicket tung,
 Be nocht fa fet as I haif faid yow heir;
 Be nocht fa lerge vnto thir fawis fung,
 Be nocht our prowde, thinkand ye haif no peir; 20
 Be ye fo wyifs that vderis at yow leir,
 Be nevir he to fklander nor defame;
 Be of your lufe nor prechour as a freir,
 Be fecreit, trew, increffing of your name.

Finis quod Dumbar.

CLXXXIII.

[*Off Luve quhay lyikis to haif Joy.*]

OFF luve quhay lyikis to haif joy or confort, Fol. 213. a.
 Ye man begin and leir this A B C
 Heireftir writtin; quha will it rycht repoint?
 Firft to be courtels, wyifs, gentill and fre,
 Lairge, honeft, gentill, bayth fecreit and preve, 5
 And of him felf na vantour, as I wene.
 Be fobir, trew, and every day lufte,
 And quhair thow luvis fe thow be fenedill fene.

Be nocht our hamely in to prefens,
 Nor yit our wandand in to secreit wifs; 10
 Se all thy deidis be mixt with plesance,
 And quhen thow maj prophir hir thy scherwifs.
 Paynit nocht thy wirdis, se that thow be nocht nifs,
 Speik nocht in termis of clergy;
 Vfe the to rewlis that may the weill suffis, 15
 And, as I trest, thair fall the few denny.

My sone, quhill thow of yowthed hes the flour,
 Yarnand to be of luvis obscherwans,
 Alfwa cheifs the a lusty paramour,
 Fulfillit of gudly gouirnance. 20
 Thow yarnand of hir to haif plefans,
 Wirk by this counfale that I the gif,
 Tak tent to this lair, be ay leill¹ to thi luf.

Gif that I fall the wifs the narrest way,
 Be nocht lang out of hir prefens; 25
 Certis it is futh, I hard men say,
 Is no thing hinderand moir than lang absens.
 Be nocht of wirdis our grit perfluens,
 Nor yit of langage aw thair left,
 In myddill way, thi tung be ay nureft. 30

Se for na thing that thow abasid be,
 In the begynnyng thocht scho wer nevir so nyfs;
 On the first day, and the kepar be fle,
 Ane castell is nocht ay win be geperdyfs;
 Clayth is nocht haldin at the first pryfs. 35
 I say for me, lat ilk man say quhat thai list,
 Quhay weill abidis is abill to speid best.

Gif mony luvaris thi lady will perfew,
 Swa at thow leif nocht in jolefy;
 Scho is the bettir fwa that scho be trew, 40

¹ MS. has *leill and trew*, the two latter words being partially erased.

Non wald hir luve war scho nocht womanly.
Repair nocht till hir ay oppinly,
Bot in all tyme be reddy hir to pleifs,
Howbeit thi hairt thow think fumtyme at weifs.

Be nocht a vantour, gif thow thinkis to speid, 45
For that is haittit of wemen atour all thing;
Harche not, fe thow haif no dreid,
Gif thow hir luf, thow man mak sum conkinning,
For harchenefs dois grit hindering,
Howbeit¹ for luf that thow wald almaist de, 50
Bot reveling mone be first in the.

Fair weill, sweit sone, thow speidis, schir, now or nevir, Fol. 213. b.
Sen I haif teld the all haill my devyfs,
Do my counsale, and fra it nocht dissevir,
For and thow do, certifs, thow art nocht wyfs. 55
Leif hir nocht thocht scho be nevir so he empryfs,
Bot ay be gudly to that gay,
Turne thyne intent quhen that scho wrythis away.

Finis quod Merfar.

CLXXXIV.

[*Luve preysis, but Comparefone.*]

LUVE preysis, but comparefone,
Both² gentill, sempill, generall;
And of fre will gevis warefone,
As fortoun chanfis to befall.

¹ MS. has *Howeit*. ² Originally *Bot*.

For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall, 5
 To bassir men of birth and blud,
 So luve garris fobir wemen small
 Git maistrice our grit men of gud.

Ferme luve for fauour, feir or feid,
 Of riche nor pur to speik fuld spair; 10
 For luve to hienes hes no heid,
 Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air;
 Bot puttis all perfonis in compair,
 This prowerb planely for till preue,
 That men and wemen, lefs and mair, 15
 Ar cumd of Adame and of Eue.

So thocht my lyking wer a led dy,
 And I no lord, yit nocht the lefs
 Scho fuld my ferwyce find als red dy,
 As duke to duches docht him drefs. 20
 For as prowde princely luve exprefs
 Is to haif fouerenitie,
 So ferwice cumis of fymptilnefs,
 And leilest lufe of law degre.

So luvaris lair no leid fuld lak, 25
 A lord to lufe a filly lafs,
 A led dy als for luf to tak
 Ane proper page hir tyme to pafs.
 For quhy? as bricht bene birneist brafs,
 As filuer wrocht at all dewyfs; 30
 And als gud drinking out of glafs,
 As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryfs.

Suld I presume this sedull schaw,
 Or lat me langouris be lamentit,
 Na I effrey for feir and aw, 35
 Hir comlie heid be miscontenttit;

I dar nocht preifs hir to presentit;
 For be scho wreth I will nocht wowit,
 Bot pleifs hir proudens to imprentit,
 Scho may perfaue sum Inglis throw it.

40

Finis quod Scott.

CLXXXV.

[*Sen that I am a Presoneir.*]

SEN that I am a presoneir
 Till hir that fareft is and beft,
 I me commend, fra yeir till yeir,
 In till hir bandoun for to rest.
 I govit on that gudlieft,
 So lang to luk I tuk lafeir,
 Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,
 And led furth as a presoneir.

Fol. 214. a.

5

Hir sweit having, and fresche bewte,
 Hes wondit me but fwerd or lance;
 With hir to go commandit me,
 Ontill the castell of pennance.
 I said, Is this your gouirnance,
 To tak men for thair loking heir?
 Bewty sayis, Ya, fchir, perchance
 Ye be my ladeis presoneir.

10

15

Thai had me bundin to the yet,
 Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay,
 And in deliuerit me thairat,
 And in thir termis can thai say,

20

Do wait, and lat him nocht away.
 Quo Strangnes vnto the porteur,
 Ontill my lady, I dar lay,
 Ye be to pure a presoneir.

Thai keft me in a deip dungeoun, 25
 And fetterit me but lok or cheyne;
 The capitane hecht Comparefone,
 To luke on me he thocht greit deyne.
 Thocht I wes wo I durft nocht pleyne,
 For he had fetterit mony affeir; 30
 With petoufs voce thus cuth I sene,
 Wo is a wofull presoneir.

Langour wes weche vpoun the wall,
 That nevir fleipit bot evir wouke;
 Scorne wes bourdour in the hall, 35
 And oft on me his babill schuke,
 Lukand with mony a dangerous luke.
 Quhat is he yone, that methis ws neir?
 Ye be to townage, be this buke,
 To be my ladeis presoneir. 40

Gud Houp rownit in my eir,
 And bad me baldlie breve a bill;
 With Lawlines he fuld it beir,
 With Fair Scherwice send it hir till.
 I wouk, and wret hir all my will; 45
 Fair Scherwice fur withouttin feir,
 Sayand till hir with wirdis still,
 Haif pety of your presoneir.

Than Lawlines to Petie went, Fol. 214. b.
 And faid till hir in termis schort, 50
 Lat we yone presoneir be schent,
 Will no man do to ws support;

Gar lay ane fege vnto yone fort.
 Than Petie said, I fall appeir;
 Thocht sayis, I hecht, cum¹ I ourthort, 55
 I houp to lowfs the prefoneir.

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,
 And ay the wawart kepit Thocht;
 Luft bur the benner to the wall,
 And Biffines the grit gyn brocht. 60
 Skorne cryis out, sayis, Wald ye ocht?
 Luft sayis, We wald haif entre heir;
 Comparifone sayis, That is for nocht,
 Ye will nocht wyn the prefoneir.

Thai thairin schup for to defend, 65
 And thai thairfurth failyeit ane hour;
 Than Biffines the grit gyn bend,
 Straik down the top of the foir tour.
 Comparifone began to lour,
 And cryit furth, I yow requair, 70
 Soft and fair and do fawour,
 And tak to yow the prefoneir.

Thai fyrit the yettis deliuerly
 With faggottis wer grit and huge;
 And Strangenes, quhair that he did ly, 75
 Wes brint in to the porter luge.
 Lustely thay lakit bot a juge,
 Sik ftraikis and ftychling wes on steir,
 The femelieft wes maid affege,
 To quhome that he wes prefoneir. 80

Thrucht Skornes nofs thai put a prik,
 This he wes banift and gat a blek;
 Comparifone wes erdit quik,
 And Langour lap and brak his nek.

4 G

¹ Indistinct, might be *wun*.

Thai failyeit fast, all the fek, 85
 Luft chafit my ladeis chalmirleir,
 Gud Fame wes drownit in a fek;
 Thus ranfonit thai the presoneir.

Fra Sklandir hard Luft had vndone
 His enemeis, him aganis 90
 Affemblit ane semely fort full sone,
 And raifs and rowttit all the planis.
 His cufing in the court remanis,
 Bot jaloufs folkis and geangleiris,
 And fals Invy that no thing lanis, 95
 Blew out on Luvis presoneir.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king, Fol. 215. a.
 Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit oft,
 And all enermit without lesing
 Chest Sklander to the west se coast. 100
 Than wes he and his lineage loft,
 And Matremony, withowttin weir,
 The band of freindschip hes indoft,
 Betuix Bewty and the presoneir.

Be that of eild wes Gud Famis air, 105
 And cumyne to continwatioun,
 And to the court maid his repair,
 Quhair Matremony than woir the crowne.
 He gat ane confirmationn,
 All that his modir aucht but weir, 110
 And baid still, as it wes refone,
 With Bewty and the presoneir.

Finis.

CLXXXVI.

[*Wald my gud Lady lufe me best.*]

WALD my gud lady lufe me best,
 And wirk eftir my will,
 I fuld ane garmond gudlieft
 Gar mak hir body till.

Off he honour fuld be hir hud, 5
 Vpoun hir heid to weir,
 Garneift with gouirnance fo gud,
 Na demyng fuld hir deir.

Hir fark fuld be hir body nixt,
 Of cheftetie fo quhyt, 10
 With schame and dreid togidder mixt,
 The fame fuld be perfyt.

Hir kirtill fuld be of clene conftance,
 Lafit with lefum lufe,
 The mailyeis of continwance 15
 For nevir to remvfe.

Hir gown fuld be of gudlinefs,
 Weill ribband with renowne,
 Purfillit with plefour in ilk place,
 Furrit with fyne faffoun. 20

Hir belt fuld be of benignitie,
 Abowt hir middill meit;
 Hir mantill of humilitie,
 To tholl bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat fuld be of fair having, 25
 And hir tepat of trewth;

Hir patelet of gud panfing,
Hir hals ribband of rewth.

Hir slevis fuld be of esperance,
To keip hir fra dispair;
Hir gluvis of gud gouirnanee,
To hyd hir fynyearis fair.

Fol. 215. b.

30

Hir schone fuld be of sickernes,
In syne that scho nocht flyd;
Hir hoifs of honestie, I ges,
I fuld for hir provyd.

35

Wald scho put on this garmond gay,
I durst sweir by my seill,
That scho woir nevyr grene nor gray,
That set hir half so weill.

40

*Finis of the Garmont of gud Ladeis.
Quod Maistyr Robert Henryfoun.¹*

CLXXXVII.

[*Was nocht gud King Salamon.*]

WAS nocht gud king Salamon
Reuifit in findry wyifs,
With every lufely paragon,²
Glifteryng befor his eis?
Gif this be trew, trew as it wafs, lady, lady,
Suld nocht I scherwe yow, allace, my fair lady?

5

Quhen Paris wes inamorit
Of Helena, dame bewteis speir,

¹ The author's name has been afterwards added.

² Altered to *very lufe of paragon*.

Than Venus first him promifit
To venter on and nocht for to feir; 10
Quhat sturdie stormes indurit he, lady, lady,
To wyn hir lufe, or it wald be, my deir lady.

Knaw ye nocht how Troyelus
Wanderit and lost his joy,
With faitis and fyveris mervalous, 15
For Cresseid fair that dwelt in Trow?
Till petie plantit intill hir breift, lady, lady,
Till sleip with him and grant him rest, my deir lady.

I reid sumtyme, how venterous
Leander wes his luf to pleifs, 20
Quho fwame the watteris perraloufs,
Of Abedon thais furgane feis,
Till cum till hir thair at scho lay, lady, lady,
Quhair he wes drownit by the way, my deir lady.

How fay ye than be Peramous, 25
That promifit his luf for to meit,
Quho fand, be fortoun mervalous,
Ane bludy clayth befoir his feit?
For Tifbeis faik him self he flew, lady, lady,
To pruve he wes ane luvar trew, my deir lady. 30

Hercules for Ectione
Murderit ane monsteir fell,
He pot him self in jepordie, Fol. 216. a.
Perrelus as the story dois tell;
Refkewand hir vpoun the schoir, lady, lady, 35
Or els be chance had deid thairfoir, my deir lady.

Annaxerat fo¹ bewtyfull,
Quhome Kiphis did behold and se,

¹ Altered to *the*.

With fychis and fobbis petifull,
 That peragon lang wowit he; 40
 And quhene he culd nocht win hir so, lady, lady,
 He went and he hangit him felf for wo, my deir lady.

Off all thir maiteris mervalus,
 Gud ladeis, yit I can tell yow moir;
 The goddis hes bene full amorus, 45
 Off¹ Jupiter by lernit loir;
 Twyifs on the day his chop² thai schred, lady, lady,
 To cum till Alcumenois bed, my deir lady.

Gif bewty breidis sic blisfulnes,
 In amoring of God and man, 50
 Gud ladeis, lat nocht wilfullnes
 Exuperat your bewteis than;
 To slay the hairt ye yeild and craif, lady, lady,
 Ye grant thame your gud willis to haif, my deir lady.

Gif³ all thir wechtis of wurdines, 55
 Indiuorit sic panis to tak,
 With wailyeant deidis and sturdines,
 Inventing for thair ladeis faik,
 Quhy fuld nocht I, pur fempill man, lady, lady,
 Lawbour and scherwe yow the best that I can, my deir lady? 60

*Finis, quod ane Inglifman.*⁴

CLXXXVIII.

[*For to declair the he Magnificens.*]

FOR to declair the he magnificens,
 And grit bountie that in to ladeis is,

¹ In MS. altered to *As*. ² Afterwards altered to *schop*.
³ Originally *Now gif*. ⁴ *Quod ane Inglifman* has been inferted afterwards.

The wurdines and verteus excellens,
 The lawd, the brut, the bewty, and the blifs,
 My barbir tung is vnworthy, I wiſs;
 Bot nocht the les my pen I will apply,
 To ſay the futh, thocht eloquens I miſs,
 Off femenene the fame to fortefie.

5

Thocht ald dotaris addreſſit thair delyt,
 To dyt of ladeis defamatioun,
 Wa wirthe wycht ſuld fet his appetyt,
 To reid ſic rollis of reprobatioun;
 Bot titar mak plane proclamatioun,
 To gaddir all ſic bybillis befely,
 And in the fyre mak thair locatioun,
 Off famenye the fame to fortefie.

10

15

For quho ſo liſt the rycht for to reherſs,
 To gloir humane thai mak habilitie;
 Quhen men ar ſad at thame ſolace thai ferſs,
 As habitaklis of all humilitie;
 Thai bring grit weiris to tranquillitie,
 Malis of men thai meis and pacefy,
 To ſaul and bodeis bayth vtilitie;
 Thairfoir all men thair fame ſuld fortefie.

Fol. 216. b.

20

Thocht ane perfone had paciabile to ſpend,
 All mychttis movit within the mappamond
 Wanting wemenis weifair wer at end;
 Without thair confort cair ſuld him confound.
 Quhair ladeis abydis blifs dois ay abound,
 And quhair thai fle felicitie gois by,
 But thair ſolace no ſege may be found,
 Thairfoir all men thair fame ſuld fortefy.

25

30

Sen God hes grantit thame ſic gudlinas,
 And formit thame eftir ſa fyn faſſioun,

Syne put fa blumyng bewty in thair face, 35
 Quhy fuld nocht men hald thame of he renown?
 Sene God hes gevin thame fa grit guerdoun,
 With sic meiknes done thame magnifie,
 Quhi fuld men mak to thame comparefone,
 Bot our allquhair thair fames to fortiefie? 40

Off Mary myld, the maid immaculat,
 To fortiefie of famenene the fame,
 Christ wes incarnat and incorporat,
 And nureift nyn monethis in hir wame;
 And eftir borne, and bocht ws fra the blame 45
 Of Baliiall, that brint ws bittirly;
 That onlie aēt faivis thame all fra schame,
 And our allquhair thair fame dois fortify.

Ladeis thai ar of excelland valour,
 Ladeis ar ding to haif auctoritie, 50
 Ladeis ar clene of confortand cullour,
 Ladeis ar wyifs and full of veritie;
 Ladeis ar cheft and full of cheritie,
 Ladeis ar menis perradice erdly,
 Ladeis ar plantit full of puritie; 55
 Thairfoir all men thair fame fuld fortiefie.

War all the erd papir and perchmyne,
 And pennis wer all treis, herbis and flouris,
 And all the sternis in the lift dois schyne,
 War in this erd moift ornat oratouris, 60
 The fe wer ynk, with frefche fludis and schouris;
 All wer to small ane buk to edify,
 For to contene of ladeis the honouris,
 And faētis that thair fame dois fortiefie.

Finis quod Stewart.



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THE

BANNATYNE MS

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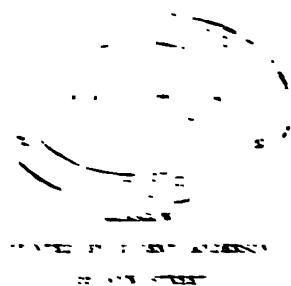
THE
BANNATYNE
MANUSCRIPT

COMPILED BY
GEORGE BANNATYNE .

1568

PART V

PRINTED FOR THE HUNTERIAN CLUB
MDCCCLXXIX



THE BANNATYNE MS.

CONTENTS.

PART V.

	PAGE
CLXXXIX.—My Hairt is loft onlie for Lufe of one, .	617
CXC.—Quhen I think on my Lady deir, .	618
CXCI.—The Bewty of hir amorus Ene, .	620
CXCII.—Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth, .	621
CXCIII.—The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid, .	622
CXCIV.—To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt, .	623
CXCV.—Maist ameyn Rosier, gracious and replendent. Quod Stewart, .	625
CXCVI.—Frefche fragrant Flour of Bewty fouerane, .	626
CXCVII.—O, Maistres myn, till yow I me commend, .	628
CXCVIII.—In to my Hairt imprentit is fo foir, .	629
CXCIX.—Off Lufe and Trewth with lang continwans, .	630
CC.—Of every Joy most joyfull Joy it is, .	632
CCI.—Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines, .	634
CCII.—Bayth gud, and fair, and womanlie, .	635
CCIII.—Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May, .	636
CCIV.—My Hairt is thrall, begone me fro, .	637
CCV.—Ma Commendationis with Humilitie, .	639
CCVI.—My forufull Pane and Wo for to complene, .	641
CCVII.—O Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene? .	643
CCVIII.—Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo, .	645
CCIX.—Allace, depairting Grund of Wo, .	646
CCX.—In May in a Morning, I movit me one, .	647
CCXI.—My wofull Werd complene I may rycht foir, .	649
CCXII.—Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo, .	651
CCXIII.—O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element, .	651

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CCXIV.—Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra, .	653
CCXV.—O, Maiftres myld, haif Mynd on me, .	654
CCXVI.—Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairtis hail, .	655
CCXVII.—Wald my gud Ladye that I luif, .	656
CCXVIII.—Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour, .	659
CCXIX.—Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht, .	660
CCXX.—O, lufy May, with Flora Quene, .	664
CCXXI.—All for Ane is my Mane, .	665
CCXXII.—Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene, .	665
CCXXIII.—Gif ye wald Lufe and luvit be, .	667
CCXXIV.—The Song of Troyelus. Quod Chaufair, .	668
CCXXV.—As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane. Quod Bannatyne, .	669
CCXXVI.—My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blifs, .	671
CCXXVII.—Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid, .	672
CCXXVIII.—No Woundir is althocht my Hairt be Thrall, .	674
CCXXIX.—My Trewth is plicht vnto my Lufe benyng. Quod Fethy, .	676
CCXXX.—Lanterne of Lufe, and Lady fair of Hew. Quod Steill, .	677
CCXXXI.—Hence, Hairt, with hir that moft depairte. Quod Scott, .	678
CCXXXII.—The Anfschir to Hairtis. Quod Scott, .	680
CCXXXIII.—Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt. Quod Scott, .	681
CCXXXIV.—It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill. Quod Scott, .	683
CCXXXV.—Absent I am rycht foir aganis my Will. [Quod Steill], .	685
CCXXXVI.—I wilbe plane, and Lufe affane. Quod Scott, .	686
CCXXXVII.—Only to yow in Erd that I lufe best. Quod Scott, .	686
CCXXXVIII.—My dullit Corfs dois hairtly recommend, .	688
CCXXXIX.—O, lufy Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht, .	689
CCXL.—Sueit Hairt, fen I your Freind only wes ay, .	691
CCXLI.—My Hairt, repoifs the and the rest, .	691

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CCXLII.—Rycht as the Glafs bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis,	693
The Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen,	694
CCXLIII.—I marvell of thir vane, fantaftik Men. Quod Weddirburne,	694
CCXLIV.—Vp, helfum Hairt, thy Rutis rais and lowp. Quod Scott,	702
CCXLV.—Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles,	703
CCXLVI.—Gife Langour makis Men licht. Quod King Hary Stewart,	706
CCXLVII.—How fuld my febill Body fure? Quod Scott,	707
CCXLVIII.—Ane Laid may lufe ane Leddy of Eftait,	709
CCXLIX.—Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me. Quod Scott,	710
CCL.—Panfing in Hairt with Spreit opprest. Quod Fethe,	711
CCLI.—Depairte, depairte, depairte! Quod Scott,	713
CCLII.—That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir. Quod Scott,	715
CCLIII.—So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd,	716
CCLIV.—Oppreffit Hairt indure. Quod Scott,	718
CCLV.—Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone. Quod Scott,	720
CCLVI.—Thocht I in grit Distrefs. Quod Scott,	722
CCLVII.—Quhat art thou, Lufe, for till allow?	723
CCLVIII.—Lamenting foir my Weird and biffy Cure,	725
CCLIX.—In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht Natur derekis Reft,	726
CCLX.—The moir I luve and ferf at all my Mycht,	727
CCLXI.—Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht,	728
Ballatis of Remedy of Luve,	730
CCLXII.—Remeidis of Luve,	730
CCLXIII.—I am as I am and fo will I be,	731
CCLXIV.—Langour to leive, allace. Quod Scott,	733
CCLXV.—Favour is fair, in Luvis lair. Quod Scott,	735
CCLXVI.—Thir lenterne Dayis ar lovely lang. Quod Stewart,	736
CCLXVII.—Returne the, Hairt, hamewart agane. Quod Alexander Scott,	737
CCLXVIII.—Quhen ye wer plefit to pleifs me hertfully,	739

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CCLXIX.—Quhy fowld I luve, bot gif I war luvit?	739
CCLXX.—Irkit I am with langum Luvis Lair. Quod Montgomery,	739
CCLXXI.—I mvse and mervellis in my Mynd. Quod Scott,	741
CCLXXII.—Fane wald I luve, but quhair abowt? [Quod Clerk],	744
CCLXXIII.—In June the Jem of Joy and Geme. Quod Scott,	746
CCLXXIV.—Thair is nocht ane Winche that I se,	747
CCLXXV.—To luve vnluvit it is ane Pane. Quod Scott,	748
CCLXXVI.—My Hart is quhyt, and no delyte I haif of Ladeis fair,	749
CCLXXVII.—In all this Warld no Man may wit,	751
CCLXXVIII.—Schort Epegrammis aganis Women,	753
CCLXXIX.—This Work quha fa fall fie or reid. Quod Chaufeir,	755
CLXXX.—Bruthir, be wyifs, I reid yow now. Quod Sir Johine Moffett,	758
CCLXXXI.—My Luve was fals and full of Flattry. Quod Weddirburne,	760
CCLXXXII.—Thir Ladyis fair that makis Repair. Quod Dumbar,	762
CCLXXXIII.—The Vfe of Court richt weil I knaw, Ballatis aganis Evill Wemen,	764
CCLXXXIV.—The beiftly Luft, the furius Appetyt,	765
CCLXXXV.—Devyce, Proves and eik Humilitie. Quod Chawfeir,	766
CCLXXXVI.—O, wicket Wemen, wilfull and variable. Quod Chaucer,	768
CCLXXXVII.—Aganis Mariage of evill Wyvis,	769
CCLXXXVIII.—Commonyng betuix the Mester and the Heure,	771
CCLXXXIX.—Off Luve,	773
CCXC.—Furth ouer the Mold at morrow as I ment. Quod Stewart,	774

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CCXCI.—Ane vthir Ballat of Vnposibilitieis compaird to the Trewth of Wemen in Luve,	776
CCXCII.—Ane vthir Ballat of Vnposibilitieis,	777
CCXCIII.—My Hairt is gone, Confort is none,	779
CCXCIV.—Ane aigit Man twyfs fourty Yeiris. Quod Kennedy,	780
Ballatis of the Prayifs of Wemen, and to the Reproche of vicious Men,	782
CCXCV.—Allace, so fobir is the Micht. Quod Merfar,	782
CCXCVI.—The Lettre of Cupeid. Quod Chauffeir,	783
CCXCVII.—All tho that lift of Wemen evill to speik. Quod Chauffeir,	799
CCXCVIII.—Ladeis be war that plesand ar. Quod Scott,	804
CCXCIX.—For to declair the he Magnificens. Quod Stewart,	805
CCC.—Thir Billis ar brevit to Birdis in speciall. Quod Merfar,	808
CCCI.—Now of Wemen this I say for me. Quod Dumbar,	809
CCCII.—I think thir Men ar verry fals and vane. Quod Weddirburne,	810
CCCIII.—Fra Raige of Yowth the Rynk hes rune,	814
The Contempt of blyndit Luve,	816
CCCIV.—Quha will behald of Luve the Chance. Quod Dumbar,	816

CLXXXIX.

[*My hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one.*]

MY hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one; Fol.217.a.
 Foir laik of speche and all for schamefulness,
 I dar nocht speik my purpois to propone,
 Nor wat nocht how my purpois how till drefs.
 Speik I to hir, and scho be maircilefs, 5
 And nocht do denye agane to speik to me,
 Than haif I tynt my speiking moir and lefs;
 Onsped speche bettir vnspokin be.

I dar nocht speik, in dreid that scho dispyt
 My rurall termes, and say I do bot raif; 10
 And speik I nocht vnto my lady quhyt,
 Without speche hir luf I can nocht haif.
 Bot gif I speik, quhat can I of hir craif?
 I spair to speik for laik of eloquens;
 And scho but speche my synis cuth perfaif, 15
 I wald not speik to hir magnificens.

Fayne wald I speik and speiking mycht awaill,
 And scho for speiking wald speik to me agane;
 I spair to speik for spilling of my taill,
 Than I my speiking spendit hes in vane. 20
 To speik and speid nocht it is ane leftand pane;
 How fall I speik? I dar nocht speik for dreid;
 Be it gud or evill to speik to me agane,
 Yit fall I speik, vnspokin can nocht speid.

Quhat fall I speik, sen I mon speik on forfs, 25
 To hir that is of speche most eloquent?
 I fall speik how that my cairfull corfs,
 Throw laik of speche, is day and hour torment,

Becaus I can nocht speik to hir my haill intent,
 For laik of speche and ornat termis plane; 30
 Beseikand hir with speiking reuerent,
 That scho wald speik to confort me agane.

Finis quod 1.

CXC.

[*Quhen I think on my Lady deir.*]

QUHEN I think on my lady deir,
 War nocht Gud Hoip, I wald be schent;
 Sic panis to me thair can appeir,
 That I nocht wait quhair I fall went.
 To bowne me than our busk and bent, 5
 It is non but for all my beir;
 So am I vexit² in myne entent,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

Than is thair non to confort me,
 Quhen I am standand in that stage; 10
 Suppois I wer in point till de,
 Thair is nocht wrey in wardlie wrege.
 To rug me than out of that rege
 Thay cumis Gud Hoip with lachand cheir,
 And biddis me lat all sorrowis fwage, 15
 Quhen I think on my lady deir.

How fall I lat all sorrowis fefs? Fol. 217. .
 Gud Hoip, I pray the, tell me this;
 My lady may my corfs increfs,
 And all my hell turne vntill blifs. 20

¹ Blank in MS. ² *Vexit* has had the pen drawn through it.

I may be mad quhen I hir mis;
Suppois I wald this is no weir,
How my thow fra this warld me wifs,
Quhen I think on my lady deir.

Yit fall I wifs the fra this way, 25
Sa thow tak heid vnto my lair;
Gif that thow luvis ane lady gay,
Si thow be nevir in dispair.
Suppois that scho be nevir so fair,
Yit may thow fang hir to thi feir; 30
Thairfoir be blyth bayth lait and air,
Quhen thow thinkis on thi lady deir.

Oft tyme hes bene hard and fene
Ane loird hes luvit ane las full weill,
And eik a laid ane lady scheyne, 35
So luf of fortoun turnis hir quheill.
Suppois ane fremmit fair thow feill,
Yit in hir scherwice perfeveir;
Suppois that scho be stif as steill,
Yit fall thow win thi lady deir. 40

Gif thow luvis hir, and scho nocht the,
With wifdome yit thow may hir win,
Thocht scho be cumd of grit degre,
And thow be cumin of sempill kin.
Se in hir scherwice thow nocht blin, 45
Bot ay be curtas to that cleir,
And fa¹ that gentrice be hir within,
Sa fall thou win thi lady deir.

Now to Gud Hoip I gif my hand,
That I fall luf my lady best; 50
Quhair evir I fair our fe or land,
My hairt with hir fall evir moir rest.

¹Altered by another hand to *gif*.

Syne do to me as evir fcho left,
 For I am hiris quhill I am heir;
 For in that fre my fayth is fast,
 Quhen I think on my lady deir. 55

Finis.

CXCI.

[*The Bewty of hir amorus Ene.*]

THE bewty of hir amorus ene,
 Quhen I behald my lady bricht,
 Dois perfs my hairt with dairtis kene,
 I am so rest be luvis nicht.
 Rest man I nocht day nor nycht, 5
 My hairt is so in hir scherwice,
 Quhilk is the verry lantrene lycht,
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

Scho is the preclair portratour,
 Fulfillit with all lustinefs, Fol. 218. a.
 Of puchritud the fair figour, 10
 The mirrour eik of all meiknefs.
 The verry stapill of steidfastnefs,
 Off flurist fame the strang pavice;
 Scho is the gem of gentilnefs, 15
 Off womanheid ane flour delice.

Now, fen I am hir scheruitoure,
 And flurist in my yeiris grene,
 I treft I do to lang indure,
 That will nocht schaw my karis kene. 20

This to my lady will I mene,
That I so lufe without fantice;
Scho is my souerene and ferene,
Off womanheid the flour delice.

Finis.

CXCII.

[*Quhen Flora had ourfret the Firth.*]

QUHEN Flora had ourfret the firth,
In May of every moneth quene;
Quhen merle and mavifs fingis with mirth,
Sueit melling in the schawis schene;
Quhen all luvaris reiofit bene, 5
And moft defyrus of thair pray;
I hard a lufte luvar mene,
I lue bot I dar nocht affay.

Strang ar the panis I daylie prufe,
Bot yit with pacience I fustene, 10
I am fo fetterit with the lufe
Onlie of my lady schene,
Quhilk for hir bewty mycht be quene,
Natour fa craftely alwey
Hes done depaint that sweit ferene; 15
Quhome I luf I dar nocht affay.

Scho is fo brycht of hyd and hew,
I lufe bot hir allone I wene;
Is non hir luf that may efchew,
That blenkis of that dulce amene; 20

So cumly cleir at hir twa ene,
 That scho ma luvaris dois effrey,
 Than evir of Grice did fair Helene;
 Quhom I luv I dar nocht affay.

Finis.

CXCIII.

[*The Well of Vertew, and Flour of Womanheid.*]

THE well of vertew, and flour of womanheid,
 And patrone vnto patiens;
 Lady of lawty, bayth in word and deid,
 Rycht sobir, fweit, full meik of eloquens,
 Bayth gud and fair; to your magnificens 5
 I me commend, as I haif done befoir,
 My fempill hairt for now and evir moir.

For evir moir I fall yow scherwice mak, Fol. 218. b.
 Syne, of befoir, in to my mynd I maid;
 Sen first I knew your ladischip, but lak, 10
 Bewty, yowth of womanheid ye had,
 Withouttin rest my hairt cowth nocht evad.
 Thus am I youris, and evir sensyne hes bene
 Commandit be your gudly twa fair ene.

Your twa fair ene makis me oft fyifs to sing, 15
 Your twa fair ene makis me to fycht also,
 Your twa fair ene makis me grit conforting,
 Your twa fair ene is wycht of all my wo,
 Your twa fair ene may no man keip thame fro,
 Withouttin rest, that gettis a fycht of thame; 20
 This of all vertew were ye now the name.

Ye beir the name of gentilnes of blud,
 Ye beir the name that mony for yow deis,
 Ye bair the name ye ar bayth fair and gud,
 Ye beir the name that faris than yow seis; 25
 Ye beir the name fortoun and ye aggreis,
 Ye beir the name of landis of lenth and breid,
 The well of vertew and flour of womanheid.

Finis.

CXCIV.

[To yow that is the Harbre of my Hairt.]

TO yow that is the harbre of my hairt,
 And creatour in quhome my confort lyis,
 Unfenyeandlie with hairtlie lufe mvvart,
 I me commend ten hundreth thowfand fyis;
 Befeikand yow in my maift humill wyifs, 5
 Ye wald difdane to vefy this fcripture,
 Direct fra me, your hummill fcheruitur;

Quhilk luvis yow withowttin variance,
 Attour all leid that levis or de may,
 And thocht my body mak diffeuerance 10
 Fra yow, with yow my hairt remanis ay.
 Allace, fweit hairt, I wait nocht quhat I fay,
 Bot foir I dowt ye tak to littill cure
 Of my grit pyne that is your fcheruitour.

I dwell in dolour quhill the day be gone, 15
 And on the nycht I tak na manar of reft,

Bot to and fro lamenting myne allone;
 Thinkand on yow, the fareft and the beft,
 Maift womanlie, and eik the wirthieft,
 That is or wes formit be dame Nature; 20
 Allace, do grace, and faif your fcheruiture.

Allace, grant grace your fcheruiture to faif,
 Sen in your face fo grit grace dois appeir;
 Delay nocht grace quhill I be gone to graif,
 For fall that cace I by your grace to deir. 25 Fol. 219. a.
 I haif your fcheruand bene this mony yeir,
 Yarnyng na fee thairfoir to recure,
 Bot onlie grace to faif your fcheruiture.

And thocht ye will na mercy of me haif,
 Bot as your bund in balis evir bynd, 30
 I dar weill fay, fo Chrift my faull mot faif,
 Ane trewar fcherwand fall ye nevir fynd.
 Bot now, allace, trew men ar now left behynd,
 With forow flane and fend to sapulture,
 As falbe fene on me, your fcheruiture. 35

Heirfoir, fueit hairt, fum gudlie anfuering
 Of this fedull I yow befeik to fend,
 Quhilk of my cair may be fum conforting,
 And medecyne my melody to amend.
 Wryt quhat ye will, I fall it keip vnkend 40
 Full cloifs fra ony cristiane criature,
 Except my self, your faythfull fcheruiture.

Finis.

CXC.V.

[*Maiſt ameyn Roſier, gracious and reſplendent.*]

MAIST ameyn roſier, gracious and reſplendent,
 Excedand trew, benyng and verteus,
 Fragrant olif, violat rubicumbent,
 To man¹ fycht is wondir gratiouſs.
 Hir benyng luk, with blenkis amorus, 5
 Perfis my hairt, that ſoir I fycht oft ſyis,
 Bot for remeid my wit can nocht devyiſs.

Hir criſtall ene, all forgit with delyt,
 Surmonting topatioun, annamalit celicall,
 Hir courtlie corſs, of portratour perfytt, 10
 Hes me becumyn hir ſcheruand and hir thrall.
 Scho to my fycht is gudlieft of all,
 That evir I ſaw fulfillit of grace;
 That I² hir knew I joy, and ſayis allace,

My wittis fyve ar vnſufficient 15
 Hir bewty brycht ſhortlie to declair;
 Bayth hummill, amiable and fobir of intent,
 Wyiſs and diſcreit, degeſt and debonair;
 Off womanheid and vertew exemplair;
 And gif hir gudnas may be comprehendit, 20
 Be manis wit may na thing be amendit.

Conſtant of wit, excellent of bewtie,
 Exceding vthiris in hir gouirnance,
 Woyd of all pryd, full of humilitie,
 Prudent of ſpeche, but vice or variance; 25
 My hairt is hirris with all obſcheruans.
 A world of wiſdome appeiris in hir face, Fol. 219. b.
 He is at eiſs that ſtandis in hir grace.

4 I

¹ Altered afterwards to *mens*. ² *Evir* has here been deleted.

Chrif, fen fcho knew, fo trew as I hir lufe,
 And fyne wald rew, adew all fyt for ay; 30
 My hairt to play, ilk day wer fet abufe,
 Fra hir behufe, remvfe my wit away;
 Sall nevir ane attane the deth but weir,
 For war fcho gane, wer nane to me fo deir.

Finis quod Stewart.

CXCVI.

[Frefche fragrant Flour of Bewty fouerane.]

FRESCHÉ fragrant flour of bewty fouerane,
 My hummill fcheruice tak nocht in difdane,
 Bot me accep to be your fcheruiture,
 That in your cur with cair cotidiane
 My spreit as thrall is fetterit to remane, 5
 That but your grace my life may nocht indur,
 Your fycht hes flane my corfs without recure;
 But your remeid my lawbour is in vane,
 That luvis yow beft abuve all creature;

 And evir fall withouttin fenyeing; 10
 To quhome my hairt I fend in gournyng,
 Wondit with dreid, abyding the confort
 Of yow, my luf, maift bowfum and benyng;
 Quhois cristall ene, vnto my mynd rolling,
 Reuellis my pane, but folace or repoint. 15
 Refsaif to grace your fcherwand, I exhort,
 For and ye lift to mak me conforting,
 All my difeifs war turnit in difpoint.

Moir amorus wes nevir erdlie wicht,
 Be natur wrocht of plesand bewty bricht, 20
 Quhome to behald ane hevin is of delyt,
 Of womanheid the mirroure schynand lycht;
 Quhilk is the rute of my remembrance rycht;
 Joyand my spreit the verteus to indyt
 Of yow, lady, the spectakle perfyte, 25
 Of all this world apperand to my fycht;
 I may nocht left your lufe and ye me nyt.

Go, littill bill, and be my aduocat
 Onto my lady best modestiat;
 Bid hir haif rewth vpoun hir luvar trew, 30
 And mak hir hairt with mercy mytigat.
 For in hir lufe I am so laqueat,
 That I may nocht enchange hir for no new;
 I may forthink that evir I hir knew;
 To me in mynd and scho be indurat, 35
 All erdlie joy for evir moir adew.

Beseik that schene with hummill reuerence
 The to reffaif, and haif remembrance Fol.220.a.
 On me, hir scheruand, subiect and hir thrall,
 That of my wo scho haif compaciencie, 40
 Quhilk nevir did hir falt nor yit offence;
 Bot evir bowfum, obeyand to hir call,
 In word and deid hes bene, and evir moir fall,
 With hairt and mynd and all obeyfance,
 Go thi for grace yow instantlie call. 45

Say also to that gudlie fair and fresche,
 Of all my panis scho may me weill relefche,
 With breif in bill or bodwart fend agane,
 Quhilk mycht releif me of my havinefs,
 My plungit corfs, that dalie in distrefs, 50

That on hir grace fall evir moir remane,
 That merciles, hir scheruand be nocht flane;
 Quhilk, and scho do, hir fame fall evir decrefs,
 In hurt and hindering of hir gud name.

Bot wo wer me that it suld so betyd, 55
 That scho thairthrow suld be cald ane homicyd;
 Thairfoir do grace and be nocht obstinat,
 Without scho do scho will be notifyd
 A manflaar, and thairfoir ratefyd.
 Bot, O allace, be nocht so indurat, 60
 With mercy mak your malice mitigiat;
 I ask bot grace, quhilk nocht suld be denyd,
 For scheruice done vnto your hie estait.

Adew, fair weill, my lustre lady fueit,
 Adew, my seill, and confort of my spreit, 65
 Als trew as steill I salbe to your grace;
 Adew my joy and paramour compleit;
 My hairt with noy, bot gif ye iust decreit,
 Will me distroy throw amouris of your face.
 Adew my hairt, the flour of lustinece, 70
 Quhen we depairt with sorow fone I meit
 With panis smart and sychis cald, allace.

Finis.

CXCVII.

[*O Maistres myn, till yow I me commend.*]

O, MAISTRES myn, till yow I me commend,
 All haill my hairt sen that ye haif in cure,

For, but your grace, my lyfe is neir the end,
Now lat me nocht in danger me endure.
Off lyifyk lufe suppois I be sure,
Quhay wat na God may me sum succur send,
Than for your lufe quhy wald ye I forfure?
O, maiftres myn, till yow I me commend.

5

The wynttir nycht ane hour I may nocht fleip
For thocht of yow, bot tumland to and fro,
Me think ye ar in to my armys fueit,
And quhen I walkyn ye ar so far me fro.
Allace, allace, than walkynnis my wo,
Than wary I the tyme that I¹ yow kend;
War nocht Gud Hoip, my hairt wald birft in two;
O, maiftres myn, till yow I me commend.

10

Fol. 220. b.

15

Sen ye ar ane that hes my hairt alhaill,
Without fenyeing I may it nocht genftand;
Ye ar the bontie blifs of all my baill,
Bayth lyfe and deth standis in to your hand.
Sen that I am fair bunding in your band,
That nycht or day I wait nocht quhair to wend,
Lat me anis fay that I your freindschip fand;
O, maiftres myn, till yow I me commend.

20

Finis.

CXCVIII.

[*In to my Hairt emprentit is so soir.*]

IN to my hairt emprentit is so soir
Hir fchap, hir forme, and eik hir feymlinefs,

¹ / has been afterwards inserted.

Hir port, hir cheir, hir gudnas mair and mair;
 Hir womanheid and eik hir gentilnefs,
 Hir trewth, hir fayth and alfo hir meiknefs, 5
 With all verteous iche fet in his degre,
 Thair is no lak bot onlie pete.

Hir fad demyng of will nocht variable,
 Off luk benyng and rut of all plefans,
 And exampillair to all that bene stable, 10
 Discreit, prudent, of wifdome fufficiens;
 Mirrour of wit, grund of gud gouirnans,
 A warld of bewty compasit in hir face,
 Quhois prefent luk did throcht my hart glace.

Quhat wondir is than thocht I be with dreid, 15
 Inly fuppoysit for to askin grace
 Of hir, that is a quene of womanheid?
 For weill I wat, that in fo he a place,
 I will nocht be in difpair in no caice,
 Bot fuffir lawly thus that I indure, 20
 Till fcho of pietie tak me in hir cure.

Finis.

CXCIX.

[*Off Lufe and Trewth with lang Continwans.*]

OFF lufe and trewth with lang continwans,
 All may ye luvaris cum leir at me,
 That nevir a wicht had confort nor plefans,
 In warld to think nor yit behald with e,

In that intent to turne fra hir bewty, 5
That evir I had and hes my hairt compleit,
Sen first I saw that womanlie and fweit.

Nowthir for joy, nor scherp aduerfitie,
Nor for disdane, dreid, danger nor dispair,
For lyfe, for deth, for wo, for destany, 10
For blifs, for baill, for confort nor for cair, Fol.221.a.
For chance of fortoun turnand heir and thair,
For hir fall nevir turne my plane hairt trew,
Quhat I suffir of sorow, auld or new.

My faythfull hairt returne fra hir fall nevir 15
Vnto no vddir lady vpoun life,
Quhilk but ganekalling I gif hir for evir,
With haill consent of all my wittis fyfe;
Quhill dethis rege vnto the rut me ryfe,
Thair fall no vthir in to this warld, but dreid, 20
Depairt me fra the flour of womanheid.

For weill I wet that natur hes me wrocht
To wirfchep hir abone all erdlie wicht,
And for that caus hes in this warld bene brocht,
To be hir scheruand fassit ay but flycht; 25
Hir frefche effeir and hevinlie bewty bricht,
To confidder and for to discrif,
And for to luf hir leill in all my life.

Thocht I suld de for trew luse of that wicht,
I fall hir luf onlie withowttin mo, 30
That for to fle my hairt it hes nocht micht,
Bot with that wicht to byd and brist in wo.
God grant that I to graif befoir hir go,
For of this warld fra scho tak leif to fair,
The joy of it fair weill for evir mair. 35

The lord of luf I thank, ane thowfand fyifs
 My faythfull hairt hes fet so fad and foun,
 Vnto hir most fair, most womanlie and wyifs,
 That natur wrocht in to this warld so round.
 Weill fair that wicht that gaif so fweit a foun,
 Thairwith sic plefans in to my hairt went,
 That I neir flane wes with my awin confent. 40

The figurat dairt, invennomit with blifs,
 Forgit with lufe and fedderit with delyt,
 Withowttin waine hes wondit me I wifs,
 The harme of quhilk will nevir moir be quyrt;
 Quhois grundin point vnto my hairt did wryt
 In to my mynd evir in remembrans,
 Off lufe and trewth with lang continwans. 45

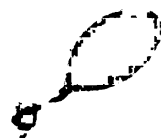
Finis.

CC.

[*Off every Joy most joyfull Joy it is.*]

OFF every joy most joyfull joy it is,
 In leill luvng ay leftand life to leid,
 And of all sorrow most sorowfull sorow I wifs,
 Off fueit amouris the felony and feid,
 With dully dartis and dwammis war no deid;
 I fay as one vnworthy thocht I be,
 That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me. Fol. 221. b. 5

I fay allace, that evir I faw that fycht,
 Quhair I haif fet my hairt so foley foir,
 For to remoif frome thame I haif nocht mycht,
 Bot in her bandone lyis bundin moir and moir; 10



Bot weilis me I haif remeid thairfoir,
On hir to louk and think on hir bewty;
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me.

I fay allace, for forow and for pane, 15
That I am within danger and dispair,
Bot weillis me I haif remeid agane,
My fayth is fest on ane both gud and fair;
Of bontie bewtie that is the flour and air,
Quhilk reft fra me myne hairt owt of myne e; 20
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I fay allace, for joy and forow bland,
Vmquhile I fych and vmquhile I fing,
Quhyllome I fit and vthir quhyllis I stand,
Vmquhill I lawche and quhill I weip and wring, 25
Quhyll hait, quhyll cald, that lathis my luving;
Quhairfoir I haif refone to fay perde,
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

I fay allace, for dreid my lady be
Withon moir rik arreiftit be the renye, 30
Bot, God of his grace, gif I wer fet and he,
In feild to wyn and weld withowttin fenye,
And nevir the les suppois fchow nocht dedenye
On me to luk, I fall hir luvar be;
That evir I luvit, allace, and welis me. 35

I fay allace, for evir I waill in wo,
Nor of my wit quhen I fall fra hir wend,
My wofull hairt neir will depairte in two,
For of my wo is nane can tell the tend;
Bot weill is me quhen that I fand hir frend, 40
My hairt is blyth as ony fowll to fle;
That evir I luvit, allace, and weill is me.

Quhairfoir, Gud Hoip, I mak the messingeir,
 Vnto my lufe withowttin ire or ill;
 Sen to the lord of lufe thow art most deir, 45
 I the beseik to beir my lufe this bill,
 And pray to hir gif that it be hir will,
 To grant me grace for hir benignitie,
 To leif allace, and say bot weill is me.

Finis.

CCI.

[Brycht Sterne of Bewtie and Well of Lustines.]

BRYCHT sterne of bewtie and well of lustines, Fol. 222. a.
 Flour of honour and he nobilitie,
 Jem and grit jowell of wit and steidfastnes,
 Renownit lady in liberaltie,
 Our all this land ye stand as a per fe, 5
 For bontie, bewtie, trewth and womanheid
 Springyth in yow as flouris in the meid.

Thairfoir I wait, sen that the God aboif
 Hes formit yow so fair of hyd and hew,
 Wald nocht ye suld luvit be and lufe, 10
 And mercy haif vpoun your scheruand trew?
 Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, of me haif rewth and rew,
 Louke quhat ye ask of God in your preyer,
 And yeild your scheruand in the same maneir.

Dreidfull dispair oft fyis dois me schoir, 15
 And cursit dangeir my fillie hairt to flay,
 Wicket wanhoip fayis I fall lufe no moir,

Saif asperans, freindis I fynd no may,
 Quhilk oftymes biddis me to yow say,
 Haif mercy lady and be nocht obstinat, 20
 For deth in schort your fcherwand will chakmait.

Bethink yow how that holie scriptour sayth,
 Quhai faikles flayis fall nevir moir se the face
 Of God eterne, or than wyifs clerkis leith;
 And fen that ye ma, lady, with your grace, 25
 The lyfe or deth of me, your man, purchace,
 O God forbeid that evir so yow betyd,
 That ye suld be ane cursit homicyd.

Finis.

CCII.

[*Bayth gud, and fair, and womanlie.*]

BAYTH gud and fair and womanlie,
 Debonair, steidfast, wyifs and trew,
 Courtafs, hummill and lawlie,
 And grundit weill in all vertew;
 To quhois fcheruice I fall perfew 5
 Wirchep without villony,
 And evir annone I salbe trew,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

Honour for evir vnto that fre,
 That natur formit hes so fair; 10
 In wirchep of hir fresche bewtie,
 To Luvis court I will repair,

To scherue and lufe without dispair;
 For this I wait hir most wirthy,
 For to be callit our allquhair, 15
 Bayth gud and fair and womanly.

Sen that I gif my hairt hir to, Fol. 222. b.
 Quhy wyt I hir of my mournyng?
 Thocht I be wo, quhat wyt hes scho?
 Quhat wald I moir of my sweit thing, 20
 That wait nocht of my womenting?
 Quhen I hir se confort am I,
 Hir fair effeir and fresch having
 Is gud and fair and womanlie.

Thing in this world that I best luf, 25
 My werry hairt and confortyng,
 To quhois scheruice I fall perfew,
 Quhill deid mak our depairting;
 Faythfull, constant and bening,
 I salbe quhill the lyfe is in me, 30
 And luf hir best attour all thing,
 Bayth gud and fair and womanlie.

Finis.

CCIII.

[*Now in this mirthfull Tyme of May.*]

NOW in this mirthfull tyme of May,
 My dullit spreit for to reiofs,
 I fall with sobir mynd affay,
 Gif I can ocht in metir glofs.

Syn all the poyntis of my purpoifs 5
In secreit wyifs falbe affelyeit,
How in my garth thair growis a roifs,
Wes frefche and fair and now is felyeit.

All winttir throcht this rofs wes reid,
And now in May it changis hew, 10
Thairfoir I trow that it be deid,
And als the stak that it on grew.
Suld I for plesfour plant a new?
Na, that I wow to God in plane,
Said it fair weill all flouris adew, 15
Bot gif that roifs reuert agane.

For of all plesans to my fycht,
That grew on grund, it beris the gre,¹
My hairt wes on that day and nycht,
It wes so plesand for to se. 20
Now thair is nowdir erb nor tre
Sall grow within my garding mair,
Quhill I get wit quhat gart it de,
This foirfaid flour that wes so fair.

Finis.

CCIV.

[*My Hairt is Thrall, begone me fro.*]

MY hairt is thrall, begone me fro,
Vnto the gudlieft vpoun lif,
No windir is ² thocht it be so,
For non may with hir bewtie strif.

¹ Originally *name*, and altered to *gre* by another hand. ² *Is* after inserted.

Till hir I will nowdir compair maid nor wif, 5
 That levand is in to this warld allane,
 Hir to discrif surmontis my wittis fyfe,
 Aboif all vthiris scho is my fouerane.

For to discrive hir bonteis all at schort, Fol. 223. a.
 My barbir toung it is vnufficient, 10
 And als my cunning can it nocht report;
 Bot, weill I wait, vndir the firmament
 Is no compair to that rofs redolent,
 Quhilk hes my hairt haill in to hir cure,
 And evir fall abid thair permanent, 15
 Till I be clofit in my sepulture.

For weill I wait scho is the gudlieft,
 That evir formit wes be dame nature,
 Aboif all vthiris the most femlieft,
 The mirrour of hewis and nurtour, 20
 The maift plefand patrone of portratour,
 A warld of bewtie compaffid in hir face,
 And of womanheid the rich mirrour;
 That I hir knew I joy, and sayis allace.

Hir ene, that is as beriall brycht, 25
 Hes wondit me and mony hundreth mo;
 Fra hir to fle I haif nowdir strenth nor mycht,
 Bot bound hir thrall quhiddir I will or no.
 Allace, thocht scho becumis is my fo,
 I fall hir scheruand be my lyvis space, 30
 And nevir for to change for weill nor wo,
 Bot to await vpoun hir mercy and grace.

Hir hew is hevinlie to behold,
 Moir meik wes nevir creature on life,
 With hair brycht glitterand as the gold, 35
 So standis scho in gre superlatyfe;

For quhois faik I suffir mony fyfe,
 Hir bewty in my mynd so prentit bene;
 And yit my forrowis fall I nevir mycht,
 Bot onlie to that gudlie fair and schene. 40

Bot God, fen that scho knew my constance,
 The fervent lufe vntill that cumlie cleir,
 I haif till hir withowttin variance,
 Quhill I almaift is bowne to my beir;
 And help in erd ma me no medifoneir, 45
 Bot scho that is most gudlie, fair and wyifs,
 Thairfoir your scheruand faif and be nocht fueir,
 And mercy haif on him that mercy cryifs.

Now mercy, lady, on my grevoifs pane,
 And lat me nocht daylie thus indure, 50
 And faif your man erar than he be flane,
 Sen that my lyif lyis haly in your cure;
 Or than to God ye do grit injure,
 And fall accusys yow faules of my ded,
 And thairthrow schame fall evir mair indure, 55
 And grit lak vnto your womanhed.

Finis.

CCV.

[*Ma Commendationis with Humilitie.*]

MA commendationis with humilitie
 I fend vnto hir faythfull womanheid,
 Than thair is dropis of wattir in se,
 Sternis in the hevene, flouris in the meid.

Fol. 223. b.

Pleifs ye remembir quhen ye thir lettres reid, 5
 That I am trew, nocht fekill of efferis,
 Dittand thir verfs with difconfort and dreid,
 Mixand my ynk ay with my bittir teris.

Quhat windir is my hairt be granit thrwche,
 Fro out the rute rewthles ye haif it revin, 10
 Ye haif the yok, with me remanis the flwche,
 To fchaw ane fchaddow quhair my hairt hes bene.
 Allace, the rewling of your wanttone ene,
 Thai war the caus and gaif the iugement,
 Thus am I met and wat nocht quhome to mene, 15
 My corfs is thrallit and my hairt is rent.

War nocht reafone, fen that ye haif my hairt,
 Your gracious mercy that ye wald fchaw,
 And gif me youris, owdir all or pairte,
 And tak my hairtles corfs and hald yow aw? 20
 O, lord Cupeid, we wait this is the law,
 Sen ye ar luf, goddes and moder,
 Rathir my fecreit deidis ye wald knaw,
 De in your grace, nor leif and ferfs ane vthir.

How fall I do, quhat fall I fay, allace? 25
 Is non bot yow that may mak me remeid?
 I may nocht vdir bot do me in your grace,
 Sen in your handis standis bayth lyfe and deid.
 Fortoun, allace, quhy am I thus at feid,
 With ane on quhome natur hes done hir cure, 30
 Thus standand daylie in the poynt of deid,
 And merciles bene ay your fcheruiture?

Luf hes me wardit in ane park of pane,
 With dolour is the dowbill dykis dicht,
 And luft is foster with his bow and flane, 35
 Fro tre to tre he chaiffis me in the nycht.

I weip, I wring, wes nevir ane veriar wicht,
Thus nycht and day with petoufs wox I cry,¹
Wes nevir ane vndir the sonis lycht
Mair patient sufferrit proctory. 40

Wald ye send help sone, with ane speid of hop,
And cast the dyk of dolour to the erd,
With lusty hairt than suld I gif ane loip,
And cum to yow, I ken the gait onspird.
My hairt is youris full steidfastlie vnsteird, 45
Fetterit full fast quhill ye mak it fre;
I send till yow most farrest in this erd,
Ma commendationis with humilitie.

Finis.

CCVI.

[*My sorufull Pane and Wo for to complene.*]

MY forufull pane and wo for to complene Fol. 224. a.
My wit is waik, bot I may nocht refrene
It for to tell vnto sum creature,
Gif, that be me or ony vthir of mene,
My fouerane lady left to dedene, 5
To rew vpoun my wofull eventure;
For sen I come in to that cleiris cure,
I haif bene trew with all my hairt and mycht,
And fall ay scherue that bird of bewtie brycht.

Sen that first I fewty maid to lufe, 10
And to the king thairof that fittis abuse,
I haif bene trew vnto that fair and fre,
Thocht it be scho that revis me rest and rufe;

4 L

¹ This first read *wox and cry*.

My hairt fra hir yit fall I nevir remofe,
 But dreid vnto the day that I fall de. 15
 Thus fall scho haif all that scho may of me,
 Both hairt, body, fcheruice and all the laif,
 That ony in erd may of hir fcherwand craif.

Wald God, that wirthy wift my wo and pane,
 Quhilk gif I culd in wordis few and plane, 20
 I fuld hir wryt the caufs of my diftreffs,
 How for that fcheyne I am neir fchent and flane,
 And nevir to joy lippynnis to cum agane.
 Bot gif that gudly fchap hir to redrefs
 My wofull hairt fulfillit of havinefs, 25
 Thus am I boune and boundin to hir will,
 Quhithair scho lift to fpeid or ellis to fpill.

Quhome fuld I fcherue but hir that fair and fre,
 In all this warld, fen thair is nane bot fche
 That may me cur of all my caris cald, 30
 And bot that blycht me beit wmbet I be,
 And than be done.? My dulfull destine
 Is went all wrang, and no thing as I wald;
 Quhat may I do bot to that heynd behald?
 And byd ay quhill that blycht lift to me bute, 35
 Off all my wo quhilk is bayth crop and rute.

All the lang day I wy thus wofulleft,
 And quhen the nycht cumis and tyme that I fuld reft,
 Than wifs I deth moir than a thowfand fyifs,
 Sayand at anis hairt, Now fuld thow breft, 40
 And nocht daly in thrang me thus to threft.
 I windir that thow wirkis on this wyifs,
 Me think anewcht it aucht the to fuffyifs
 At anis to wirk thi crueltie and pane,
 Thocht thow nocht new it everi day agane. 45

And sen no pane, no passioun, na no pyne, Fol. 224. b.
Ma bring agane ~~this~~ forrowfull hairt of myne,
In sic a wyifs to leif that I haif luvit,
I will nocht laue quhithair scho be heir or hyne,
I falbe fane to leif in luvis lyne. 50
I war vnwyifs and vthir I concuffit
To haif hir luve, my hairt yit nevir remvffit
To hir to quhome I aw allegiance,
Sen hiris I am withowttin variance.

Thus to conclud, schortlie I say for me, 55
That gudlie fair and fresche quhair evir scho be,
I pray grit God to gif hir weill to fair,
Thocht I be sett thus gait in aduerfitie,
In forrowis feir and fyching as ye se.
I wald that blycht of blifs wer nevir bair, 60
That may me help quhilk bot scho do but mair,
Fair weill my gud dayis bene ago,
All thus I plene my forrowfull pane and wo.

Finis.

CCVII.

[*O Cupid, King, quhome to fall I complene?*]

O CUPID, king, quhome to fall I complene,
Or call for confort in this cairfull cace?
Sen quhair I luve, I am nocht luvit agane,
Bot for my luve lathit I am, allace.
I will go mene yit on to my maistrece, 5
As I haif done oftymes of befoir,
For nane bot scho my gladnes may restoir.

Allace, lady, how lang fall I indure
 This dolour quhilk throw your danger I dre?
 Am I nocht he that daylie dois my cure 10
 Your trew subiect and scheruitour to be;
 Your bound and thrall in maist hummill degre?
 Asking agane na thing of yow, thairfoir,
 Bot your gud will my glaidnes to restoir.

On your gud will I done lang depend, 15
 Howbeit as yit I fynd no way to speid,
 And I am he that nevir did offend,
 In wurd nor werk aganis your womanheid;
 That makis my hairt within my breift to bleid,
 Sen faikleflie, I suffir all this foir, 20
 And ye no way my glaidnes will restoir.

And nochttheles, lady, gif ye allege,
 That I to yow hes salit in ony pairt,
 I grant thairwith your barret to abbrege,
 And to remove the rancour of your hairt; 25
 Thocht I be clene crymeles in every art,
 I grant ane falt and mercy dois imploir,
 Of your gudnes my glaidnes to restoir.

Ye know thair is twa kyndis of jelufy, Fol. 225. a.
 The first cumis of lufis grit excess, 30
 Quhairof I can nocht quyt me verraly;
 Bot of the nixt, quhilk is dispyt I gefs,
 Sa God me faif, as I haif bene pairtlefs,
 Sen I yow luvit and falbe evirmoir,
 Thocht ye list nevir my glaidnes to restoir. 35

Go, littill bill, empty of eloquence,
 To hir that is the harbie of my hairt,
 Salut hir first with hummill reuerence,

And schaw hir now my crewale panis smart;
 Get me sum grace fra hir or thow depairte,
 Or than adew, my joy and erdly gloir,
 For nane bot scho my glaidnes may restoir.

40

Finis.

CCVIII.

[*Fair weill, my Hairt, fair weill, bayth Freind and Fo.*]

FAIR weill, my hairt, fair weill, bayth freind and fo,
 Fair weill, the weill of sweitaft madiçyne,
 Fair weill, my lufe, bayth lyfe and deth also;
 Fair weill, blythnes, fairweill, sweit lemmane myne,
 Fair weill, the flour of colour gud and fyne,
 That fadis nocht for weddir wen nor weit,
 No moir than in the somer fessone sweit.

5

How fall I do, quhen I mon yow forgo,
 How fall I sing, how fall I glaid than be,
 How fall I leif, I luvè yow and no mo,
 Quhat fall I do, how fall I confort me,
 How fall I than thir bittir panis dre,
 Quhair now I haif als mekle as I may
 Of cairis cauld in fyching euirilk day?

10

Quhat fall I wryt in to this petoufs bill,
 Quhat fall I say for owttin awdiens,
 Quhat fall I dyt for to declair my will,
 Quhat fall I say as now to your presens?
 I yow beseik with all my diligens,
 Throw your lustines and flour of womanheid,
 Anis for me this bill to se and reid.

15

20

I can nocht fay no moir in this prolong,
 For I nocht wait gif it be profitable,
 For to declair yow all my panis strong,
 Heir in to wret be word or be fabill,
 Or gif it be to yow commendabill,
 Thairfoir as now this littill remembrance
 Ye tak and keip in to your gouirnance.

25

Finis.

CCIX.

[Allace, depairting Grund of Wo.]

ALLACE, depairting grund of wo,
 Thow art of euirilk joy aae end;
 How suld I pairte my lady fro,
 How suld I tak my leif to wend,
 Sen fals fortoun is nocht my frend,
 Bot evir castis me to keill?
 Now sen I moft no langir lend,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

5

Fol. 225. b.

Fair weill, fairweill, my weilfair may,
 Fairweill, fegour moft frefche of hew,
 Fairweill, the saiffar of assay,
 Fairweill, the hart of quhyt and blew;
 Fairweill, baith kynd, curtals and trew,
 Fairweill, woman withowttin ill,
 Fair weill, the cumlieft that evir I knew,
 I tak my leif aganis my will.

10

15

Fair weill, my rycht fair lady deir,
 Fairweill, moft wyfs and womanlie,

Fairweill, my lufe fro yeur to yeur,
Fairweill, thow beriall blycht of blie;
Fair weill, leill lady, liberall and fre,
Fair weill, that may me fair and spill,
Fow evir I fair, go fair weill ye,
I tak my leif aganis my will.

Fair weill fra me, my gudly grace, 25
Fair weill, the well of wirdinefs,
Fairweill, my confort in euirilk place,
Fairweill, the hop of steidfastnefs;
Fairweill, the rute of my distrefs,
Fair weill, the luffar trew and still, 30
Fair weill, the nvreifs of gentilnes,
I tak my leif aganis my will.

Finis.

CCX.

[In May in a Morning, I movit me one.]

IN May in a morning, I movit me one,
Throw a grene garding, with gravis begone,
As leid without lyking, but langour allone,
For misheifs and mourning, makand my mone,
But mo.
With hait als havy as a¹ stone,
Of covir confoirt had I none,
As wy that wift of na wone,
Bot wandreth in wo.

For wo and wandreth I waik, I weip and I wring, 10
For on so myld without maik, that mais my murnyng,

¹ *a* has perhaps been deleted.

Bot pray to that plesand,
Of petie and pefs. 45

Off pety and pefs I hir pray, and plane I repent,
Gif I haif wrocht ony way to wryth hir intent,
Sen scho my mvrning meis may within a moment,
It war hir fyn I dar say, I fuld thus be schent,
Saiklefs, 50
Suld scho nocht dreid and diffent
To martir me innocent,
That fra hir will can nocht went,
For deid nor distrefs.

At hir will fall I wair my wit in this plit, 55
To lufe hir wirschep weill, mair than wantone delyt,
Will scho hir man than forfair, all wycht will hir wyt,
Bot scho cuvir me of cair, my confort is quyt,
For aye.

Evir quhair scho will I wryt 60
In hairtly plesans perfynt,
To quhome direct I this dyt,
Ane morning of May.

Finis.

CCXI.

[*My wofull Werd complene I may rycht soir.*]

MY wofull werd complene I may rycht soir,
Sen that I do my labour in to vane,
And euirilk day increfsis moir and moir,
To luf trewly and is nocht luvit agane.

Quhat fall I say? rycht awfull is my pane, 5 Fol. 226. b.
 Lufe thirlis my hairt bayth day and nycht so foir;
 I lue trewly and is nocht luvit agane,
 A loid of lufe lat it be so no moir.

Quhen euirilk wycht in to the nycht takis rest,
 I madlie mvrne and mvse¹ me to and fro, 10
 And that is for the abfens of my gest,
 I may hir ban; allace, quhy did scho so?
 I mene, I plene, quhill the nycht is ago,
 Tyn in my breift hir lusty lufe I clofs;
 Quhomefor the dolor is that I do so, 15
 I lue trewly and is nocht luvit, allofs.

Bot and I wist that scho had trew knowlege
 Of my mvrning and my lamentatioun,
 And syne for that tynt nothing of curage,
 Nor of hir mynd haifand perfectioun, 20
 To lue ane lusty and fyn my lyfe vndone.
 Gif I for hir fuld thoill sic pvnist pane,
 Than war my mvrning all bot derisioun,
 And scho for me did thoill no thing agane.

Bot weill I wait, quhen that scho knowis the rycht, 25
 My panefull passioun dolerus and fair,
 Scho will me lufe abuse all erdly wycht,
 And confort me with priue wirdis fair.
 So for hir lufe so lykly is to missfair,
 Bot reassone wald and pety in this tyd, 30
 That my gudly scheruice, bayth lait and air,
 Rewardit be all dangeir laid on fyd.

Finis.

¹ This word is very indistinct, having been partly written over.

CCXII.

[*Thus, wairfull Thocht, myne E hes wrocht to Wo.*]

THUS, wairfull thocht, myne e hes wrocht to wo,
 And all my wit hes knit, with thankis two,
 That I na may, away, in no kin wyifs,
 Throw sueit bewty, outthrow myne e, but ho,
 And dengeir syn, that dois me downe also. 5
 Thus am I schent, gif I repent, to ryifs,
 And I rew for all my trew scherwyifs,
 But heid of meid, that sweit and scho me flo,
 In quhois treft alhaill my lyking lyifs.

My foir regrait my e hes mait for euir, 10
 And I no can, as marrit man, diffiuer;
 Nor quho is he to fe that wald nocht plene,
 For febill plyt, yit cuth I nyt her neur,
 Nor for no trust of luf, nor lust to luir;¹
 And for all this I wifs will scho dedene. 15

[*Finis.*]

CCXIII.

[*O, wrechit, infernall, crewall Element.*]

O WRECHIT, infernall, crewall element, Fol. 227. a.
 Depairting ground and rut of euery wo,
 Weill aucht thir luvaris cry that thow be schent,
 For till thair eifs thow bene eternall fo;
 And sen on neid thow makis me now to go, 5

¹ This word might be read *limir*.

I tak my leif heir at my lady fre ;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

How fuld I fay, go, fair weill, and tak my leif?
Allace, that wurd inperfit throw my hairt,
For but your sycht on na wayis may I leif; 10
My cairis ar kene, my panis ar scherp and smart,
All fuld me eifs is travers turnit outward;
Yit go, fairweill, quhill oft I on yow fe;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Your fair vifage apairt and gudly cheyir, 15
Your bewteis mustir and fyn continans,
Your myld haifing, your womanlie maneir,
Your ene cumlie, quhilk bene all my plesans,
So perfyt hes bene in my hairt remmembrans,
I ma nocht leif and fra your prefens be; 20
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

And mervell is the pairting fuld confufs,
My wrechit hairt is fet in sic distrefs,
Sen I wes nevir in grace, bot quyt refus
With yow, my fouerane lady and maistrefs; 25
Than fuld your pairting be anis, I gefs,
Be verra kynd, nocht leftand so with me;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye.

Go, fair weill, most defyrit lyvis so,
A thowfand fyifs, go, fair weill, lady myne; 30
Go, fair weill, erdlie joy, for euir mo,
Go, fair weill, hairt and cure of medecyne;
Go, fair weill, quha at no mercy ma ryne;
I can nocht fay, quhill courtlie I de;
How evir I fair, fair hairt, go, fair weill ye. 35

Finis.

CCXIV.

[*Flour of all Fairheid, gif I fall found the fra.*]

FLOUR of all fairheid, gif I fall found the fra,
 All gammis ar me queid, so neir to grund I ga;
 I may no mirthis ma, for sorrow my self I fla;
 Thus wirkis scho me wa, that wlonkast is in weid,
 That is bayth freind and fa, and fareft flour to feid. 5

So fair wes nevir fygour, no fame on flud so quhyt,
 So proper of portratour, fa pairt no fa perfyt,
 Hir lyre is lilly lyk, plesand forowttin plyt,
 In bour is no so brycht beriall, no blench flour,
 As is that hendly hycht menfkyt with all honour. 10 Fol. 227. b.

I aw hir honour ay, to fcherue hir bayth lait and air,
 With all the mirth I may, for now and evir mair,
 The confort of my cair, the faifir of my fair;
 Quhair evir I found or fair, scho is formest in fay,
 With hir I wald I wair durand quhill domifday. 15

Thair wes nevir day that dew, nor dyamont fa deir,
 Na ftane fa haill of hew, as is the hyd of heir;
 Hir ene as cristall cleir, with lufie lawchand cheir,
 Hir pawpis till perle ar peir, perfyt and poleift new,
 And I may nych hir neir, than gon wer neuir my glew. 20

Vnglaid I gloir as gleid, fen my gud luf was gone,
 For neir witlefs I weid, I luf bot hir allone,
 That hes my hairt ichone, als trew as turtill on ftone;
 I luf bot hir allone, of all that levis on leid,
 Thus lykis me my leman, the flour of all fairheid. 25

Finis.

CCXV.

[*O, Maistres myld, haif Mynd on me.*]

O MAISTRES myld, haif mynd on me,
 Sen that I am your pefoneir,
 And lat me nocht in dolour de,
 Sen ye may be my medicineir.
 Ye may me faif frome all dengeir, 5
 And sett me at full libertie
 Owt of this lyfe that dois me deir,
 Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

My mynd is plungit in diftres,
 That day or nycht I may nocht reft, 10
 Without your help remedeles,
 My hairt is fair, it may nocht left.
 For every day I do bot de,
 Me think that deid wer for me best,
 In dowbill pane sen I am drest, 15
 Thairfoir, fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Thocht I haif loft all my plesour,
 Yit will I to your mynd apply;
 On yow my hairt is fixit fur,
 And evir falbe ful faythfully. 20
 I dar nocht beir yow cumpany,
 For tratling tungis that ay will le,
 Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
 My awin fueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

I pray yow be nocht variable, 25
 Bot think on me, your luvar trew,
 That is for yow fa lamentable,
 Sen to your scheruice I did perfew.

My ioy agane ye may renew,
Do ye nocht swa, I say for me,
Allace the tyme that I yow knew,
Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

Fol. 228. a.

30

This is ane endlefs pane, allace,
That haill luvaris fuld be forlorne,
As it is hapnit now the caifs,
It wer for bettir be vnborne;
For than my joyis wer to me beforne,
Quhilk I haif previt and will nocht be,
That garris me syche bayth evin and morne,
Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

35

40

And thus fals fortoun is my fo,
Befoir to vthiris as scho hes bene,
Scho dois my hairt sic pane and wo,
I say no moir, I may befene.
The blenkyne of hir bewtie schene
Sall gar me mvse quhill that I de,
And sych full mony tymes betuene,
Thairfoir, sueit hairt, haif mynd on me.

45

Finis.

CCXVI.

[*Haif Hairt in Hairt, ye Hairt of Hairs hairt.*]

HAIF hairt in hairt, ye hairt of hairs hairt,
Trewly, sweit hairt, your hairt my hairt sal haif;
Expell, deir hairt, my havy hairs hairt,
Praying yow, hairt, quhilk hes my hairt in graif,

Sen ye, fweithairt, my hairt may fla and faif, 5
 Lat nocht, deir hairt, my leill hairt be forloir,
 Excelland hairt of every hairtis gloir.

Glaid is my hairt with yow, fueit hairt, to reft,
 And ferue yow, hairt, with hairtis obfervance;
 Sen ye ar hairt, with bayth our hairtis poffeft, 10
 My hairt is in your hairtis gouirnanee;
 Do with my hairt, your hairtis fweithairt,
 For is my hairt thrall your hairt vntill,
 I haif no hairt contrair your hairtis will.

Sen ye haif, hairt, my faythfull hairt in cure, 15
 Vphald the hairt quhilk is your hairtis awin;
 Gif my hairt be your hairtis fcheruiture,
 How may ye thoill your trew hairt be ourthrawin?
 Quhairfoir, fweithairt, nocht fuffer fo be knawin,
 Bot ye be, hairt, my hairtis reiofing, 20
 As ye ar hairt of hairtis conforting.

Finis. The anfchuer heirof is in the clxvij¹ leif.

CCXVII.

[*Wald my gud Ladye that I luif.*]

WALD my gud ladye that I luif Fol. 228, b.
 Luiff me beft for ay,
 I fuld gar mak for hir behuif
 Ane garmond gude and gay.

Off vertew fuld hir hude be wrocht, 5
 The garnifing of grace,

¹ A marginal note fays "*The anfwer heirof in the 235 leif.*"

To gyde hir weill in deid and thocht,
Fra cryme in ony caifs.

Poleift with plefand portratour,
With diamandis of discretioun, 10
The chafrone sett with fyne favour,
And rubeis of rycht reffoun.

Ane targate of trewth hingand thairat,
Weill cuplit with constans,
Off humbilnes¹ fuld be hir hatt, 15
Hir teppet of temperans.

Hir fark fuld be of fobirnes,
Weill sentit with gude fame,
The semis sewit with sacreitnes,
With nurtour and gude name. 20

Hir collare fuld be of confiderans,
Quhair wifdome may be fene,
Rubanit with riche remembrans,
And beidis of bountie betwene.

Hir kirtill fuld be of compaciencie, 25
Off the puir to have pietie,
Weill watit with benevolence,
Lynit with liberalitie;

Mailyeit with maneris and mefour,
Weill lasit with luifsumnes, 30
Toukit with trew luif, the trefour;
Hir stomok of stedfastnes.

Hir gown fuld be of all guidnes,
Begareit with fresche bewtie,
Buit² with rubanis of richtuufnes, 35
And perfewit with prosperitie.

¹ MS. has *humbilnes*. ² This word is doubtful.

Hir flewis fuld be of fueit semblans,
 Wanit with womanlie maneir,
 Weill cuffit with continewance,
 In vertew and wit but weir. 40

Hir paitlat fuld be of hie prudence,
 Weill furrit with fair affere,
 With peirlit prenis of pacience,
 For hir wirfchop to weir.

Hir belt fuld be of bowfumnes, 45
 Meit to hir middill small,
 Baith heid and pendes with hartlines,
 Inemmellit weill with all.

Hir chemye fuld be of chaiftetie,
 About hir halfs fo quhyte, 50
 Hir halfs peirlis of pudicitie,
 Rycht plesand and perfyte.

Hir clock fuld be of clene consciens,
 Weill lynit with lawlines,
 Denudit of all negligence, 55
 And borderit weill with befines.

Off grene youth fuld hir gluiffis be,
 For hir fair fingaris quhyte,
 Bervit¹ with kyndnes but creweltye,
 Our ringis of delyte. 60

Hir hoifs of honest hamelines,
 Na proudnes to pretend,
 Hir pantonis of perfewerans,
 In honour till hir end.

This haif I cled my luif rycht weill, 65
 Na weid will cum hir better,

¹ This word is doubtful.

Nor this garmond fa haif I feill,
Nor half so weill will sett hir.

Finis.

CCXVIII.

[*Support your Scheruand, peirles Paramour.*]

SUPPORT your fcheruand, peirles paramour,
Or dreidfull deth and dolour me devoir
Sen thair is nan may schaw no succour,
To my pur hairt oursett with sicing soir.
Allace, allace, fueit defy, most decoir,
Will ye nocht help me of my heviness,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistres?

5

The arting of your ene angelicall
So spedely my spreit hes perforate
Vnto my hairt, and caufd it to be thrall
To yow, the flour of womanheid, I wate,
Quhairfoir I pray your he excellent estate,
To kyth on me sum confort in this caifs,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistres.

10

Thair wes nevir in to no woman wrocht,
Bot planelie in to your perfone dois appeir,
Except petie and thocht I find it nocht,
Dame Esperans helpis me out of weir;
That scho and lady Mercy both in feir
Sall in your hairt graif bayth pety and grace,
Sen of my hairt ye ar the cheif maistrece.

15

20

[*Finis.*]

CCXIX.

[*Quhen Tayis Bank wes blumyt brycht.*]

QUHEN Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht,	Fol. 229. a.
With blofomes blycht and bred,	
Be that rever ran I doun rycht,	
Vndir the ryfs I red.	
The merle melit with all hir mycht, ¹	5
And mirth in mornyng maid,	
Throw solace found and femely ficht,	
Alfwith a fang I said.	
Vndir that bank quhair blifs had bene,	
I bownit me to abyde,	10
Ane holene, hevinly hewit grene,	
Rycht heyndly did me hyd.	
The fone fchyne our the fchawis fchene,	
Full femely me besyd,	
In bed of blumes bricht befene,	15
A fleip cowth me ourflyd.	
About all blomet wes my bour,	
With blofummes broun and blew,	
Ourfret with mony fair fresch flour,	
Helfum of hevinly hew.	20
With fchakeris of the fchene dew fchour,	
Schynnyng my courtenis fchew,	
Arrayit with a rich vardour,	
Of natouris werkis new.	
Rafing the birdis fra thair rest,	25
The reid fone raifs with rawis,	
The lark fang lowd, quhill lycht mycht left,	
A lay of luvis lawis.	

¹ Originally written *mirth* and now *mycht*.

The nythingall woik of hir neft,
Singing, The day vpdawis; 30
The mirthfull maveifs mirriest
Schill schowttit throw the schawis.

All flouris grew that firth within,
That man cowth haif in mynd,
And in that flud all fische with fyn, 35
That creat wer be kynd.
Vndir the rife the ra did ryn
Our ron, our rute, our rynd,
The dvn deir danfit with a dyn,
And herdis of hairt and hynd. 40

Wod Winter, with his wallowand wynd,
But weir away wes went,
Brafit about with wyld wodbynd
Wer bewis on the bent.
Allone vnder the lusty lynd, 45
I saw ane lufum lent,
That fairly war so fare to fynd
Vndir the firmament.

Scho wes the lustiest on lyve,
Allone lent on a land, 50
And fareft figour be sic fyve,
That evir in firth I fand.
Hir cumly cullour to discryve
I dar nocht tak on hand,
Moir womanly borne of a wyfe 55
Wes neuir, I dar warrand.

To creatur that wes in cair,
Or cauld of crewelty,
A blicht blenk of hir vesage bair
Of baill his bute mycht be. 60

Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair
 Mycht havy hairtis vphie;
 So angelik vndir the air
 Neuir wicht I faw with e.

The blosummes that wer blycht and brycht 65
 By hir wer blacht and blew,
 Scho gladit all the foull of flicht,
 That in the forrest flew.
 Scho mycht haif confort king or knyght,
 That euir in cuntre I knew, 70
 As waill and well of warldly wicht,
 In womanly vertew.

Hir cullour cleir, hir countinace,
 Hir cumly cristall ene,
 Hir portratour of most plesance, 75
 All pictour did prevene.
 Off every vertew to avance,
 Quhen ladeis prafit bene,
 Rychtteft in my remembrance
 That rofe is rutit grene. 80

This myld, meik, mansuet Mergrit,
 This perle polist most quhyt,
 Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,
 The dyamant of delyt,
 Neuir formit wes to found on feit 85
 Ane figour moir perfyte,
 Nor non on mold that did hir meit
 Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

This myrthfull maid to meit I ment,
 And merkit furth on mold, 90
 Bot sone within a wane scho went,
 Most hevinly to behold.

The bricht fone with his bemys blent
Vpoun the bertis bold,
Fareft under the firmament
That formit wes on fold. 95

As parradyce that place but peir
Wes plefand to my ficht,
Of forreft and of fresch reveir,
Of firth and fowll of flicht, 100
Of birdis bay on bonk and breir,
With blumes brekand bricht,
As hevin, in to this erd down heir,
Hertis to hald on hicht.

So went this womanly away 105
Amang thir woddis wyd,
And I to heir thir birdis gay
Did in a bonk abyd,
Quhair ron and ryfs raifs in aray, Fol. 229. b.
Endlang the reuir syd. 110
This hapnit me in a tyme in May,
In till a morning tyd.

The rever throw the ryfe cowth rowt,
And roferis raiffis on raw,
The schene birdis full schill cowth schowt 115
Into that femly schaw.
Joy wes within and joy without,
Vnder that vnlonkeft waw,
Quhair Tay ran down with stremis stout,
Full strecht vnder Stobschaw. 120

Finis.

CCXX.

[O lusty May, with Flora Quene.]

O LUSTY May, with Flora quene,
 The balmy dropis frome Phebus schene,
 Preluciand bemes befoir the day,
 Be that Diana growis grene,
 Throwch glaidnes of this lusty May.

5

Than Esperus, that is so bricht,
 Till wofull hairtis castis his lycht,
 With bankis that blumes on euery bray, (*bis*)
 And schuris ar sched furth of thair sicht,
 Thru ch glaidnes of this lusty May.

10

Birdis on bewis of every birth,
 Reiosing nottis makand thair mirth,
 Rycht plesandly vpoun the spray,
 With fluriffingis our feild and firth,
 Thru ch glaidnes of this lusty May.

15

All luvaris that ar in cair
 To thair ladeis thay do repair,
 In fresch mornyngis befoir the day,
 And ar in mirth ay mair and mair,
 Thru ch glaidnes of this lusty May.

20

Finis.

CCXXI.

[All for Ane is my Mane.]

ALL for ane is my mane,
 Bot ane I can lufe;
 War scho gane, than war nane
 My name to remufe.
 That I am tane, with sic ane,
 I thank God abuse,
 And bot that ane, will I nane,
 Quhat panis I prufe.

5

Finis.

CCXXII.

[Be glaid alye that Luvaris bene.]

BE glaid alye that luvaris bene,
 For now hes May depaynt with grene
 The hillis, valis and the medis,
 And flouris lustely vpspreidis.
 Awalk out of your fluggairdy,
 To heir the birdis melody,
 Quhois fuggourit nottis, loud and cleir,
 Is now ane parradice to heir.
 Go walk vpoun sum rever fair,
 Go tak the fresch and holfum air,
 Go luke vpoun the flurist fell,
 Go seill the herbis plesand smell,
 Quhilk will your comfort gar increas,
 And all avoyd your havines.

5

10

The new cled purpour hevin aspy;	15
Behald the lark now in the sky,	
With befy wyng scho clymis on hicht,	
For grit joy of the dayis licht.	
Behald the verdour fresch of hew,	
Powdderit with grene, quhyt, and blew,	20
Quhairwith dame Flora, in this May,	
Dois richely all the feild array;	
And how Aurora, with vifage pale,	
Inbalmes with hir cristall hale	
The grene and tendir pylis ying,	25
Of every grefs that dois vpspryng;	
And with hir beriall droppis bricht	
Makis the grefys gleme of licht.	
Luk on the faufir firmament,	
And on the annammellit orient;	30
Luke or Phebus put vp his heid,	
As he dois raifs his baneris reid;	
He dois the eift so bricht attyre,	
That all semis birnyng in a fyre;	
Quhilk confort dois to every thing,	35
Man, bird, beift, and fluriffing.	
Quhairfar, luvaris, be glaid and lycht,	
For schort is your havy nycht,	
And lenthit is your myrry day,	
Thairfoir ye velcum new this May.	40
And, birdis, do your haill plesance,	
With mirry song and obseruance,	
This May to velcum at your mycht,	
At fresch Phebus vpryng bricht;	
And all ye flouris that dois spreid	45
Lay furth your levis vpoun breid,	
And welcum May with benyng cheir,	
The quene of euery moneth cleir.	
And euery man thank in his mynd	

The God of natur and of kynd, 50
 Quhilk ordanit all for our behufe,
 The erd vndir, the air abufe,
 Bird, beist, flour, tyme, day and nycht,
 The planeitis for to gif ws licht.

Finis.

CCXXIII.

[*Gif ye wald lufe and luvit be.*]

GIF ye wald lufe and luvit be, Fol. 230. a.
 In mynd keip weill thir thingis thre,
 And fadly in thy breift imprent;
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

For he that pacience can nocht leir, 5
 He fall displefance haif perqueir,
 Thocht he had all this warldis rent;
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

For quha that secreit can nocht be,
 Him all gud fallofchip fall fle, 10
 And credence nane fall him be lent;
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

And he that is of hairt vntrew,
 Fra he be kend, fair weill, adew,
 Fy on him, fy, his fame is went; 15
 Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

Thus he that wantis ane of thir thre,
 Ane luvir glaid may neuir be,

Bot ay in fumthing discontent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

20

Nocht with thi toung thy self discure
The thingis that thow hes of nature,
For gif thow dois thow¹ fuld repent;
Be secreit, trew, and pacient.

Finis.

CCXXIV.

The Song of Troyelus.

GIFE no luve is, O God, quhat feill I fo?
And gif luve is, quhat thing and quhiche is he?
Gife luve be gud, from quhence cummys my wo?
Gife it be wicke, a wondir thinketh me,
Quhan euerry turment and aduerfite,
That cummeth of him, may to me fauery think,
For ay thrust I the more, that iche it drink.

5

And gif that at myne awin lust I brenne,
Frome whench cummys my waling and my playnt,
Gife harme agreve me, quhairto plene I thane,
I not ne quhy vnwery that I faynt.
O, quyck deth, O, fueit harme fo queynt,
How may of the in me be fuche quantete,
Bot gif that I consent that it fo be?

10

And gif I consent, I wrongfully
Complene ywis; thus possed to and fro,
All steirles within a bot am I
Amyd the fe, atuixin wondis two,

15

¹ MS. has *tho*.

That incontrair standen euer mo.
 Allafs, quhat is this wondir maledye?
 For heit of cold, for cold of heit I dye.

20

And to the god of luvè thus said he,
 With pitous voce, O lord, no youris is
 My spreit quhiche that aucht youris be,
 Yow thank I, lord, that haif me brocht to this;
 Bot quhithir goddeffs or woman ywifs,
 Scho be, I not, wiche that ye do me fcherue,
 Bot as hir man I woll ay lene¹ and ferue.

Fol. 230. b.

25

Ye standyn in hir ene mychtely,
 As in a place to your vertew digne;
 Quhairfoir, lord, gife my fcheruice, or I
 May lykin yow to be to me benigne;
 For my estait royell heir I resigne
 In to hir hand, and, with hummill cheir,
 Become hir man, as to my lady deir.

30

35

[*Finis*] *quod* Chauffeir of Troyelus.

CCXXV.

[*As Phebus bricht in Speir merediane.*]

AS Phebus bricht in speir merediane,
 AE of the warld and lamp etheriall,
 Passis the licht, that cleipit is Dyane,
 Quhen scho is lucent² round as ony ball,
 And Lucifair all vthir sternis small,
 My lady so in bewty dois abound,
 Aboif all vthir ladeis on the ground.

5

¹ This might be read *lene*. ² Afterwards altered to *lucent*.

Hir hair displayit as the goldin wyre,
 Aboif hir heid, with bemys radiant,
 Is lyk ane bufs that birnys in the fyre, 10
 With flammys reid but fumys elevant.
 War nocht scho is sum thing to variant,
 I mycht of reffone say, that dame Nature
 Formit nevir in erd so fair a creature.

My hairt, that nevir wes thirlit vnto wicht, 15
 In deidly dwalmys fowpit is for evir,
 For luv of hir that is my lady bricht,
 Quhois plesant hals is quhytter than the evir,
 Or snaw but spot, that fallis in the revir;
 The fragrant balme of odour confortatyve 20
 May nocht for fueitnefs with hir lippis stryve.

Thow drery goft, that dwynnis in dispair,
 Pafs with this bill vnto my lady fueit,
 And in to prefens of hir visage fair,
 Vpone thy kneis thow fall befoir hir feit; 25
 Askand hir mercy, with thy cheikis weit,
 To confort me of my woundis smert,
 Quhome dart of luv hefs perfit throw the hert.

Sen Athropos my fatell threid hes worne, Fol. 231. a.
 In plenyng foir and rewthfull womenting, 30
 And that asperans is non vnto the morne,
 Of my pure hairt dyand in lang vyfing,
 Thow bury my corps but ony tareing;
 For Acteon wes flatit at the well,
 Be wreth of Dyane, with his awin houndis fell. 35

O thunderane boir, in thy most awfull rege,
 Quhy will thow nocht me with thy tuskis ryve?
 Sen no thing may my grevous pane assuage,
 Bot scho, quhilk is the revar of my lyve,

With fchis foir and cairis pungetyve; 40
Quhairthrow my blude refoluit is in teiris,
And yit no rewth in to hir hairt appeiris.

God gife it wer my fatell aventure,
To fecht aganis hir fayis to the deid,
With fpeir and fcheild, and all that I micht fure, 45
To pruve hir flour and well of womanheid;
Howbeit it wer nocht to my lyfe remeid,
It wald me fuffyis, fen that fcho hes no maik,
Till end my lyfe in battell for hir faik.

Yit I befeik hir for the grit delyte, 50
That femyt in hir bewty naturall,
With rewthfull prefens of hir visage quhyt,
Scho wald decoir my feiftis funerall;
That luvaris mycht espy in generall,
Gife that hir ene for weping mycht indure, 55
To luk vpoun my rewthfull fepulture.

Finis quod Bannatyne.

CCXXVI.

[*My Hairt is heich aboif, my Body is full of Blifs.*]

MY hairt is heich aboif, my body is full of blifs,
For I am sett in lufe, als weill as I wald wifs;
I lufe my lady pure, and fcho luvis me agane,
I am hir fcheruiture, fcho is my fouerane;
Scho is my verry harte, I am hir howp and heill, 5
Scho is my joy invart, I am hir luvar leill;
I am hir bound and thrall, fcho is at my command,

I am perpetuall hir man, both fute and hand;
 The thing that may hir pleifs, my body fall fulfill,
 Quhat evir hir difeifs, it dois my body ill. 10
 My bird, my bony ane, my tendir bab venuft,
 My lufe, my lyfe allane, my liking and my luft;
 We interchange our hairtis, in vthiris armis foft,
 Spreitlefs we twa depairtis, vfind our luvis oft;
 Wemurnequhenlichtdaydawis, weplenethenychtisfhort, 15 Fol. 231. b.
 We curfs the cok that crawis, that hinderis our difport.
 I glowffin vp agaft, quhen I hir myfs on nycht,
 And in my oxfter faft I find the bowfter richt;
 Than langour on me lyifs, lyk Morpheus the mair,
 Quhilk cauffis me vprys, and to my fueit repair; 20
 And than is all the forrow furth of remembrance,
 That evir I hed a forrow in luvis obfervance.
 Thus nevir I do reft, fo luftey a lyfe I leid,
 Quhen that I lift to test the well of womanheid.
 Luvaris in pane, I pray God fend yow fic remeid, 25
 As I haif nycht and day, yow to defend frome deid;
 Thairfoir be evir trew vnto your ladeis fre,
 And thay will on yow rew, as myne hes done on me.

Finis.

CCXXVII.

[*Lait, lait on Sleip, as I wes laid.*]

LAIT, lait on fleip, as I wes laid
 This hindir nycht, my reft to tak,
 To me in fleip appeird a maid,
 And gudly wordis to me fcho fpak.

Scho bad that I fuld confort mak, 5
For I am scho that help yow may;
Gudly in my armis I did hir tak,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Quhat garmond come scho in, trest ye?
In till ane mantill of lusty blew; 10
It fett hir weill, as femit me,
Sayand scho wes ane luvar trew.
Scho faid to me, as I fay yow,
Quhat war the wordis I did yow pray?
That lufe for lufe scho wald renew, 15
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Hir hair wes lyk the oppynnit filk,
Ane mantill of lueve our me scho fpred,
And with hir body quhyt as milk,
Vnto my bed scho maid a braid. 20
Softly talkand to me scho faid,
Be ye on fleip? and I faid nay;
Hir chirry lippis to me scho laid,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Than in my armes I did hir brace; 25
With gudly wordis scho faid to me,
O, schir, how lyk ye this folace,
Content ye this, tell me? quod sche.
I faid, maistres, yis verrelie,
No thing to pleifs me bettir may, 30
Nor with your perfone evir to be,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Scho fayis, God keip yow, now I go;
Than I kift hir, allace, me thocht;
Than vp scho raifs and went me fro,¹ 35

¹ This piece is imperfect, ending abruptly at the foot of folio 231b, while folios 232 and 233 are wanting. They probably contained several pieces, but only one is noted in the original index at the end of the MS., "*Being ourghelmed with dolor and with cair*," 232.

CCXXVIII.

[*No woundir is althocht my Hairt be thrall.*]

NO woundir is althocht my hairt be thrall Fol. 234. a.
 To yow, I wifs, the flour of courtesy;
 For quhy? your name and fame so spreidis our all,
 That ye ar held to be the a per fe,
 In vertew, meiknefs, trewth and equitie; 5
 And eik to this your proper perfoun fair
 Is so weill maid in all maner degre,
 That non to me falbe so fingulare.

Heirfoir I will rycht humly yow imploir,
 To lat sum stremys of grace on me distill, 10
 For non bot ye my glaidnes may reftoir,
 Becaus both lyfe and deth lye in your will;
 For as ye list ye may me faif or spill,
 With your on wurd so stand I in your cure;
 Sen I thairfoir am subiect yow vntill, 15
 Latt me nocht fuerf, your faythfull fcheruiture.

For my grene yewth is lyk the withering hay,
 So foir I am ourfett with ficingis feir,
 My rofy lippis ar woxin paill and blay,
 Thruch only thocht of yow, my lady deir; 20
 And thair is non may be my medfoneir,
 Bot your fawour, quhilk, gif I do obtene,
 I fall revert, as dois the reid roseir,
 Frescheft of hew in fomer fefoun grene.

And sen I am so trublit in my thocht, 25
 Lat nocht deley be ane occasioun,
 To place dispair quhair howp and trust hes wrocht,
 Bot grant with fpeid sum consolatioun;

That pety having dominatioun
Within your breift, I may sum grace purchefs 30
Off my murnyng and lamentatioun,
Quhilkis I sustene for yow, my fair maistrefs.

No thing of rycht I ask, my lady fair,
Bot of fre will and mercy me to saif;
Your willis your awin, as resfoun wald it ware, 35
Thairfoir of grace, and nocht of rycht, I craif
Of yow mercy, as ye wald mercy haif
Off God our Lord, quhois mercyis infeneit
Gois befoir all his werkis, we may perfaif,
To thame quhois hairtis with mercy ar repleit. 40

And gif that I be fund to yow vntrew,
Wilfull, heichty, or eik in ony wayis
Jeloufs, vnkynd, or chengeing for ane new,
A vane wantour, rebelling to your scheruyis,
As tratouris fals hes bene befoir oft fyis, 45
Quhois vntrew hairtis garris trew folkis leif in wo,
Than for my guilt no torment culd suffyis,
Bot I prayfs God it standis nocht with me so. Fol. 234. b.

Now to conclude with wordis compendious;
Wald God my tong wald to my will respond, 50
And eik my speich wer so facundioufs,
That I wer full of rethore termys jocond;
Than suld my lufe at moir lenth be expond,
Than my cunnyng can to yow heir declair;
For this my style, inornetly compond, 55
Eschamys my pen your eiris to truble mair.

Nocht ellis thairfoir I wryt to yow, my fueit,
Bot with meik hairt, and quaking pen and hand,
Prostratis my scheruice law down at your feit,
Both nycht and day, quhill I may gang or stand; 60

Praying the Lord of pety excelland,
 To plant in yow ane petifull hairt and mynd,
 Conducting yow to joy everlestand,
 Both now and ay, and so I mak ane end.

Go to my deir with hummill reuerence, 65
 Thow bony bill, both rude and imperfyte,
 Go nocht with forgt flattery to hir presence,
 As is of falsset the custome, vse and ryte;
 Cauis me nocht ban that evir I the indyte,
 Na tyne my travell, turnyng all in vane,¹ 70
 Bot, with ane faithfull hairt in wurd and wryte,
 Declair my mynd, and bring me joy agane.

My name quha list to know, lat him tak tent,
 Vnto this littill veris nixt presedent.

Finis.

CCXXIX.

[*My Trewth is plicht vnto my Luse benyng.*]

MY trewth is plicht vnto my luse benyng,
 That meit and sleip is quyt bereft me fro,
 With luvaris mo of murnyng I may sing,
 Without glaidnes quhair evir I ryd or go;
 And I hir freind, quhy suld scho be my fo? 5
 Do as scho list, I do me in hir cure,
 On to the deid to be hir scheruiture.

And thocht I dar nocht daly do present
 Hir for to serf for hurting of hir name,

¹ Another hand has written *Bannatyne* on the margin of line 70.

I dreid the serpent sklander do hir schent; 10
 Bot nevirtheles hir honour and hir fame
 I fall keip in armis and in game, Fol.235.a.
 Vnto the tyme that Tropus the threid
 Sall cute of lyfe, bayth in word and deid.

O Cupeid, king, thyn eiris now inclyne, 15
 And perfs my lady inwart to the hairt,
 With that ilk dart that thow hes perfit myne,
 And caufs hir so that scho to me rewarte,
 For to haif mercy vnto my pane and smarte,
 Or feill the pyne that faythfull luvaris haif, 20
 For but hir luse I graith me to my graif.

Explicit quod Fethy.

CCXXX.

[*Lanterne of Luse, and Lady fair of Hew.*]

L ANTERNE of luse, and lady fair of hew,
 O, perle of pryce, most precius and preclair,
 O, dasy dulfs, gayeft that evir grew,
 Off every wicht most fueit and singulare,
 O, flour delyce, most flurifand and fair, 5
 Vnto this taill, fueit turtor, thow attend,
 My thirlit hairt so law in to dispair
 Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend.

O, jem of joy, inionit in my hairt,
 O, plant of pryfs, most plesand and perfyte, 10
 The rycht remeid of all my panis smarte,
 My spreit is rest to se thy cullour quyte,

Dewoyd of wo, of forrow and of fyte,
Quhois bewteis all no hairt may comprehend;
My visage wan, O, lady of delyte,
Vnto thy mercy I meikly me commend. 15

Sen thou art scho that hes my hairt in cure,
My howp, my heill, my weill and eik my wo,
Lat me nocht fuerf, your hummill scheruiture,
For but remeid my hairt will brift in two. 20
Now, lady fair, my freind and eik my fo,
Quhom on but dowl all vertew dois depend,
My hairt and mynd, quhair evir I ryd or go,
Vnto thi mercy meikly I me commend.

[*Finis*] quod Steill.

CCXXXI.

[Hence, Hairt, with hir that most depairte.]

HENCE, hairt, with hir that most depairte,
And hald the with thy fouerane,
For I had lever want ane harte,
Nor haif the hairt that dois me pane.
Thairfoir, go, with thy lufe remane,
And lat me leif thus vnmoleft,
And se that thow cum nocht agane,
Bot byd with hir thow luvis best.

Sen scho that I haif scheruit lang
Is to depairt so suddanly,
Addrefs the now, for thow fall gang
And beir thy lady cumpany.

Fra scho be gon hairtles am I,
 For quhy? thow art with hir posselt;
 Thairfoir, my hairt, go hence in hy, 15
 And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Thocht this belappit body heir
 Be bound to scheruitude and thrall,
 My fathfull hairt is fre inteir
 And mynd to serf my lady at all. 20
 Wald God that I wer perigall,
 Vnder that redolent rofs to rest,
 Yit at the leift, my hairt, thow fall
 Abyd with hir thow lufis best.

Sen in your garth the lilly quhyte 25
 May nocht remane amang the laif,
 Adew the flour of haill delyte,
 Adew the succour that ma me saif.
 Adew the fragrant balme suaif,
 And lamp of ladeis lustiest, 30
 My faythfull hairt scho fall it haif,
 To byd with hir it luvis best,

Deploir, ye ladeis cleir of hew,
 Hir absence, sen scho most depairte,
 And specialy, ye luvaris trew, 35
 That woundit bene with luvis darte.
 For sum of yow fall want ane harte
 Alfweill as I; thairfoir at last
 Do go with myn, with mynd inwart,
 And byd with hir thow luvis best. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXII.

The Anschir to Hairtis.

The Anfueir to
the Ballat of
Hairtis in the
228 leiff.

CONSIDDIR, hairt, my trew intent,
Suppois I am nocht eloquent
To wryt yow anschir resposyve,
Your scedull is so excellent,
It passis far my wittis fyve.

5

For quhy? it is so full of hairtis,
That myne within my bosum stairtis,
Quhen I behald it rycht till end;
And for ilk hairt, ane hundreth dertis
Outthrow my hairt to yow I send.

10

This woundit hairt, fweit hairt, reffaif,
Quhilk is, deir hairt, abone the laif;
Your saythfull hairt with trew intent,
Ane trewar hairt may noman haif,
Nor yit ane hairt moir permanent.

Fol. 236. a.

15

Ane hairt it is without diffait,
It is the hairt to quhome ye wret
The misseif full of hairtis feir;
It is ane hairt bayth air and lait,
That is your hairtis pefoneir.

20

It is ane hairt full of distres,
Ane cairfull hairt all confortles,
Ane penseve hairt in dule and dolour,
Ane hairt of wo and havinefs,
Ane mirthles hairt without mesour.

5

It is ane hairt bayth firme and stabill,
Ane hairt without fenyeit fabill,

Ane constant hairt bayth treft and trew,
Ane fure hairt set in to fabill,
Ane wofull hairt bot gif ye rew. 30

It is ane hairt that your hairt fervis,
Ane hairt for lufe of your hairt ftervis,
Ane hairt that nevir yow offendit,
Ane hairt of youris bayth vane and nervis,
Ane hairt but folace bot gif ye fend it. 35

It is na gravit hairt in ftone,
In filuer, gold nor evir bone,
Nor yit ane payntit fymilitud,
Bot this fame verry hairt allone,
Within my breift of flefch and blude. 40

Thairfoir, fueit hairt, fend me the hairt,
That is in to your breift inwart,
And nocht thir writtin hairtis in vane,
Bot your hairt to my hairt rewert,
And fend me hairt for hairt agane. 45

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXIII.

[*Quha is perfyte to put in Wryt.*]

QUHA is perfyte to put in wryt
The inwart murnyng and mifchance,
Or to indyte the grit delyte
Of luftie lufis obfcherwance;
Bot he that may certane patiently fuffir pane, 5
To wyn his fouerane, in recompance.

Albeid I knaw of luvis law
 The plesour and the panis smart,
 Yit I stand aw for to furthschaw
 The quyet secreitis of my harte; 10
 For it may fortoun raith, to do hir body skaith,
 Quhilk wait that of thame baith, I am expert. Fol. 236. b.

Scho wait my wo that is ago,
 Scho wait my weilfair and remeid,
 Scho wait also I lufe no mo, 15
 Bot hir the well of womanheid;
 Scho wait withouttin faill, I am hir luvar laill,
 Scho hes my hairt alhaill, till I be deid.

That bird of blifs in bewty is
 In erd the only a per se, 20
 Quhais mowth to kifs is worth, I wifs,
 The warld full of gold to me;
 Is nocht in erd I cure, bot pleifs my lady pure,
 Syne be hir scheruiture, vnto I de.

Scho is¹ my lufe, at hir behufe 25
 My hairt is subiect, bound and thrall,
 For scho dois moif my hairt aboif,
 To se hir proper perfoun small;
 Sen scho is wrocht at will, that natur may fulfill,
 Gladly I gif hir till, body and all. 30

Thair is nocht wie² can estimie
 My forrow and my sickingis fair,
 For I am so done fathfullie,
 In fawouris with my lady fair,
 That baith our hairtis ar ane, luknyt in luvis chene, 35
 And evirilk greif is gane, for evir mair.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

¹ Altered to *hes*. ² Originally *wicht*, but deleted and *wie* written above.

CCXXXIV.

[*It cumis yow Luvaris to be laill.*]

IT cumis yow lvaris to be laill,
Off body, hairt and mynd alhaill,
And thocht ye with your ladyis dail,
Reffoun,
Bot and your faith and lawty fail,
Treffoun.

**Ye may with honesty perfew,
Gif ye be constant, trest and trew,
Thocht than vnrycht thay on yow rew,
 Reffoun,
Bot be ye fund dowbill, adew,
 Treffoun.**

**Your hummill scheruice first refing thame,
 For that to your intent fall bring thame,
 With leif of ladeis thocht ye thing thame,**
15
Reffoun,
**Bot eftirwart and ye maling thame,
 Treffoun.**

Do nevir the deid that ma difeifs thame,
Bot wirk with all your mynd to meifs thame;
To tak your plefour quhen it pleifs thame,
Refoun,
Bot with vntrewth and ye betraifs thame,
Tressfoun.

Defend thair fame quha evir fyle thame,
And ay with honeft havingis style thame,
To Venus, als suppois ye wyle thame,
Reffoun.

Bot be ye frawdfull and begyle thame,
Tressoun. 30

Ye fuld confiddir or ye taik thame,
That littill scheruice will nocht staik thame,
Get ye ane goldin hour to glak thame,
Ressoun,
Bot be ye frawdfull and forfaik thame, 35
Tressoun.

Be secreit, trew and plane allwey,
Defend thair fame baith nycht and day.
In prevy place suppoifs ye play,
Ressoun, 40
Bot be ye ane¹ clattrer, harmifay,
Tressoun.

Be courtas in your cumpany,
For that fall caufs thame to apply,
Thocht that thay lat yow with thame ly, 45
Ressoun,
Bot be ye fund vnfaithfull, fy,
Tressoun.

Wey weill thir versis that I wryt yow,
Do your devior quhen that thay lat yow; 50
To lufe your ladeis quho can wyt yow,
Ressoun,
Do ye the contrair, heir I quyt yow,
Tressoun.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

¹ MS. has *and*.

CCXXXV.

[*Absent I am rycht soir aganis my Will.*]

ABSENT I am rycht foir aganis my will,
 My lang absens cauffis me mekle wo,
 My lang absens dois my body kill,
 My lang absens hes turnit me to wo,
 My lang absens hes reft the spreit me fro, 5
 My lang absens cauffit this to indyte,
 Makand yow fur I am nocht in the wyte.

Rycht weill I se, within your breift ingrawit,
 The hieft vertew that clippit is constans,
 Quhilk be your havingis, it may be weill perfault, 10
 That ye ar nothing gevin to varians;
 Thairfoir I fall do quhat evir I chans,
 Abyd faythfull quhair I haif bene befoir,
 With hir that is my lufe, and fall do evirmoir.

Adew, most trew of erdly creaturis, 15
 Adew, ye hairt of hairtis consolatioun,
 My thocht forwrocht within my breift conburis;
 Trewly, fueit hairt, my hairtis habitatioun,
 Condng, fueit thing, of hevinly conuersatioun,
 Imprent most gent that for your lufe is pynd, 2
 Confaif my inwart thocht within your mynd.

*Finis [quod] Steill.*¹

¹The author's name has been written afterwards, and perhaps by a different hand.

CCXXXVI.

[*I wilbe plane, and Luse affane.*]

I WILBE plane, and luse affane, for as I mene, so tak me; Fol.237.b.
 Gif I refrane, for wo or pane, your luse certane, foirfaik me;
 Gif trew report, to yow resort, of my gud port, so tak me;
 Gif I exort, in evill fort, without confort, forsaik me.

Gif diligens, in your prefens, schaw my pretens, so tak me; 5
 Gif negligens, in my absens, schaw my offens, forsaik me;
 Youris and no mo, quhair evir I go, gif I so do, so tak me;
 Gif I fle fro, and dois nocht so, evin as your so, foirfaik me.

Gif I do prufe, that I yow luf, nixt God abuse, so taik me;
 Gif I remufe, fra your behufe, without excufs, foirfaik me; 10
 Be land or se, quhair evir I be, as ye synd me, so tak me;
 And gif I le, and from yow fle, ay quhill I de, forsaik me.

It is bot waift, mo wirdis to taift, ye haif my laift, so tak me;
 Gif ye our cast, my lyf is past, ewin at the last, forsaik me;
 My deir, adew, most cleir of hew, now on me rew, and so tak me; 15
 Gif I perfew, and beis nocht trew, cheifsye ane new, and forsaik me.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXVII.

[*Only to yow in Erd that I luse best.*]

ONLY to yow, in erd that I luse best,
 I me commend ane hundreth thowfsand syifs,

Exorting yow, with pensyfe hairt opprest,
 As ye ar scho quhom in my confort lyis,
 Gif I misvse my pen or done dispyfs, 5
 Ocht at this tyme, will God, I fall amend,
 Protesting this ballat ye attend.

Sum luvaris thame delytis till indyte
 Fair facound speich, blandit with eloquence,
 And vthir sum dois sett thair wit perfyte, 10
 To pleifs thair ladeis with all thair diligens;
 Sum luffaris wantis, throw thair negligens,
 For falt of speich, the lufe of his maistres,
 Without hir witting in distrefs.

As to my pairte, my lusty lady schene, 15
 Throw laik of speich, I thoill rycht grit distrefs,
 Bayth nycht and day, hard perfit to the splene,
 With deidly dert, and can find no redrefs;
 Thus me behuffis my panis to exprefs,
 Or than knaw rycht weill, but wirdis moir, 20
 That crewell dert outthrow my hart wald boir.

Rathir nor smart, I mon my harme reweill
 To yow, my hairt, quha ma my baillis beit,
 For, and ye start, adew all warldly weill;
 Will ye rewart, my cairis ar compleit; 25
 Tuiching your pairte, I prey yow be discreit,
 For eftirwart, gif ye vpoun me rew, Fol. 238.a.
 Quhill deid depairte my lyfe, I falbe trew.

Secreit alfwa, in every maner sort,
 For weill nor wa, fall ony knaw our mynd, 30
 Than be nocht thra, your scherwand to confort,
 Sum anschir ma, as ye ar gud and kynd,
 That may me fra my langour appeill that is pynd,

And to fla me throw your negligence;
This I yow pra, for your he excellens. 35

Adew, rycht trew, adew, my deireft hairt,
Faireft of hew, for this tyme haif gud nycht;
Remord and rew, and pondir weill my pairte,
Sen I perfew nathing of yow bot rycht;
Quhilk gif ye knew my mynd as it is plicht, 40
Ye wald fubdew your inwart thocht and mynd,
And me reſkew, quhilk for your lufe is pynd.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXXXVIII.

[*My dullit Corfs dois hairtly recommend.*]

MY dullit corfs dois hairtly recommend
My faythfull ſcheruice vnto my lady bricht,
Quhais hairt baid ſtill, quhen I did wend
Hir for to ſerf both day and nycht.
Sen that I am hir faythfull wicht, 5
And luvis hir beſt and evir fall,
Till haif my hairt ſcho hes moſt rycht,
Quhill deth fall cum and for me call.

Sen firſt the tyme I did hir ſe,
Away fra me my hart it went 10
Hir for to ſerf baith day and nycht,
Sen that the body micht nocht be preſent.
Thairfoir, my hairtly laidy gent,
I yow beſeik for conforting,

Quhilk hes bene deid, ay fen I went 15
Out of your prefens, my awin fueit thing.

Sen that I may your prefens nocht obtene,
Nowdir be day nor yit by nicht,
My dolouris dowbillis, my woundis ar grene,
In abfens of the fairest wicht, 20
That evir in erd wes to my ficht;
Sen Tifby flane wes at the well,
In bonty, bewty and cullour bricht,
Aboif all vthir ye do precell.

Quhairfoir at laft, my fouerrane lady deir, 25
I yow befeik, with hairt affectoufly,
To wey thir wordis that I haif writtin heir,
As wordis of wecht and nocht of wanitie.
Sen that ye ma me fatisfie Fol. 238. b.
Of all my panis and me recure, 30
Frome dulfull deth deliuer me,
Or I be brocht in fepulture.

Finis.

CCXXXIX.

[*O, lusty Flour of Yowth, benyng and bricht.*]

O LUSTY flour of yowth, benyng and bricht,
Frefch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht and schene,
Fair, lufsum lady, gentill and discret,
Yung brekand blofum, yit on the stalkis grene,
Delytfum lilly, lufy for to be fene, 5
Be glaid in hairt, and expell havinefs;

Bair of blifs that evir fo blycht hes bene;
Dewoyd langour and leif in luftinefs.

Brycht fterne at morrow that dois the nycht hyn chace,
Of luvis lychtfum lyfe and gyd, 10
Lat no dirk clud abfent fro ws thy face,
Nor lat no fable frome ws thy bewty hyd,
That hes no confort quhair that we go or ryd,
Bot to behald the beme of thi brychtnefs;
Baneifs all baill and into blifs abyd; 15
Dewoyd langour and leif in luftinefs.

Art thou plesand, lufy, yeing and fair,
Full of all vertew and gud conditioun,
Rycht nobill of blud, rycht wyifs and debonair,
Honorable, gentill and faythfull of renoun, 20
Liberall, lufsum and lufy of perfoun?
Quhy fuld thou than lat fadneps the opprefs?
In hairt be blycht and lay all dolour down;
Dewoyd langour and leif in luftinefs.

I me commend, with all humilitie, 25
Vnto thi bewty blisfull and bening,
To quhome I am and fall ay fcherwand be,
With fteidfait hairt and faythfull trew mening,
Vnto the deid without depairting;
For quhais faik I fall my pen addrefs, 30
Sangis to mak for thy reconforting,
That thou may leif in joy and luftinefs.

O, fair, fweit bloffum, now in bewty flouris,
Vnfaidit bayth of cullour and vertew,
Thy nobill lord that deid hes done devoir, 35
Faid nocht with weping thy viffage fair of hew;
O lufsum, lufy lady, wyfe and trew,
Caft out all¹ cair and confort do increfs,

¹ *Out all* repeated in MS.

Exyll all ficherand, on thy fcherwand rew;
Dewoyd langour and lef in luftinefs. 40

Finis.

CCXL.

[*Sueit Hairt, sen I your Freind only wes ay.*]

SUEIT hairt, sen I your freind only wes ay, Fol. 239. a.
I windir quhy so fremmitly your say
Frome me away ye do attray so tyte;
I wald apply, quhen ye mercy wald pray;
Your grace for thy I fall humily affey, 5
Gif ye delay, and with ane ney me quyt;
Of all my fyt on yow I ley me till affay,
It is your pley, perfyte.

Explicit.

CCXLI.

[*My Hairt, repoifs the and the rest.*]

MY hairt, repoifs the and the rest,
In dolour be na langer drest;
Sen thow hes it thow luvis best,
To beit thy baill,
Quhilk is ane grund the gudliest, 5
With littill daill.

That fouerane lady is so sueit,
 Scho is the solace of my spreit,
 Scho is my joy evin compleit,
 I lufe hir weill; 40
 I think this dafy most discreit,
 With littill dail.

Becaufs I fand hir ay so fwaif,
 Sic favour to that sueit I gaif,
 That ay I fall hir honour faif, 45
 And schame conseill;
 And for hir fake lufe all the laif,
 With littill deill.

Finis.

CCXLII.

[*Rycht as the Glafs bene thirlit thrucht with Bemis.*]

RYCHT as the glafs bene thirlit thrucht with bemis Fol. 239. b.
 Off Phebus fair prefulgent vifage bricht;
 Or hornit Dyane, with hir paly gleemis,
 Perffis the cluddis sabill in the nicht;
 And as the kocatrice keilis with hir ficht, 5
 Rycht so the bewty of my lady stoundis
 Outthrowcht my breift, vnto my hairt redoundis.

Behaild how far cristall or diamant,
 Jassink, jasp, ruby, jem or criselleit,
 Carbunkile, emmerauld, perle or athamant, 10
 Turcas, topas, marbill or margareit,
 Exceidis the barrat stonis in the streit;

In lyk wayis dois hir bewty vndegraid
 Transcend all vthiris, wyfe, wedow or maid.

Es py richt so how far the rosy gowlis 15
 Passis the wallowit weidis in the vaill;
 Or found of lark aboif the revenous fowlis,
 And fomerday the nichtis hiemaill;
 Or as ane galay gayest vndir fail
 Bene plefandar nor taikles boitis small; 20
 So is my lady lustiest of all.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

Followis the Ballat of the Prayis of Wemen.

CCXLIII.

[*I marvell of thir vane, fantastik Men.*]

I MARVELL of thir vane, fantastik men,
 The quhilk haldis wemen in abhominatioun,
 The veritie and trewth thay do misken,
 Thruich thair obdurat obstinatioun;
 Devulgant thair intoxicatt blasphematioun, 5
 To dimegrat fair wemenis honest lyfe,
 To quhome God hes schawin lufe superlatyfe.

Ane woman till ane man is fop and seill,
 Ane woman is the confort of his spreit,
 Ane woman is till him baith welth and weill, 10
 Ane woman is his helth and joy compleit;
 Wemen to men as lyk the succour sueit;

And he that sayis of wemen ony mifs
Ar nocht condigne to haif the hevynis blifs.

I can nocht wryt nor yit can I reherfs 15
The noble holy wemen that hes bene,
The quhilkis in every vertew did converfs, Fol. 240. a.
As in to diuerfs volumes may be fene;
Marteiris, virgenis and mony holy quene,
As in the Goldin Legend men may reid, 20
And als Plutarqus reherffis of thair deid.

Quha was mair noble nor Penthesillie,
That riche tryvmphand quene of Amasone?
To Troy scho brocht ane plesand chevallrie,
Of fair ladeis armit frome ta to croun, 25
To revenge Hector, that grit campione;
With ane bow torquefs diuerfs Greikis did scho kill,
Syne slane be Pirrus, sone to ferfs Achill.

And Samarus, the quene of Silhia,
Hir sone wafs slane be Cirus that rud; 30
Betuix twa hillis scho flewe Cirus that day,
Syne patt his heid in ane pype full of blud;
Sayand till it, Drynk, gif thow thinkis it gud,
For of menis blud thow had evir ane grit thrift,
Thairfoir thow may drink now quhill that thow burst. 35

Off Cassandra quhat fall I specifie?
Off fair ladeis scho was the flour of Troy;
Scho was wyce and expert in profecie,
Sayand that Helene, quhilk was hir bruderis joy,
That hir cuming fra Greice wald breid grit noy; 40
And als the Troganis blude wald weip and mvrne,
Bot gif agane to Greice that scho returne.

And fair Constans, the quhilk was borne in Creit,
Was reft be forfs, be perrattis of the sie,

Siclyk Hippo of Greice, that lady sweit; 45
 Than the briggandis pretendit haiftallie,
 To spulye thame of thair virginitie,
 Bot thay lap baith to the fe grund in deid,
 To faif thair honour and thair womanheid.

Penelope, quhilk wafs Vlixes wyfe, 50
 May be ane perle and mirroure in ilk land;
 Scho was oft manneift for to losf hir lyfe,
 Or ellis consent to tak hir ane husband,
 That tyme Vlixes was in prefone band;
 Yit prudentlie scho keipit weill hir fame, 55
 Quhill that hir lord Vlixes wes cum hame.

Off Lucrefs to tell the pvdicitie;
 Quhen Sextus Torquene violat hir be forfs,
 Than for hir husband Collatyne fend sche,
 And for hir freyndis, quha come on fute and horfs, 60
 In quhais prefens scho fraik thrucht hir corfs
 Ane fcherp dagar, quhilk scho had at that tyme,
 To fchaw hir clene of Tarquynis defolut cryme.
 Fol. 240. b.

Ane fervent luvie had the cheft Julia,
 Quhilk was the spowfit wyfe of grit Pompie, 65
 Quhen scho beheld the blude rob on ane da,
 Off hir husband that was flane crewalie,
 In till Egipt be yung King Ptholomye,
 The bludy ficht gart hir pairt with quick chyild,
 And instantlie fell down deid on the feild. 70

And Hipfocratis fuld nocht be foryett;
 Off Pontho scho was ane excellent quene;
 Pompeyus vincuft hir lord Medredett,
 Quha fled away for he durft nocht be fene;
 Than scho cled hir in armour brycht and fchene, 75
 And raid on horfbak lyk ane velyiant knyght,
 For to defend hir husband day and nicht.

And Semeramis quene of Serrie,
Scho facht in battell lyk ane campione,
In menis clething and harnes cled was sche, 80
To deffend hir yung sone Deminone;
Scho conquiest the grit toun of Babilone,
And ane pairt of Ethiopia and Ynd,
Thairfoir scho was bayth velyiant, wyfe and kynd.

Fair Portia, quhilk was Brutus wyfe, 85
Hir nobilnes was but comparefone;
Quhen scho hard tell hir husband lost his lyfe,
And flane was on the feildis of Macedone,
To tell hir wo it is confusione,
Scho patt in till hir mowth hett coilis of fyre, 90
For Brutus saik scho brunt hir bane and lyre.

In humane lettres quha wes mair expert
Nor Nicofratt dochtir of Jouyus;
And fair Sapho in poetre and art
Quha did compyle vercis compendius; 95
And Aspacia, scho was rycht curius
In to philofaphe in Athanes,
Within the achademia of Socrates.

And nane was moir expert in poetre
Nor was Amasia and Affrainia; 100
Tha twa in Rome had grit awtoritie
Befoir the senat to pleid every day,
In grit materis contendand to and fray;
The ciuill lawis thay ladeis had perqueir,
And in prettik thay had no maik nor peir. 105

Arthemesia, dochtir of Mowfalus, Fol. 241. a.
Scho weipit foir the deid of hir husband,
Spyfand his flescche with droggis delicius,
And brak his bonis in pulder small as sand,

Of quhilk scho pat ane portioun with hir hand, 110
 Within ane glafs to drink quhill it mycht last,
 In remembrance of hir lord that was past.

And Alcestes, quhilk was Admetus wyfe,
 And dochtir of Perill of Thesalie;
 Appollo said hir lord wald los his lyfe, 115
 And but remeid richt haistaly wald de,
 Bot gif sum of his freyndis sa kynd wald be,
 To de for him or ellis none was remeid;
 Than Alcest for his faik ressaute the deid.

And vthiris, als hes bene innvmerable, 120
 Of holy ladeis of grit grawetie;
 The ten Cibillis, prophetis honerable;
 And Cornelia full of abilitie;
 The fervent kyndnes of Ypsiphilie,
 Quhen that scho saiffit hir fader fra the deid; 125
 And Hepoleit that conquiest mony steid.

Medusa, Dido and fair Argia;
 And Orchia in battellis that was bold;
 And of Colquhofs the riche quene Medea,
 The quhilk gart Jasone win the fleisch of gold; 130
 And Camilla, non fairar on the mold;
 And als the holy vestall Claudea;
 With Mercia, Lena and Sulpicia.

And in the Bybill may be red and sene
 Diueris holy women honerable; 135
 The wyfe of Noy, moir just thair hes non bene;
 And Sara was baith meik and cheretable;
 And Lia was manfweik and affable;
 And Rebecca to God was richt plesand;
 And cheft Susan that brak nocht Godis command. 140

Off Raab, Eftir and of Denora;
And pudis Cathrye, of faith lamp and lycht;
Margaret Cecill and Sanct Barbara;
With holy virgynis quhilk to deid wes dicht.
Allace, men ar fals blindit in thair ficht, 145
Quhen thay haif contrair wemen purcheft feid,
Sen wemen ar to men supreme and heid.

Bot sum mischevoufs men, but law or richt,
Be maleifs fell thay do le and bakbytt, Fol. 241. b.
Detractand honest wemen day and nicht, 150
Be diuerfs fortis of injureis and dispyt;
Callumnyand that wemen had the wytt
Off all the grittest crymes that hes bene done,
Sen God creat the warld, lift, fone and mone.

And for probatioun of thair argument, 155
Thay first allege ane fryvoll vanitie;
How Medea of ane crewale intent
Hir twa childryne with hir handis gart de;
And Daud, thruch counsale of Berfabie,
In battell gart Vries los his lyfe; 160
And Sanct Johine slane thruch counsale of Herrodis wyfe.

And Hercules poyfonit be Deianyra;
And Helene brocht on Troy distructioun;
And Sampfone betrafit be Dalida;
And the idolatre of Salamoun, 165
Proceidit of wemenis perfwasioun;
And Sarra, as the Scriptour vndirstandis,
Was caufs of the deid of hir fevin husbandis.

Allace, this is ane strenge and piteous cace,
Of thir detrakkaris mast abhominable; 170
How fra the trewth thay thraw the richt face,
Be ane fals glofs, vyle and detestable,

For to defame fair ladeis honerable;
 Bot yit the trewth will ay remane perfyt,
 Quhilk will devulgat wicket menis dispyt. 175

Firft quhair thay mak ane allegatioun,
 How the twa sonis of Medea war flane;
 Medea had ane honest excusatioun,
 For fals Jafone was the caufs for certane,
 Quha did repud and lichtly hir in plane; 180
 Than to revenge hir on his crewaltie,
 His twa yung sonis with hir handis scho gart de.

And quhair that men allegis tyme and tyd,
 That Vrias was flane thrucht Barfabie,
 King Daudid gart commit that homicyd, 185
 For to fulfill his lust of lichery;
 And as to Hercules that was gart de,
 Addultre was tynfall of his lyfe,
 With Yolee, quhilk was nocht his awin wyfe.

Sampfone, that was betrafit as thay fa, 190
 The caufs of it was thruch his lust maift vyle,
 He fowld nocht haif gevin treft to Dalyda,
 Becausf scho wes ay of ane vicious style; Fol. 242. a.
 Thairfoir I think scho did him nocht begyle;
 Howbeit that cryme procedit of hir mynd, 195
 For dowlfeis huris dois no thing bot thair kynd.

Off holy Sarra na man fowld speik evill,
 Howbeit hir fevin husbandis war all flane,
 For that mischeif procedit of the devill,
 For thair awin synnis, as the Bybill makis plane; 200
 And as to Salamone, that king of mane,
 Wemen caufit nocht his ydolatre,
 Bot rathir it was his vyle lichery.

All thir exampillis ar experiens,
That wemen ar nocht caufs of sic fowll crymis, 205
Bot rathir men, be blynd intelligens,
Abbusit hes thame self at diuers tymis;
Than for dispyt thay conpyle prose and rymis,
Accufand wemen of thair womanheid,
For till excufe thame self of thair vyle deid. 210

And fa wemen ar lyk the fillie schein
Among the wolffis, quhilk dois thame kill and bytt,
Thairfoir thay haif grit caufs to mvrne and weip,
Becaus ill men dois thame schame and dispyt;
Bot cowlde gud wemen sett furth bukis and wryt, 215
Thay could excufe thair innocens and fame,
And als thay could accufe men to thair schame.

Quhat can we of thame speik bot gud and weil,
For without thame we wald haif nevir bene borne;
Wemen till ws is succour, fence and feill, 220
And for our faikis oft tymes thay suffir scorne;
War nocht thair birth the warld had bene forlorne,
Thairfoir all men fowld sett thair haill intent,
To be to wemen ay obedient.

Had I the riches of king Darius, 225
Or of king Midas had I half the gold,
Or half the tressour of king Tantalus,
Or half the landis that Alexander did hold,
Or war I in to battell half so bald,
As Goddefred or valyeant Anniball, 230
Or Scipio quhilk Affrik conquest all;

Than I fowld be all wemenis campione,
To be defendar of thair womanheid,
And pafs, thrucht mony vncowth regione,
To Holy Land, quhair Cryft was quick and deid, 235

To slay thame that hes contrair wemen feid;
 And on my speir, in takin of grit lufe,
 I fowld gar hing ane womanis richt hand gluve.

Fol. 242. b.

Finis, quod Weddirburne.

CCXLIV.

[*Vp, helfum Hairt, thy Rutis rais and lowp.*]

V P, helfum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp,
 Exalt and clym within my breift in ftaige;
 Art thou nocht wantoun, haill and in gud howp,
 Fermit in grace and free of all thirlaige,
 Bathing in blifs and fett in hie curaige? 5
 Braifit in joy, no falt may the affray,
 Having thy ladeis hart as heretaige,
 In blenche ferme for ane fallat every May:
 So neidis thou nocht now fuffly, fytt nor sorrow,
 Sen thou art fure of follace evin and morrow. 10

Thow, Cupeid, rewardit me with this,
 I am thy awin trew liege withowt treffone;
 Thair levis no man in moir eifs, welth and blifs;
 I knaw no ficing, fadnes nor yit foun,
 Walking, thocht, langour, lamentatioun, 15
 Dolor, difpair, weiping nor jelofye:
 My breift is woyd and purgit of puffoun,
 I feill no pane, I haif no purgatorye,
 Bot peirles, perfytt paradifall plefour,
 With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mefoure. 20

My lady, lord, thow gaif me for to hird,
 Within myne armes I nureifs on the nycht,
 Kissing, I say, my bab, my tendir bird,
 Sweit maistres, lady luffe and lusty wicht,
 Steir, rewill and gyder of my sensis richt. 25
 My voice furmontis the sapheir cludis hie,
 Thanking grit God of that treffour and nicht;
 I coft hir deir, bot scho fer derrer me,
 Quhilk hafard honor, fame, in aventure,
 Committing clene hir corse to me in cure. 30

In oxteris cloifs we kifs, and coffis hairtis,
 Brynt in defyre of amouris play and sport;
 Meittand oure lustis, spreitles we twa depairtis. Fol. 243. a.
 Prolong with lafar, lord, I the exhort,
 Sic tyme that we may both tak our confort, 35
 First for to sleip, syne walk withowt espyis;
 I blame the cok, I plene the nicht is schort;
 Away I went, my wache the cuschett cryis,
 Wiffing all luvaris leill to haif sic chance,
 That thay may haif ws in remembrance. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXLV.

[*Quhair Luve is kendlit confortles.*]

QUHAIR luve is kendlit confortles,
 Thair is no fever half so fell;
 Fra Cupeid kest¹ his dert be gefs,
 I had na hap to faif my fell;

¹ Originally *kast*.

Lyik as my wofull hairt can tell 5
 My invart panis and ficing fair,
 For weill I watt the panis of hell
 Vnto my pane is nocht compair.

For ony mellady ye ma ken,
 Except peuir lue or than stark deid, 10
 Help may be had fra handis of men,
 Throw meddecynis to mak remeid;
 For harmes of body, handis and heid,
 The pottingaris will purge the panis,
 Bot all the membaris ar at feid, 15
 Quhair that the law of lufe remanis.

As Tantalus in water standis,
 To stanche his thrifty appetyte,
 Bevaling body, heid and handis,
 The revar flyis him in dispyte; 20
 So dois my lusty lady quhyte,
 Scho flyis the place quhair I repair;
 To hungry men is small delyte,
 To twiche the meit and eit na mair.

The nar the flamb the hettar fyre, 25
 The moir I pyne yit I perfew;
 The moir enkendillis my defyre,
 Fra I behawld hir hevinly hew.
 Peuir Piramus him self he flew,
 Maid sawle and body to disflaver, 30
 He dyit bot anis, fairweill, adew,
 I dayly de, and dyis never.

Yit Jafone did inioy Medea, Fol. 243. b.
 And Theseus gat Adriane,
 Dido disflavid was with Enea, 35
 And Demophon to his lady wan.

Gif wemen trowid sic tratouris than,
For till enioy the fructs of lwfe,
Quhy wald ye slay your faikles man,
Quha myndis nevir for to remwfe? 40

The ferfs Achill, ane wirthy knicht,
Was flane for lue, the fwth to say;
Leander, on ane stormy nicht,
Dyit fleittand the fludis gray.
Trew Troyallus, he langorit ay, 45
Still waitand for his luvis returne,
Had nocht sic pyne, it was bot play,
As daylie dois my body burne.

As Poill to pyllattis dois appeir,
Moir brichttar than the starris abowt, 50
So dois your visage schyne als cleir,
As rose amang the raschell rowt.
War Paris levand now, no dowl,
And had the goldin ball to serve,
I wait he wald sone waill yow owt, 55
And leif baith Venus and Minerve.

Now paper pas and at hir speir,
Gif pleifs hir prudence to impreinttit;
My faithfull hairt I send it heir,
In signe of paper I presenttit. 60
Wald God my body war sornenttit,
That I micht serve hir grace but glammer;
To be hir knaif I am contenttit,
Or smallest varlet in hir chammer.

Finis.

L'Invoy.

The hairt did think, the hand did frem, 65
The body send to yow the sam.

[*Finis.*]

CCXLVI.

[*Gife Langour makis Men licht.*]

G IFE langour makis men licht,	Fol. 244. a.
Or dolour thame decoir,	
In erth thair is no wicht	
May me compair in gloir.	
Gif cairfull thoftis restoir	5
My havy hairt frome sorrow,	
I am for evirmoir	
In joy, both evin and morrow.	
 Gif plessour be to pance,	
I playnt me nocht opprest,	10
Or absence nicht awance,	
My hairt is haill posselt.	
Gif want of quiet rest	
Frome cairis nicht me convoy,	
My mynd is nocht mollest,	15
Bot evirmoir in joy.	
 Thocht that I pance in pane,	
In passing to and fro,	
I laubor all in vane,	
For so hes mony mo,	20
That hes nocht scheruit so,	
In futing of thair sueit;	
The nar the fyre I go,	
The grittar is my heit.	
 The turtour for hir maik	25
Mair dule may nocht indure,	

Nor I do for hir faik;
 Evin hir quha hes in cure
 My hart, quhilk falbe fure,
 And scheruice to the deid, 30
 Vnto that lady pure,
 The well of womanheid.

Schaw schedull to that fueit,
 My pairt so permanent,
 That no mirth quhill we meit 35
 Sall caufs me be content;
 Bot still my hairt lament,
 In sorrowfull ficing foir,
 Till tyme scho be present;
 Fairweill, I fay no moir. 40

Finis quod King Hary Stewart.

CCXLVII.

[*How fuld my febill Body fure?*]

HOW fuld my febill body fure, Fol. 244. b.
 The dowble dolour I indure?
 The mornyng and the grit mallure
 Can nane devyne,
 Quhilk garris my bailfull breift conbure, 5
 To se ane vthir haif the cure,
 That fuld be¹ myne.

For weill I wait wes nevir wicht
 Wald sa inforis his mynd and mycht,
 To lufe and serf his lady bricht, 10
 And want hir fyne;

¹ MS. has *by*.

As I do martir¹ day and nycht,
 Without the only thing of rycht,
 That suld be myne.

War I of piffans for to prufe 15
 My lawty and my hairtly lufe,
 I suld hir mynd to mercy muse,
 With sic propyne;
 War all the warld at my behufe,
 Scho suld it haif, be God abuse, 20
 That suld be myne.

Now quhome to fall I mak my mone,
 Sen trewth and constans fynd I none?
 For all the fathfull lufe is gone,
 Of femenene; 25
 It wald vprofs ane hart of ston,
 To se me lost for lufe of one,
 That suld be myne.

Quha suld my dullit spreitis raifs,
 Sen for no lufe my lady gaifs, 30
 Bot and gud scheruice mycht hir maifs,
 Scho suld inclyne?
 I dre the dollour and diseifs,
 Quhen vthiris hes hir as thay pleifs,
 That suld be myne. 35

I may perfaif that weill be thifs,
 That all the blythnes, joy and blifs,
 The lusty, wantoun lyfe, I wifs,
 Of lufe is hyne;
 And no remeid sen so it ifs, 40
 Bot paciens suppoifs I mifs,
 That suld be myne.

¹ Originally *And dois me martir*.

For nobillis hes nocht ay renown,
 Nor gentillis ay the gayest gown;
 Thay cary victuallis to the toun, 45
 That werft dois dyne;
 Sa biffely to busk I boun,
 Ane vthir eit is the berry doun,
 That suld be myn.

Quha wald the rege of yowtheid dant, 50
 Lat thame the court of luvaris hant,
 And than as Venus subiect grant,
 And keip hir tryme;
 Perchance thay fall find freindschip skant,
 And abill thair rewaird to want, 55
 As I did myne.

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCXLVIII.

[*Ane Laid may luse ane Leddy of Estait.*]

ANE laid may luse ane leddy of estait,
 Ane lord ane las; luse hes no vdir law.
 Quha can vndo that is predestinat?
 Oft fyis for luse the lynnage lichtis law,
 Rycht as the sone schynis on the sudly schaw, 5
 And eik the rane vpoun the ryell rofs,
 Sa aft tymis luse cheisis ane vnlyk choifs.

Finis.

CCXLIX.

[*Marvilling in Mynd, quhat ailis Fortoun at me.*]

MARVILLING in mynd, quhat ailis fortoun at me, Fol. 245. a.
 And I ane scherwand trew both day and nycht;
 I am bot deid sic dolour for to dre,
 So suddanly exylit frome hir sycht.
 In all this warld thair is no erdly wycht 5
 Moir fre, moir fremmit, moir trest and elk moir trew;
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Dame Natur, I the wyt of all my pane,
 That formit hes this flour so fair but feir;
 All vertew in hir visage dois remane, 10
 Bot merciles I go from yeir to yeir.
 Scho is allon of price withouttin peir;
 This ryall rofs will nocht vpoun me rew;
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

My dullit hairt but dout may nocht indure, 15
 My pane but peir, it perffis throw my hairt;
 My lady fair of me scho takis no cure,
 Bot thoillis me to de in panis smart.
 O, Venus, quene, thow caufs hir mynd rewart,
 For be the graue first lufe in to me grew; 20
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

Now lat my¹ lady do quhat evir scho will,
 Baith trest and trew my hairt fall nevir felye;
 Small honor is hir scherwand for to spill,
 Sen that my deth to hir may nocht awailye. 25
 Ane blenk of hir but dout wald mak me haill;
 My hairt is gon, my face is paill of hew;
 Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew.

¹ MS. has *me*.

Addew, addew, my dule and my delyte;
 Adew, fair weill, my freind and eik my fo; 30
 Adew, my pane and plefans most perfyte;
 Addew, addew, my weill and eik my wo.
 Fairweill, for now for euirmoir I go;
 Fairweill, I will my sepultur perfew;
 Sen I mon de, addew, luvaris, adew. 35

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCL.

[*Pansing in Hairt with Spreit opprest.*]

PANSING in hairt with spreit opprest,
 This hindirnycht bygon,
 My corps for walking wes molest,
 For lufe only of on.
 Allace, quhome to fuld I mak mon, 5
 Sen this come to lait?
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our het.
 Hir bewty and hir maikles maik,
 Dois reif my spreit me fro, 10
 And caussis me no rest to tak,
 Bot tumlyng to and fro.
 My curage than is hence ago,
 Sen I may nocht hir gett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe, 15
 That kendillis our hett.
 Hir first to luf quhen I began,
 I trowd scho luvit me,

Bot I, allace, wes nocht the man, Fol. 245. b.
 That best pleifit hir e. 20
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour be,
 And gang ane vthir gett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Firft quhen I keft my fantefy, 25
 Thair fermly did I ftand,
 And howpit weill that fcho fuld be
 All haill at my command.
 Bot fuddanly fcho did ganestand,
 And contrair maid debait; 30
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Hir proper makdome fo perfyt,
 Hir vifage cleir of hew,
 Scho raiffis on me sic appetyte, 35
 And cauffis me hir perfew.
 Allace, fcho will nocht on me rew,
 Nor gre with myne eftait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett. 40

Sen fcho hes left me in diftrefs,
 In dolour and in cair,
 Without I get fum vthir grace,
 My lyfe will left no mair.
 Scho is our proper, trym and fair, 45
 Ane trew hairt to ourfett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendillis our hett.

Suld I ly down in havinefs,
 I think it is bot vane, 50

I will get vp with mirrines,
 And cheifs als gud agane.
 Foir I will maik to yow plane,
 My hairt it is ourfett;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe, 55
 That kendillis our hett.

No, no, I will nocht trow as yit,
 That scho will leif me so,
 Nor yit that scho will chenge or flit,
 As thocht scho be my so. 60
 Thairfoir will I lat dolour go,
 And gang ane vthir gait;
 Cauld, cauld culis the lufe,
 That kendlis our haitt.

[*Finis*] *quod* Fethe.

CCLI.

[*Depairte, depairte, depairte.*]

DEPAIRTE, depairte, depairte,
 Allace, I most depairte
 Frome her that hes my hart,
 With hairt full soir,
 Aganis my will in deid, 5
 And can find no remeid;
 I wait the panis of deid
 Can do no moir.

Now most I go, allace,
 Frome sicht of hir fueit face, 10
 The grund of all my grace,
 And fouerane;

Quhat chanfs that may fall me
 Sall I nevir mirry be,
 Vnto the tyme I fe
 My fweit agane.

15

I go, and wait nocht quhair,
 I wandir heir and thair,
 I weip and fichtis rycht fair,
 With panis smart:
 Now moft I pafs away, away,
 In wildirnefs and wilfum way;
 Allace, this wofull day
 We fuld depairte.

20

My fpreit dois quaik for dreid,
 My thirlit hairt dois bleid,
 My panis dois exceid;
 Quhat fuld I fay?
 I, wofull wycht, allone,
 Makand ane petoufs mone;
 Allace, my hairt is gone,
 For evir and ay.

25

30

Throw langour of my fueit,
 So thirlit is my fpreit,
 My dayis ar moft compleit,
 Throw hir abfence:
 Chryft, fen fcho knew my fmert,
 Ingrawit in my hairt,
 Becaus I moft depairte
 Frome hir prefens.

35

40

Adew, my awin fueit thing,
 My joy and conforting,
 My mirth and follefing
 Of erdly gloir:

Fol. 246. a.

Fair weill, my lady bricht, 45
 And my remembrance rycht;
 Fair weill and haif gud nycht;
 I say no moir.

[*Finis*] quod Scott off the Maistir of Erskyn.

CCLII.

[*That evir I luvit, allace thairfoir.*]

THAT evir I luvit, allace thairfoir,
 This to be pynit with panis foir,
 Thirlit throw every vane and boir,
 Without offens; 5
 Chryft send remeid, I say no moir,
 Bot pacienfs.

Griffal was nevir so pacient,
 As I am for my lady gent,
 For in my mynd I so imprent
 Hir excellenfs, 10
 That of my deid I am content,
 With pacienfs.

How lang fall I this lyfe inleid,
 That for hir faik to suffer deid,
 But confort of hir gudly heid, 15
 Or yit presens;
 I say no moir, Chryft send remeid
 With pacienfs.

On paciens I mon perforfs,
 Sen that I go frome weill to worfs, 20

Finis quod Scott.

CCLIII.

[*So fremmit is my Fortoun and my Werd.*]

SO fremmit is my fortoun and my werd,
That all my lyfe I leif in displeur,

My cairfull corps can tak no rest in erd;
 How suld I leif or yit my lyfe indure,
 For lufe of on my hairt hes no recure? 5
 I am forlorne without scho me redrefs;
 Mercy I cry on my sweit lady pure,
 For to haif mynd on my wofull distrefs.

Thair is no ranfoun may me lowfs nor bynd,
 Nor yit no confort may expell my wo, 10
 Seikand remeid quhair nane that I can fynd Fol. 246. b.
 Of hir my freind and eik my fremmit fo.
 Langour I haif, quhair evir I ryd or go;
 Hairtles I am, for flewth twichis me so;
 My wofull hairt, quhy bristis thow nocht in two, 15
 And makis ane end of my mischevous wo?

Quhair is the fwerd that perfit Piramus,
 In abfens of his lady Tifby?
 Mair wo, I wait, dreid nevir Troyelus,
 Nor I for hir quhilk cauffis me to de. 20
 O crewall fwerd, O fcherp aduerfitie,
 Cum perfs me throw, fen I can nocht abstene;
 My lament cauffis my wofull distany,
 My woundis ar awld and daly waxis grene.

My forrowfull ene ar blyndit with my teiris, 25
 Throw ardent lufe of my sweit cheif maistrefs,
 Yit in hir hart no signe of rewth appeiris,
 Bot wilfull will bandit with crewalnes;
 And yit my hart ourfett with havinefs
 Sall fermly stand with hir in all maneir; 30
 In weill, in wo, in mirth and in distrefs,
 I fall thus end hir wofull presoneir.

O Atrapus, quhilk hes my threid neir worn,
 Cum schort my lyfe and end my grevoufs pane;

Sen that my deid remedyles is fworn, 35
 On to I de in wo quotidian,
 Cum cutt my threid and lat me nocht remane,
 Sen of my lyfe I irk throw displefur:
 Chryft, sen my corps that nycht and day is fane
 Seifit wer fur in to my fepultur. 40

Finis.

CCLIV.

[*Oppressit Hairt indure.*]

OPPRESSIT hairt indure
 In dolour and distrefs,
 Wappit without recure
 In wo remidilefs;
 Sen scho is mercilefs, 5
 And cauffis all thy smert,
 Quhilk fuld thy dolour drefs;
 Indure, oppreffit hairt.

Perforfs tak paciens,
 And dre thy deftany, 10
 To lufe but recompens
 Is grit perplexitie;
 Of thyne aduerfitie
 Wyt thy felf and no mo,
 For quhen that thow wes fre 15
 Thow wald nocht ~~hald~~ the fo.

Thow langit ay to prufe
 The strenth of luvis lair,
 And quhat ~~kin~~ thing wes lufe,
 Quhilk ~~now~~ fettis the fo fair; 20

Off all thy wo and cair
It mendis the nocht to mene,
Howbeid thou fuld forfair,
Thy self the caufs hes bene.

Quhen thou wes weill at eifs,
And subiect to no wicht,
Thou hir for lufe did cheifs,
Quhilk fettis thy lufe at licht;
And thocht thou knew hir flicht,
Yit wald thou [nocht¹] refrane,
Thairfoir it is bot rycht
That thou indure the pane.

25 Fol. 247.a.

30

Bot yit my corps, allace,
Is wrangully opprest
Be the in to this cace,
And brocht to grit wanrest.
Quhy fuld it so be drest
Be the and daly pynd,
Quhilk still it ay detest
Thy wantoun folich mynd?

35

40

The blenkyne of ane e
Ay gart the guf² and glaik,
My body bad lat be,
And of thy fyching flaik;
Thou wald nocht rest bot raik,
And lair the in the myre,
Yit felyeit thou to faik
That thou did maift defyre.

45

Thocht thou do murn and weip,
With inwart spreit opprest,
Quhen vthir men takis sleip,
Thou wantis the nychtis rest;

50

¹ *Nocht* evidently omitted in MS. ² Might be read *gwis*.

Scho quhome thow luvis best
 Off the takis littill thocht,
 Thy wo and grit wanrest 55
 And cair scho countis nocht.

Thairfoir go hens in haift
 My langour to lament,
 Do nocht my body waift,
 Quhilk nevir did consent; 60
 And thocht thow wald repent
 That thow hir hes perfewit,
 Yit man thow stand content,
 And drynk that thow hes brewit.

[*Finis*] quod Scott.

CCLV.

[*Leif Luve, and lat me leif allone.*]

LEIF luve, and lat me leif allone
 At libertie, subiect to none,
 For it may weill be fene vpone
 My bludlefs blaiknit ble,
 The tormenting in tyme bygon, 5
 That skerfs hes left bot skin and bon,
 Throw fremitnefs of the.

For thruch thy feid I fynd exprefs
 My only lady mercilefs,
 Sa doggitlefs scho did me drefs, 10
 With wo and misery;

Quhen schq had welth and wantounes,
I had bot dollour and distrefs,
Throw fremmitnefs of the.

To confort hir thow wes inclynd, 15
And hald my murnyng in my mynd,
I fand hir of ane staffage kynd,
Bath staitly, strange and he;
Scho wes vncurtafs and vnkynd,
It wes hir play to see me pynd, 20
Throw fremmitnefs of the.

Thow held hir curage he on loft, Fol. 247. b.
And ted my tendir hairt lyk toft,
I know how costly I wes coft,
Quhen scho yeid frankand fre; 25
Thow sufferit hir to sleip full soft,
Quhair mirthles I wes marterit oft,
Throw fremitnefs of the.

Cupeid, thow kennis I burd to know
The langfum leving in thy law, 30
Bot this is nocht the first ourthraw,
That thow hes done to me;
Bot of the now I stand nocht aw,
Sen reffoun dois my benner blaw
Aganis the feid of the. 35

This lady is so gud ane gyd,
Scho lattis me nevir gang on fyd,
Bot teichis me both tyme and tyd,
Retent¹ befor myne e,
Quhome in to lippin and confyd; 40
I slip and lattis all ourflyd
Aganis the feid of the.

[Finis] quod Scott.

¹ This word may be read *Recent*.

CCLVI.

[*Thocht I in grit Distress.*]

THOCHE I in grit distrefs
 Suld de in to dispair,
 I can get no redrefs
 Of yow my lady fair;
 Howbeid my tyme I wair, 5
 Alhaill in your scherwyce,
 Ye compt nocht of my cair,
 I fynd yow ay fo nyce.

It dois yow ay delyt
 To wit me in distrefs, 10
 Sic is your haill dispyt,
 And grit vnfathfulness;
 The mair I do me drefs
 To be at your devyce,
 My guerdoun is the lefs, 15
 I find yow ay fo nyfs.

Ay trefting for to speid,
 I haif my harte ourset,
 Quhair that I fynd bot feid
 My langour for to lett; 20
 I feik the watter hett,
 In vndir the cauld yce,
 Quhair na regaird I gett,
 I fynd yow ay fo nyfs.

Belevand ay for grace, 25
 I hald my hart on loft,
 Bot now I fay allace
 That evir I it socht;

I fynd your fenyeit thocht
Vncertane as the dyce, 30
Thairfoir I compt it nocht,
I fynd yow ay so nyce.

Lang tyme ye haif me pruffit,
And evir fund me trew,
Bot now that I haif luvit, 35
Rycht fair I may it rew;
First quhen I did perfew,
I wont ye had bene wyfs,
Bot now fair weill, adew,
I fynd yow ay so nyfs. 40

[*Finis*] *quod* Scott.

CCLVII.

[*Quhat art thou, Luse, for till allow.*]

QUHAT art thou, Luse, for till allow Fol. 248.2
Hes brocht me now in to this pane and wo,
Or yit awow hes gart me trow,
And rest my dow and daliance me fro;
Fly on the lord of luse, sett me so heich aboif, 5
And als, but rest or rufe, hes gart me go.

Paris of Troy had nocht moir joy,
Bot till convoy fair Helene, fresch and ying;
Now haif I nowy me to distroy,
As than at Troy had Menelaus king; 10
Sen lost is my delyte, and pastyme most perfyte,
All erthly folace quyte heir I resing.

For till discufs I wes I wifs,
 As Troyelus with Cresseid trew to tell;
 Now am I thus, as Piramus 15
 Most dolorus, with Tisby at the well;
 So is becum my caifs, as Orpheus did, allais,
 Seikand Euridicefs from hevin to hell.

Quhair fuld I go now to or fro,
 To feik hir fo, my vmquhile lufe allone? 20
 Than freind, now fo, than weill, now wo,
 Than myrth but mo, now is scho past and gon;
 Than howp, now in distres, than joy, now confortlefs,
 Than welth and wantones, allace, haif I none.

Wafs nevir wicht moir plefour mycht, 25
 Both day and nycht, with mirthis monyfald;
 With hairt on hicht, ¹ scho in licht,
 All willit rycht, as I culd wifs or wald;
 And now ¹ all growis gray wes grene,
 And I am cassin clene in cairis cald. 30

O, luvaris all, to lufe bene thrall,
 Now latt ws fall befoir the godis feit,
 To clip and call in generall,
 Both grit and small that may our baillis beit;
 O, Venus, fouerane, haif pety on my pane, 35
 And grant me now agane my lady fueit.

Agane and nocht lat it be thocht,
 That scho for ocht will anys returne to me,
 Sen chance² hes focht and werd hes wrocht,
 That scho is brocht, quhair scho may byd and be; 40
 Sen forsis I man want hir, grit glaidnes God mot grant hir, Fol. 248. b.
 And fend me als gud anter. Amen, quod he.

Finis.

¹ Left blank in MS. ² MS. has *chane*.

CCLVIII.

[*Lamenting soir my Weird and bissy Cure.*]

LAMENTING soir my weird and bissy cure
 In luvis loir, and langour that me leidis,
 The pane exceidis, and dolour I indure,
 And no thing sure, gif pety in hir breidis.
 My hairt fair dreidis quhen scho me superceidis, 5
 And furth me feidis, with flatterand speikings fair,
 That I most neidis, bewail my fatell threidis,
 Quhen auld done deidis scho dois foryet thaim clair.

The tyme hefs bene, and yit may cum agane,
 We ma convene to talk in gudlinefs, 10
 Thocht in distrefs ye leif me in grit pane,
 I may complane yit to your lawlinefs.
 Vnto your pefs to tak my sympilnefs,
 It wald increfs your honour evir mair;
 Na biffinefs to lufe fall gar me fefs, 15
 Thocht auld kyndnefs ye haif foryettin clair.

Thocht ye be strange, and can your will refrene,
 I can nocht chenge, bot I fall ay be trew;
 Your lusty hew my curage dois constrene,
 With mycht and mene your scheruice to enfew. 20
 And to no new my self I will subdew,
 Gif ye will rew on me that fichis fair;
 Gif ye eschew, and will nocht do your dew,
 I may fay trew ye haif foryet me clair.

Sen I haif bene your scherwand thus of auld, 25
 On me ye mene, and als be trew me till;
 Sen nevir ill I wrocht bot as ye wauld,
 Lat nevir be cauld, nor yit to breve in bill.

That I fuld spill, for lak of your gud will,
 Ye may fulfill to bring me frome all cair; 30
 It war grit skill my dolour anis fuld dill,
 Gif ye nocht will ye haif foryet me clair.

Thus may I nocht bot pray vnto yow schene
 Is maist in thocht, and falbe day and nycht;
 My self throw fycht thus caufyt me to mene, 35
 Your lusty ene hes revit me vnrycht.
 Sen I had licht to leif I had no micht,
 Bot with yow wicht in bandoun to remane;
 Bill, go with flicht, quhill thow cum to hir sicht,
 Bid hir of rycht releif me of my pane. 40

Finis.

CCLIX.

[*In to the Nycht, quhen to ilk Wicht, Natur derekis Rest.*]

IN to the nycht, quhen to ilk wicht natur derekis rest, Fol. 249. a.
 I walk allone, makand my mone, with luvis pane opprest;
 Was nevir man, sen luve began, that luvit moir trewly;
 Then I wifs, suppois I miss the lufe of my lady,
 In luvis dance, sic is my chance, to luve vnlovit agane; 5
 Heirfoir, allace! my cairfull cace, quhome to fall I complane;
 Sall I me mene to Venus quene, or to hir sone Cupyde,
 That with his dart thirlis my harte with wondis warkand wyde?
 Or for support fall I exort Mars, god armipotent,
 To saif my lyfe in to this stryfe, or sorrow do me schent? 10
 For thocht I cry on my lady my dolour to redrefs,
 For all my trewth scho hes no rewth on my daly distrefs;
 It is hir joy to wirk me noy, hir weill to wirk me wo;

It is hir will that I lyk ill. Allais, quhy dois scho so?
 It is hir cure to do plesure to him feling no pane, 15
 And latt me go lamenting so with fichis and sorrowis flane.
 Moir mirreit war to hir be far to cure the seik from cair,
 Than to propyne him medecyne that nevir felt no fair;
 Bot mony man wyfe sayis that the gyse of luve is evir fway,
 To fla the trew and on him rew that falsast is of fay. 20
 O, nymphis thre, haif mynd on me, and cut my fatell threid,
 Sen in this erd ye gaif me werd nevir in lufe to speid.

Finis.

CCLX.

[*The moir I luve and serf at all my Mycht.*]

THE moir I luve and serf at all my mycht,
 The langar I find your denger and offens;
 The grittar desyre I haif vnto your sycht,
 The lefs I get your language and prefens;
 The nerrer the sycht the ferrer frome audiens; 5
 The biffyar to pleifs the moir of joy all quyt;
 The hevear cure the lefs is my creddens,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor quyt.

The trewar I be, bayth in werk and thocht,
 The laither to greif yow I am in word or deid; 10
 The rather I se the lefs of me ye rocht,
 With fremmit cheir fuche guerdoun is me queid;
 My hairt in breift I feill salt teiris bleid;
 The sarar I sych the sadlyar I indyte,
 For to my harmes ye list nocht to tak heid, 15
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame or wyte.

The faster I be bundin in your chenye,
 The lefs ye cair quhider I de or leif,
 The lefs pety ye haif to heir me pleny,
 The strangest wordis ye can devyfs ye geif; 20
 The luk of yow, that fuld my hairt releif,
 Is he extreme dengeir and dispyte;
 Off my remeid I haif no moir beleif,
 And nane bot fortoun dar I blame nor wyt.

Finis.

CCLXI.

[*Quhen Phebus fair with Bemis bricht.*]

QUHEN Phebus fair with bemis bricht Fol. 249. b.
 In to the west at mornying makis repair,
 Makand his courfs in to array full rycht,
 Vnto the eist schutand his schaftis schare,
 At morn fall ryfs out of his courfs to care 5
 Norward down in to the famyn degre,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen Lawdiane Law for lue hes left the land,
 And Forth is fleitit to France, that fair cuntre,
 And euery woman is also obediand; 10
 Quhen men fall find no wattir in the se,
 And falsheid flymit and euery man fund trew,
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen all the grund is groun our with gold,
 And euery ryver rynnys vpward wyne, 15

In somer quhen thair growis na flour on fold,
 In wontir quhen thair fallis na frost ryme,
 Quhen everilk man will till vthiris inclyne,
 In May quhen that the holyne changis hew,
 Than will my reueren[d] lady on me rew. 20

Quhen Falkland fair is farit our the ferry,
 And Sulway fand is brocht attour the se,
 And Arthour fait is brocht to Salis berry,
 And euerilk man hes conquiest kuirikis thre,
 Than mon thay realmes ring in rylte; 25
 Quhen clerkis will na banifice perfew,
 Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen that Dumbar is brocht vnto the Bais,
 And all the fisck ar fled vp in the air,
 Quhen that northward no watteris will down pass, 30
 And men so rich that thay defyr no mair,
 And leill luvaris forleitis luvis lair,
 And walx is wrocht withouttin byk or be,
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen schippis off tour and ballingeris of weir, 35
 Be thowfsand failis rycht swiftly ondir faill,
 Thair mastis of gold and all thair vdir geir,
 The west wond wappand in thair taill,
 Takand thair cours with mony how and haill,
 Pulland doun failis and landand at Eildoun tre, 40
 Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Finis.

*Ballatis of Remedy of Luve as followis:
and to the Reproche of evill Wemen.*

CCLXII.

Remeidis of Luve.

Fol. 250. a.

SO prayis me as ye think caufs quhy,
And lufe me as yow lykis best,
As pleis yow so pleisit am I,
Gif nocht I fynd of nocht I traift.

Gif ye be trew I wilbe iust,
Gife ye be fals flattery is fre,
All tymes and houris evin as ye lust
For me till vse als weil as ye.

5

Gif ye do mok I will bot play,
Gif ye do lawch I will nocht weip,
Evin as ye list, think, do or say,
Sic law ye mak sic law I keip.

10

Schaw fathfull lufe, luve fall ye haif,
Schaw dowbilnes, I fall yow quyt,
Ye can nocht vse nor no ways craif,
Bot evin that same is my delyt.

15

Bot gif ye wald be trew and plane,
Ye wald me pleis and best content,
And gif ye will nocht so remane,
As I haif faid so am I lent.

20

Awyfs yow as ye think to do,
And vse me as ye list to fynd;
Quhat neidis lang talking thairto,
For as I am ye knaw my mynd?

Bewar thairfoir and tak gud heid
Quhat is the sentens of this bill,
For and ye beir me ocht at feid,
I fall yow hald ay at evill w[ill].

25

Thairfoir be trew but variens,
And I falbe as of befoir,
Vthirwayis generis discrepans;
Content yow this ye get no moir.

30

Finis.

CCLXIII.

[I am as I am and so will I be.]

I AM as I am and so will I be,
Bot how that I am nane knawis trewlie;
Be it evill be it weill, be I bund be I fre,
I am as I am and so will I be.

I leid my lyfe indifferently,
I mene na thing bot honesty,
And thocht men juge diuerfly,
I am as I am and so will I be.

5 Fol. 250. b.

I do nocht rew nor yit complane,
Baith mirth and sadnes I do refrane,
And vse the folkis that can nocht fane;
I am as I am be it plefour or pane.

10

Diuerfs do juge as thay trow,
Sum of plefour and sum of wo,
Yit for all that no thing thay knaw;
I am as I am quhair evir I go.

15

Bot fen that jugeris do tak that wey,
 Lat every man his jugement say,
 I will it tak in sport and pley,
 For I am as I am quha evir fa nay. 20

Quha jugeis weill, weill God him send,
 Quha jugeis evill, God thame amend,
 To juge the best thairfoir intend;
 I am as I am and so will I end.

Yit sum thair be that takis delyt 25
 To juge folkis thocht for inwy and spyt,
 Bot quhiddir thay juge me wrang or ryt,
 I am as I am and so will I wryt.

Praying yow all that this dois reid,
 To treft it as ye do your creid, 30
 And nocht to think that I chenge my weid,
 I am as I am how evir I speid.

Bot how that is I leif to yow,
 Juge as ye lift owdir fals or trew,
 Ye knaw no moir than afoir ye knew; 35
 I am as I am quhat evir efchew.

And frome this mynd I will nocht fle,
 Bot to yow all that misjugeis me,
 I do proteft as ye may fe,
 That I am as I am and so will I be. 40

Finis.

